





THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.
VOLUME THE THIRTEENTH.



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OF
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VOLUME THE THIRTEENTH.

CONTAINING
CYMBELINE.
KING LEAR.



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C Y M B E L I N E.

Vol. XIII.

B

Persons Represented.

Cymbeline, *king of Britain.*

Cloten, *son to the queen by a former husband.*

Leonatus Posthumus, *a gentleman, husband to Imogen.*

Belarius, *a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.*

Guiderius, } *disguised under the names of Polydore and*
Arviragus, } *Cadwal, supposed sons to Belarius.*

Philario, friend to Posthumus, } *Italians.*
Iachimo, friend to Philario, }

A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.

Caius Lucius, *General of the Roman forces.*

A Roman Captain. Two British Captains.

Pisano, *servant to Posthumus.*

Cornelius, *a Physician.*

Two Gentlemen.

Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.

Imogen, *daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.*

Helen, *woman to Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.*

C Y M B E L I N E

ACT I. SCENE I.

Britain. *The Garden behind Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* You do not meet a man, but frowns : our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers ;
Still seem, as does the king's².

2. *Gent.*

¹ Mr. Pope supposed the story of this play to have been borrowed from a novel of Boccace ; but he was mistaken, as an imitation of it is found in an old story-book entitled, *Westward for Smelts*. This imitation differs in as many particulars from the Italian novelist, as from Shakspeare, though they concur in the more considerable parts of the fable. It was published in a quarto pamphlet 1603. This is the only copy of it which I have hitherto seen.

There is a late entry of it in the books of the Stationers' Company, Jan. 1619, where it is said to have been written by *Kitt of Kingston*.

STEEVENS.

The tale in *Westward for Smelts* which I published some years ago, I shall subjoin to this play. The only part of the fable, however, which can be pronounced with certainty to be drawn from thence, is, Imogen's wandering about after Pisanio has left her in the forest ; her being almost furnished ; and being taken, at a subsequent period, into the service of the Roman General as a page. The general scheme of *Cymbeline* is, in my opinion, formed on Boccace's novel (Day 2, Nov. 9.) and Shakspeare has taken a circumstance from it, that is not mentioned in the other tale. It appears from the preface to the old translation of the *Decamerone*, printed in 1620, that many of the novels had before received an English dress, and had been printed separately : " I know, most worthy lord, (says the printer in his Epistle Dedicatory) that many of them [the novels of Boccace] have long since been published before, as stolen from the original authour, and yet not beautified with his sweete style and elocution of phrase, neither favouring of his singular morall applications."

Cymbeline, I imagine, was written in the year 1605. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. The king from whom the play takes its title began his reign, according to Holinshed, in the 19th year of the reign of Augustus Cæsar ; and the play commences in or about the twenty-fourth year of Cymbeline's reign, which was the forty-second year of the reign of Augustus, and the sixteenth of the Christian æra : notwithstanding which Shakspeare has peopled Rome with modern Italians ; *Philario, Iachimo, &c.* Cymbeline is said to have reigned thirty-five years, leaving at his death two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus. MALONE.

² *You do not meet a man, but frowns : our bloods*

No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers ;

Still seem, as does the king's.] We do not meet a man but frowns ;
our bloods—our countenances, which, in popular speech, are said to be

2. *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1. *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow, That late he married,) hath referr'd herself Unto a poor, but worthy, gentleman: She's wedded; Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king Be touch'd at very heart.

2. *Gent.* None but the king?

1. *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too: so is the queen, That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier, Although they wear their faces to the bent Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not Glad at the thing they frown at.

2. *Gent.* And why so?

regulated by the temper of the blood,—no more obey the laws of Heaven,—which direct us to appear what we really are,—than our courtiers;—that is, than the bloods of our courtiers; but our bloods, like theirs,—*still seem, as doth the king's.* JOHNSON.

In the *Yorkshire Tragedy* 1608, which has been attributed to Shakspeare, *blood* appears to be used for *inclination*:

"For 'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden."

Again, in *K. Lear*, Act IV. sc. ii.

"—Were it my fitness

"To let these hands obey my *blood*."

In *K. Henry VIII.* Act III. sc. iv. is the same thought:

"—subject to your countenance, glad, or lorry,

"As I saw it inclin'd." STEEVENS.

Blood is so frequently used by Shakspeare for *natural disposition*, that there can be no doubt concerning the meaning here. So, in *All's well that ends well*:

"Now his important *blood* will nought deny

"That she'll demand."

I have followed the regulation of the old copy in separating the word *courtiers* from what follows, by placing a semicolon after it. "Still seem"—for "*they still seem*," or "*our bloods still seem*," is common in Shakspeare. The mark of the genitive case, which has been affixed in the late editions to the word *courtiers*, does not appear to me necessary, as the poet might intend to say—"than our courtiers obey the heavens:" though, it must be owned, the modern regulation derives some support from what follows:

— but not a courtier,

Although they wear their faces to the bent

Of the king's looks,—

We have again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, a sentiment similar to that before us:

"—for he would shine on those

"That made their looks by his." MALONE.

1. *Gent.* He that hath mis'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean, that marry'd her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd,) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2. *Gent.* You speak him far³.

1. *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself⁴;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2. *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1. *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His father—
Was called Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius*, whom

He

³ *You speak him far.*] When I was more a friend to conjecture than I am at present, I supposed Shakspeare might have written—you speak him *far*: but the old reading is probably right. You are lavish in your encomiums on him: your eulogium has a wide compass. MALONE.

⁴ *I do extend him, sir, within himself;*] I extend him within himself: my praise, however *extensive*, is *within* his merit. JOHNSON.

My eulogium, however extended it may seem, is short of his real excellence: it is rather abbreviated than expanded.—We have again the same expression in a subsequent scene: “The approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, are wonderfully to *extend* him.” Again, in *the Winter's Tale*: “The report of her is *extended* more than can be thought.” MALONE.

Perhaps this passage may be somewhat illustrated by the following lines in *Truill and Cressida*, Act III:

“—no man is the lord of any thing,
“Till he communicate his parts to other:
“Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,
“Till he behold them form'd in the applause
“Where they are *extended*,” &c. STEEVENS.

* —*Tenantius*,—] was the father of Cymbeline, and nephew of Cassibelan, being the younger son of his elder brother Lud, king of the southern part of Britain; on whose death Cassibelan was admitted king. Cymbeline repulsed the Romans on their first attack, but being vanquished by Julius Cæsar on his second invasion of Britain, he agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death Tenantius, Lud's younger son, (his elder brother Andregeus having fled to Rome) was established on the throne, of which they had been unjustly deprived by their uncle. According to some authorities, Tenantius quietly paid the tribute stipulated by Cassibelan; according to others, he refused to pay it, and warred with the Romans. Shakspeare supposes the latter to be the truth. Holinshed, who furnished our poet with these facts, furnished him also with

He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
 So gain'd the fur-addition, Leonatus:
 And had, besides this gentleman in question,
 Two other sons; who, in the wars o'the time,
 Dy'd with their swords in hand; for which, their father
 (Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
 That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
 Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
 As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
 To his protection; calls him Posthumus;
 Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
 Puts to him all the learnings that his time
 Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
 As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
 In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court,
 (Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd:
 A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
 A gla's that feated them⁶; and to the graver,

A child

the name of *Sicilius*, who was admitted king of Britain, A. M. 3659. The name of *Leonatus* he found in Sydney's *Arcadia*. Leonatus is there the legitimate son of the blind king of Paphlagonia, on whose story the episode of Gloucester, Edgar, and Edmund, is formed in *King Lear*. See *Arcadia*, p. 69, edit. 1593. MALONE.

⁵ — liv'd in court,

(Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd:] This encomium is high and awful. To be at once in any great degree loved and praised, is truly rare. JOHNSON.

⁶ A gla's that feated them:] A gla's that formed them; a model, by the contemplation and inspection of which they formed their manners. JOHNSON.

This passage may be well explained by another in the first part of *King Henry IV*:

" — He was indeed the gla's

" *Wherin the noble youths did dress themselves.*"

Again, Ophelia describes Hamlet, as

" The gla's of fashion, and the mould of form."

To dress themselves therefore may be to form themselves. Dreyer, in French, is to form. To dress a Spaniel is to break him in.

Feat is nice, exact. So, in the *Tempest*:

" — look, how well my garments sit upon me,

" *Much feater than before.*"

To *feat* therefore may be a verb, meaning—to render nice, exact: by the dress of Posthumus, even the more mature courtiers condescended to regulate their external appearance. STEEVENS.

Feat Minshew interprets, fine, neat, brave. See also Barret's *Alvearie*, 1580, "*Feat and pleasant, concinna et venusta sententia.*"

The poet does not, I think, mean to say merely, that the more mature regulated their dress by that of Posthumus. A gla's that feated them,

A child that guided dotards : to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue ;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2. *Gent.* I honour him
Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king ?

1. *Gent.* His only child.
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen ; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2. *Gent.* How long is this ago ?

1. *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2. *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd !
So slackly guarded ! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them !

1. *Gent.* Howsoever 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2. *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1. *Gent.* We must forbear : Here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,

is a model, by viewing which their form became more elegant, and their
manners more polished.

We have nearly the same image in the *Winter's Tale* :

" ——— I should blush

" To see you so attir'd ; sworn, I think,

" To shew myself a *glass*."

Again, more appositely in *Hamlet* :

" He was the mark and *glass*, copy and book,

" That *fashion'd* others." MALONE.

* — *Imogen*—] Holinshed's Chronicle furnished Shakspeare with this
name, which in the old black letter is scarcely distinguishable from *Iano-*
gen, the wife of *Brute*, king of Britain. There too he found the name
of *Cloten*, who, when the line of *Brute* was at an end, was one of the
five kings that governed Britain. *Cloten*, or *Cloton*, was king of Corn-
wall. MALONE.

Evil-ey'd

Evil-ey'd unto you : you are my prisoner, but
 Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
 That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
 So soon as I can win the offended king,
 I will be known your advocate : marry, yet
 The fire of rage is in him ; and 'twere good,
 You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
 Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
 I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril :—
 I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
 The pangs of barr'd affections ; though the king
 Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

[*Exit.*

Imo. O
 Dissembling courtesy ! How fine this tyrant
 Can tickle where the wounds !—My dearest husband,
 I something fear my father's wrath ; but nothing,
 (Always reserv'd my holy duty⁷,) what
 His rage can do on me : You must be gone ;
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot
 Of angry eyes ; not comforted to live,
 But that there is this jewel in the world,
 That I may see again.

Post. My queen ! my mistress !
 O, lady, weep no more ; lest I give cause
 To be suspected of more tenderness
 Than doth become a man ! I will remain
 The loyal⁸ husband that did e'er plight troth.
 My residence in Rome, at one Philario's ;
 Who to my father was a friend, to me
 Known but by letter : thither write, my queen,
 And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
 'Though ink be made of gall⁹.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you :
 If the king come, I shall incur I know not

⁷ (*Always reserv'd my holy duty,*)—] I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may say it without breach of duty. JOHNSON.

⁸ (*Though ink be made of gall.*) Shakspeare, even in this poor conceit, has confounded the vegetable galls used in ink, with the animal gall, supposed to be bitter. JOHNSON.

The poet might mean either the *vegetable* or the *animal* galls with equal propriety, as the *vegetable* gall is bitter ; and I have seen an ancient receipt for making ink, beginning, "Take of the black juice of the gall of oxen two ounces," &c. STEEVENS.

How

How much of his displeasure:—Yet I'll move him [*Aside*.
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences.

Exit.

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothness to depart would grow: Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
'This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And seal up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!⁹—Remain, remain thou here

[*Putting on the ring.*]

While sense can keep it on! And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;

⁹ And seal up my embracements from a next

With bonds of death! } Shakespeare may poetically call the *cere-cloths* in which the dead are wrapped, *the bonds of death*. If so, we should read *cere* instead of *seal*.

"Why thy canoniz'd bones, hallowed in death,

"Have burst their *cercements*?"

To *seal up*, is properly to *close up by burning*; but in this passage the poet may have dropp'd that idea, and used the word simply for to *close up*. STEEVENS.

I believe nothing more than *close up* was intended. In the spelling of the last age, however, no distinction was made between *cere-cloths* and *seal-cloth*. Cole in his Latin dictionary, 1679, explains the word *cerot* by *seal-cloth*. Shakespeare therefore certainly might have had that practice in his thoughts. MALONE.

¹ While sense can keep it on! } The poet ought to have written—can keep thee on, as Mr. Pope and the three subsequent editors read. But—Shakespeare has many similar inaccuracies. So, in *Julius Caesar*:

"Casca, you are the first that rears your hand."

instead of—his hand. Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Time's office is to calm contending kings,

"To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,—

"To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,—"

instead of—his hours. Again, in the third act of the play before us:

"——— Euriphile,

"Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,

"And every day do honour to her grave." MALONE.

It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner. [*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*]

Imo. O, the gods!—
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st: Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone.

[*Exit.*]

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is².

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth³; thou heapest
A year's age on me!

Imo.

² *There cannot be a pinch in death*

More sharp than this is.] So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

"—it is a sufferance, panging

"As soul and body's parting." MALONE.

³ *That should'st repair my youth;*] i. e. renovate my youth; make me young again. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609: "—as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he doth but repair it." Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

"—it much repairs me,

"To talk of your good father." MALONE.

⁴ —a touch more rare

Subdues all pangs, all fears.] A touch more rare is a more uncommon, a finer feeling; a more exquisite sensation. So, in *Macbeth*:

"—He loves us not;

"He wants the natural touch."

Rare has here the same signification as in a subsequent scene:

"If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,

"She is alone the Arabian bird."

A passage in *K. Lear* will fully illustrate *Imogen's* meaning:

"—where the greater malady is fix'd,

"The lesser is scarce felt." MALONE.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I. sc. ii.

"The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,

"Do strongly speak to us."

Again, in the *Tempest*:

"Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling

"Of their afflictions?" &c.

A touch is not unfrequently used, by other ancient writers, in this sense. So, in *Daniel's Cleopatra*, 1594:

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation ; I
Am senseless of your wrath ; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears ⁴.

Cym. Past grace ? obedience ?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair ; that way, past grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen !

Imo. O blest, that I might not ! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock ⁵.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar ; would'st have made my
throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No ; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one !

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus :
You bred him as my play-fellow ; and he is
A man, worth any woman ; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays ⁶.

Cym. What !—art thou mad ?

Imo. Almost, sir : Heaven restore me !—'Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter ! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son !

Re-enter Queen..

Cym. Thou foolish thing !—
They were again together : you have done [*to the Queen.*
Not after our command.. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beseech your patience :—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace ;—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves ; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

" So deep we feel impressed in our blood

" That touch which nature with our breath did give."

A touch more rare is undoubtedly a more exquisite feeling, a superior
sensation. STEEVENS.

⁵ — a puttock.] A kite. JOHNSON.

⁶ — over-buys me

Almost the sum he pays.] So small is my value, and so great is his,
that in the purchase he has made (for which he paid himself), for much
the greater part, and nearly the whole, of what he has given, he has
nothing in return. The most minute portion of his worth would be too
high a price for the wife he has acquired. MALONE.

Cym.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day ; and, being aged,
Die of this folly !

[*Exit.*

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fic !—you must give way :
Here is your servant.—How now, sir ? What news ?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha !

No harm, I trust, is done ?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger : they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend ; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile !—O brave sir !—
I would they were in Africk both together ;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your master ?

Pis. On his command : He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven : left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant : I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence,
Pray you, speak with me : you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard : for this time, leave me.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

A publick Place.

Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

1. *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt ; the
violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice :
Where air comes out, air comes in : there's none abroad
so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—Have I
hurt him ?

2. *Lord.* No, faith ; not so much as his patience.

[*Aside.*

1. *Lord.*

1. *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thorough-fare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2. *Lord.* His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town. [*Aside.*]

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2. *Lord.* No; but he fled forward still, toward your face. [*Aside.*]

1. *Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2. *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies! [*Aside.*]

Clo. I would, they had not come between us.

2. *Lord.* So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aside.*]

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2. *Lord.* If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd. [*Aside.*]

1. *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit?

2. *Lord.* She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2. *Lord.* I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside.*]

7 *She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.*] She has a fair outside, a specious appearance, but no wit. *O quanta species, cerebrum non habet! Phædrus.* EDWARDS.

In a subsequent scene, Iachimo speaking of Imogen, says,

"All of her, that is out of door, most rich!

"If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,

"She is alone the Arabian bird." MALONE.

I believe the poet means nothing by *sign*, but *fair outward shew*.

The same allusion is common to other writers. So, in B. and Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*:

"—— a common trull,

"A tempting *sign*, and curiously set forth

"To draw in riotous guests."

Again, in the *Elder Brother*, by the same authors:

"Stand still, thou *sign* of man—."

To understand the whole force of Shakspeare's idea, it should be remembered that anciently almost every *sign* had a motto, or some attempt at a witticism, underneath it. STEEVENS.

Clo.

Clo. You'll go with us?

1. *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2. *Lord.* Well, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter IMOGEN, and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'd'st every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is⁸. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was⁹ all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear⁹
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and starts of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd
them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution

⁸ ——— 'twere a paper lost

As offer'd mercy is.] I believe the poet's meaning is, that the loss of that paper would prove as fatal to her, as the loss of a pardon to a condemn'd criminal. A thought resembling this occurs in *All's well that ends well*:

"Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried." STEEVENS.

⁹ — *with this eye or ear.*—] The old copy, probably from the transcriber's ear deceiving him, has—*with his eye*, &c. The correction was made by Dr. Warburton. "How," he asks, "could Posthumus make himself distinguished by his *ear* to Pisanio? By his tongue he might to the other's ear, and this is certainly Shakspeare's meaning." MALONE.

Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle¹ :
 Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
 The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
 Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
 When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
 With his next vantage².

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
 Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
 How I would think on him, at certain hours,
 Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
 The shes of Italy should not betray
 Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
 At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
 To encounter me with orisons, for then
 I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
 Give him that parting kifs, which I had set
 Betwixt two charming words³, comes in my father,
 And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
 Shakes all our buds from growing⁴.

¹ —till the diminution

Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:] The diminution of space, is the diminution of which space is the cause. Trees are killed by a blast of lightning, that is, by *blasting*, not *blasted* lightning." JOHNSON.

² —next vantage.] Next opportunity. JOHNSON.

³ —or ere I could

Give him that parting kifs, which I had set
 Betwixt two charming words,—] Dr. Warburton pronounces as absolutely as if he had been present at their parting, that these two charming words were, *adieu Postumus*; but as Mr. Edwards has observed, "she must have understood the language of love very little, if she could find no tenderer expression of it, than the name by which every one called her husband." STEEVENS.

⁴ Shakes all our buds from growing.] i. e. our buds of love, as our authour has elsewhere expressed it. Dr. Warburton, because the buds of flowers are here alluded to, very idly reads—Shakes all our buds from blowing. The buds of flowers undoubtedly are meant, and Shakspeare himself has told us in *Romeo and Juliet* that they grow:

"This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath

"May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet."

MALONE.

A bud, without any distinct idea, whether of flower or fruit, is a natural representation of any thing incipient or immature; and the buds of flowers, if flowers are meant, grow to flowers, as the buds of fruits grow to fruits. JOHNSON.

Shakes all our buds, &c.] So, in the 18th Sonnet of our author:

"Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May."

Again, in the *Taming of the Shrew*:

"Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds."

STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.—
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutchman,
and a Spaniard.*

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Pis. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which makes him⁴ both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter⁵.

French. And then his banishment:—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours⁶, are wonderfully to extend him⁷; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else

* — *Iachimo*,—] The name of *Giacomo* occurs in *The two Gentlemen of Venice*, a novel which immediately follows that of *Romeo and Julietta* in the second tome of *Painter's PALACE OF PLEASURE*.
MALONE.

⁴ — *makes him*—] In the sense in which we say, This will *make* or *mar* you. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *words him—a great deal from the matter.*] Makes the description of him very distant from the truth. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *under her colours*,] Under her banner; by her influence.

⁷ — *and the approbation of those—are wonderfully to extend him*,] This grammatical inaccuracy is common in Shakespeare's plays. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:
"The

else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality⁸. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Pli. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:—

Enter POSTNUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still⁹.

“The posture of your blows are yet unknown.”

The modern editors, however, read—*approbations*.

Extend has here the same meaning as in a former scene, See p. 5, n. 4. MALONE.

⁸—*without less quality.*] Whenever *less* or *more* is to be joined with a verb denoting want, or a preposition of a similar import, Shakspeare never fails to be entangled in a grammatical inaccuracy, or rather, to use words that express the very contrary of what he means. In a note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, I have proved this incontestably, by comparing a passage similar to that in the text with the words of Plutarch on which it was formed. The passage is:

“—I—condemn myself to lack

“The courage of a woman, *less* noble mind

“Than she—.”

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

“—I ne'er heard yet

“That any of these bolder vices wanted

“*Less* impudence, to gainsay what they did,

“Than to perform it first.”

Again, in *K. Lear*:

“—I have hope

“You *less* know how to value her deserts

“Than she to *scant* her duty.”

Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read—without *more* quality, and so undoubtedly Shakspeare *ought* to have written. On the stage, an actor may rectify such petty errors; but it is the duty of an editor to exhibit what his author wrote. MALONE.

⁹—*which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.*] So, in *All's well that ends well*:

“Which I will ever pay, and pay again,

“When I have found it.”

Again, in our author's 30th Sonnet:

“Which I new pay, as if not pay'd before.” MALONE.

French.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you¹, it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature².

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences³: but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other⁴, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction⁴, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This

¹ — *I did atone, &c.*] To atone signifies in this place to reconcile. So Ben Jonson, in *The Silent Woman*:

"There had been some hope to atone you." STEEVENS.

² — *upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.*] Importance is here as elsewhere in Shakspeare, importunity, instigation.

MALONE.

³ — *rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences:*] Shunn'd to go even means the same as chose not to go even. I avoided, says Posthumus, squaring my actions by such rules as I heard laid down: I rather chose to act according to my own discretion, in opposition to such rules, than to be guided by the experience of others.

Dr. Johnson says, the meaning is, "I was then willing to take for my direction the experience of others, more than such intelligence as I had gathered myself." But this interpretation is at once repugnant to the words themselves, and to the context. Posthumus is here apologizing for the impetuosity of his youth, when at his first outset in the world he thought himself wiser than those who had run the race of life before him. For this conduct he blames himself, and owns his judgment was then faulty and immature. However, (he adds) even now, when I have attained more discretion, and my judgment (if I may be permitted to say so) is mended, I cannot acknowledge that the subject of our quarrel was of a trivial nature.

Since the above note was written, I have observed that Mr. Mason has made a similar observation. MALONE.

⁴ — *confounded one the other,*] To confound in our author's time signified—to destroy. MALONE.

⁴ — *which may, without contradiction, &c.*] Which, undoubtedly, may be publicly told. JOHNSON.

gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer⁵, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excell'd many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady⁶.

Post.

⁵ — *though I profess, &c.*] Though I have not the common obligations of a lover to his mistress, and regard her not with the fondness of a friend, but the reverence of an adorer. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excell'd many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.*] The old copy reads—I could not believe she excell'd many. Dr. Warburton very properly asks, "What, if she did really excel others, could he not believe that she did excel them?" To restore therefore the passage to sense, he omits the word *not*, and reads—"I could believe she excell'd many,"—which undoubtedly affords a clear sense.

"The old reading," says Mr. Steevens, "may very well stand. If, says Iachimo, your mistress went before *some* others I have seen, *only in the same degree* your diamond out-lustres many I have likewise seen, I should not admit on that account that she excell'd many: *but* I ought not to make myself the judge of who is the fairest lady, or which is the brightest diamond, till I have beheld the finest of either kind which nature has hitherto produced."

To this paraphrase I make the same objection that I have done to many others in revising these plays; namely, that a meaning is extracted from the words that they in no sort warrant. In the first place Mr. S. understands the word *as* to mean *only as*, or *as little as*; and assumes that Iachimo means, not merely to deny the super-eminent and unparallel'd value of the diamond of Posthumus, but greatly to depreciate it; though both the context, and the words—*went before, most precious, and out-lustres*, must present to every reader a meaning directly opposite. 2dly. According to this interpretation, the adversitive particle *but* is used without any propriety; as will appear at once by shortening Mr. Steevens's paraphrase, and adding a few words that are requisite to make the deduction consequential:

"If

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post.

"If your mistress went before others I have seen, only in the same degree your diamond out-lustres *many* I have likewise seen, I should not admit on that account that she excelled *many*, [*for your diamond is an ordinary stone, and does not excell many*:] But I have not seen the most precious diamond in the world, nor you the most beautiful lady: and therefore I can not admit she excels all."

Here, after asserting that "he could not admit she excelled *many*," he is made to add, by way of qualification, and in *opposition* to what he has already said, that "inasmuch as he has not seen *all* the fine women and fine diamonds in the world, he cannot admit that she excels *all*." If he *had* admitted that she excelled *many*, this conclusion would be consistent and intelligible; but *not* admitting that position, as he is thus made to do, it is inconsequential, if not absurd.

I agree therefore entirely with Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson in thinking that the passage as it stands in the old copy, is nonsense, and that some emendation is necessary.

Dr. Warburton, as I have already observed, amended the passage by omitting the word *not*; but of all the modes of emendation this is the most exceptionable. I have often had occasion to observe that one of the most frequent errors of the press is omission, and consequently the least exceptionable of all emendations is the insertion of a word that appears from the context, or from the metre, to have been omitted. In the first folio edition of *Love's Labour's Lost* we find—

"O, that your face were full of oes"

instead of the true reading, which is furnished by the quarto, 1598:

"O, that your face were *not* so full of oes—"

Again, in *Timon of Athens*, Act V. edit. 1623:

"—Nothing can you steal

"But thieves do lose it. *Steal less* for this—"

All the modern editions here rightly read—"Steal *not* less for this."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, folio 1632: "—they stand so much on the new form, that they *can sit* at ease on the old bench:" instead of "—they can *not* sit," &c. Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, folio, 1623, p. 55: "—good gentlemen, let him *strike* the old woman;" instead of "—let him *not* strike the old woman." I could easily add twenty other instances of the same kind.

In the passage before us, I am persuaded that either the word *but* was omitted after *not*, by the carelessness of the compositor or transcriber, or, that *not* was printed instead of *but*: a mistake that has often happened in these plays.

Of the latter opinion is Mr. Heath, who proposes to read, "I could *but* believe," and this affords nearly the same meaning as the reading now adopted. I rather incline to the emendation which I proposed some years ago, and which is now placed in the text, because the adversative particle in the next clause of the sentence is thus more fully opposed to what precedes; and thus the reasoning is clear, exact, and consequential. "If, says Iachimo, she surpassed other women that I have seen in the same proportion that your diamond out-lustres *many* diamonds that I have beheld, I could not *but* acknowledge that she excelled *many* women; but I have

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's out-prized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken : the one may be sold, or given ; if there were * wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift : the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you ?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours : but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too : so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual ; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress' ; if in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves ; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

I have not seen the *most* valuable diamond in the world, nor you the most beautiful woman : and therefore I cannot admit she excels ALL.

It is urged, that " it was the business of Iachimo on this occasion to appear an infidel to beauty, in order to spirit Posthumus to lay the wager." He is so far an infidel as not to allow Imogen transcendent beauty, surpassing the beauty of *all womankind*. It was by no means necessary, in order to excite the *adoring* Posthumus to a wager, to deny that she possessed *any* beauty whatsoever.

That the word *as* in this passage means—*as much as*, and not *as little as*, as I have endeavoured to shew in this note, is further confirmed by a passage in Act V. where Iachimo is the speaker, and again uses the same expression :

" If that thy country, Britain, go *before*

" *This* lout, *as* he exceeds our lords, the odds

" Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods."

For the length of this note I shall make no apology. Whenever much has been already said by ingenious men on a controverted passage, in which emendation is absolutely necessary, every objection that can be made to the reading adopted should, if possible, be obviated. No one can be more an enemy to long notes, or *unnecessary* emendations, than the present editor. MALONE.

* —if there were—] Old copy—or if—for the purchases, &c. the compositor having inadvertently repeated the word or which has just occurred. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

? —to convince the honour of my mistress ;] Convince, for overcome.

WARBURTON.

So, in *Macbeth* :

" —their malady convinces

" The great assay of *Art*." JOHNSON.

Pbi.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused^s in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's on the approbation⁹ of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser¹. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it

^s —abused—] Deceived. JOHNSON.

⁹ —approbation—] Proof. JOHNSON.

¹ You are a friend, and therein the wiser.] I correct it:

You are afraid, and therein the wiser.

What Iachimo says, in the close of his speech, determines this to have been our poet's reading:—"But, I see you have some religion in you, that you fear." WARBURTON.

it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Pos. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Pos. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Pbi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too². If I come off, and leave her in such honour

You are a friend to the lady, and therein the wiser, as you will not expose her to hazard; and that you fear, is a proof of your religious fidelity. JOHNSON.

Though Dr. Warburton affixed his name to the preceding note, it is *verbatim* taken from one written by Mr. Theobald on this passage.

A *friend* in our author's time often signified a *lover*. Iachimo therefore might mean that Posthumus was wise in being only the *lover* of Imogen, and not having bound himself to her by the indissoluble ties of marriage. But unluckily Posthumus has already said he is *not* her *friend*, but her adorer: this therefore could hardly have been Iachimo's meaning.

I cannot say that I am entirely satisfied with Dr. Johnson's interpretation; yet I have nothing better to propose. "You are a friend to the lady, and therefore will not expose her to hazard." This surely is not warranted by what Posthumus has just said. He is ready enough to expose her to hazard. He has actually exposed her to hazard by accepting the wager. He will not indeed risk his *diamond*, but has offered to lay a sum of money, that Iachimo, "with all appliances and means to boot," will not be able to corrupt her. I do not therefore see the force of Iachimo's observation. It would have been more "german to the matter" to have said, in allusion to the former words of Posthumus—You are *not* a friend, i. e. a lover, and therein the wiser: for all women are corruptible. MALONE.

² *If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours, so is your diamond too:* Of the two conditions of this wager, Iachimo only mentions that which is favourable to Posthumus. Dr. Warburton thought it probable he should mention both, and therefore supposed that Shakspeare wrote—if I bring you sufficient testimony, &c. my ten thousand ducats are mine: so, &c. MALONE.

I once thought this emendation right, but am now of opinion, that Shakspeare intended that Iachimo, having gained his purpose, should designedly drop the invidious and offensive part of the wager, and, to flatter

honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours;—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduc'd, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt POST. and IACH.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Pbi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Britain. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;

Make haste: Who has the note of them?

1. Lady. I, madam

Queen. Dispatch.—

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay; here they are, madam: [*presenting a small box.*]

But I beseech your grace, (without offence;
My conscience bids me ask;) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;

But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how

flatter Posthumus, dwell long upon the more pleasing part of the representation. One condition of a wager implies the other, and there is no need to mention both. JOHNSON.

To

To make perfumes? distill? preserve? yea, so,
 That our great king himself doth woo me oft
 For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,
 (Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet
 That I did amplify my judgment in
 Other conclusions³? I will try the forces
 Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
 We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,)
 To try the vigour of them, and apply
 Allayments to their ails; and by them gather
 Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness
 Shall from this practice but make hard your heart⁴:
 Besides, the seeing these effects will be
 Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
 Will I first work⁵: he's for his master,
 And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—
 Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
 Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;
 But you shall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee, a word.—

Cor. [*Aside,*] I do not like her⁶. She doth think, she
 has

Strange

³ *Other conclusions?* Other experiments. I commend, says Walton, an
 angler that tries conclusions, and improves his art. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Your highness*

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:] There is in this
 passage nothing that much requires a note, yet I cannot forbear to push it
 forward into observation. The thought would probably have been more
 amplified, had our authour lived to be shocked with such experiments as
 have been published in later times, by a race of men that have practised
 tortures without pity, and related them without shame, and are yet suf-
 fered to erect their heads among human beings.

Cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Will I first work:*] She means, I believe, that on him first she will
 try the efficacy of her poison. MALONE.

⁶ *I do not like her.*—] This soliloquy is very inartificial. The speaker
 is under no strong pressure of thought; he is neither resolving, repent-
 ing,

Strange lingering poisons : I do know her spirit,
 And will not truit one of her malice with
 A drug of such damn'd nature : Those, she has,
 Will stupify and dull the sense a while :
 Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs ;
 Then afterward up higher : but there is
 No danger in what shew of death it makes,
 More than the locking up the spirits a time*,
 To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
 With a most false effect ; and I the truer,
 So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
 Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou ? Dost thou think, in
 time

She will not quench ; and let instructions enter
 Where folly now possesses ? Do thou work :
 When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
 I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
 As great as is thy master : greater ; for
 His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
 Is at last gasp : Return he cannot, nor
 Continue where he is : to shift his being⁷,
 Is to exchange one misery with another ;
 And every day, that comes, comes to decay
 A day's work in him : What shalt thou expect,
 To be depender on a thing that leans⁸ ?
 Who cannot be new built ; nor has no friends,
[The Queen drops a box : Pisanio takes it up.]
 So much as but to prop him ?—Thou tak'st up
 Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy labour :
 It is a thing I made, which hath the king

ing, suspecting, nor deliberating, and yet makes a long speech to tell
 himself what himself knows. JOHNSON.

This soliloquy, however inartificial in respect of the speaker, is yet
 necessary to prevent that uneasiness which would naturally arise in the
 mind of an audience on recollection that the queen had mischievous
 ingredients in her possession, unless they were undeceiv'd as to the quality
 of them ; and it is no less useful to prepare us for the return of Imogen
 to life. STEEVENS.

* — *a time,*—] So the old copy. All the modern editions—for a
 time. MALONE.

7 — *to shift his being,*] To change his abode. JOHNSON.

8 — *that leans ?*] That inclines towards its fall. JOHNSON.

Five times redeem'd from death : I do not know
 What is more cordial :—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it ;
 It is an earnest of a further good
 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
 The case stands with her ; do't, as from thyself.
 Think what a chance thou changeest on⁹ ; but think
 Thou hast thy mistress still ; to boot, my son,
 Who shall take notice of thee : I'll move the king
 To any shape of thy preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly,
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women :
 Think on my words. [*Exit Pifa.*]—A fly and constant
 knave ;
 Not to be shak'd : the agent for his master ;
 And the remembrance of her, to hold
 The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of leigers for her sweet¹ ; and which she, after,
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so ;—well done, well done :
 The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
 Bear to my closet :—Fare thee well, Pisanio ;
 Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen, and Ladies.*]
Pif. And shall do :
 But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
 I'll choke myself : there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*]

⁹ *Think what a chance thou changeest on ;—*] Such is the reading of the old copy, which by succeeding editors has been altered into,

Think what a *chance* thou *chancest* on ;—
 and Think what a *change* thou *chancest* on ;—
 but unnecessarily. The meaning is : “ Think with what a fair prospect of mending your fortunes you now change your present service.”

STEEVENS.
 A line in our author's *Rape of Lucretia* adds some support to the reading—*thou chancest on*, which is much in Shakspeare's manner :

“ Let there *bechance* him pitiful *mis-chances*.” MALONE.

¹ *Of leigers for her sweet ;*] A *leiger* ambassador, is one that resides at a foreign court to promote his master's interest. JOHNSON.

SCENE VII.

*Another Room in the same.**Enter IMOGEN.*

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
 That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
 My supreme crown of grief²! and those repeated
 Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
 As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
 Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,
 How mean foe'er, that have their honest wills,
 Which seasons comfort³.—Who may this be? *Fie!*

*Enter*² — O, that husband!

My supreme crown of grief!] Imogen means to say, that her separation from her husband is the completion of her distress. So, in *King Lear*:

“ This would have seem'd a period

“ To such as love not sorrow; but another,

“ To amplify too much, would make much more,

“ And top extremity.”

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

“ —the spire and top of praise.”

Again, more appositely, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood.”

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

“ The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,

“ I do give lost.” MALONE.

³ — but most miserable

Is the desire that's glorious: blessed be those

How mean foe'er, that have their honest wills,

Which seasons comfort.] Dr. Warburton and Mr. Steevens are of

opinion that the former part of this passage means—“ To be able to refine on calamity is the miserable privilege of those who are born with aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires.” But, in my apprehension, Imogen's sentiment, is simply this:—*Had I been stolen by thieves in my infancy, (or, as she says in another place, born a neat-herd's daughter,) I had been happy. But instead of that, I am in a ligh, and, what is called, a glorious station; and most miserable is such a situation!* Pregnant with calamity are those desires, which aspire to glory; to splendid titles, or elevation of rank! Happier far are those, how low soever their rank in life, who have it in their power to gratify their virtuous inclinations: a circumstance that gives an additional zest to comfort itself, and renders it something more; or, (to borrow our authour's words in another place) *which keeps comfort always fresh and lasting.*

A line in *Timon of Athens*, may perhaps prove the best comment on the former part of this passage:

“ O the

Enter PISANIO, and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;
Comes from my lord with letters.

Jach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*presents a letter.*]

Imo. Thanks, good sir;
You are kindly welcome.

Jach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich! [*Aside.*]
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [*reads.*—] *He is one of the noblest natures, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust.*

LEONATUS⁴.

So

"O the fierce *wretchedness* that *glory* brings!"

In *King Henry VIII.* also, Anna Bullen utters a sentiment that bears a strong resemblance to that before us:

"—I swear 'tis better

"To dwell with humble livers in content,

"Than to be perk'd up in a *glistering grief*,

"And wear a *golden sorrow*."

Of the verb *to season*, (of which the true explanation was originally given by Mr. Stevens.) so many instances occur as fully to justify this interpretation. It is used in the same metaphorical sense in *Daniel's Cleopatra*, a tragedy, 1594:

"This that did *season* all my four of life,—"

Again, in our authour's *Romeo and Juliet*:

"How much salt water throw away in haste,

"To *season* love, that of it doth not taste!"

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"—All this, to *season*

"A brother's dead love, which she would keep *fresh*

"And *lasting* in her sad remembrance." MALONE.

⁴ — as you value your *trust*. LEONATUS; } Mr. Mason thinks this an unsuitable conclusion of a letter to a princess and a beloved wife, and would therefore read—as you value your *trust* Leonatus. His conjecture would have more weight, if it were certain that these were intended as the concluding words of the letter. It is more probable that what warmed the very middle of the heart of *Imogen*, formed the conclusion of Posthumus's letter; and the words—*so far*, and *by the rest*, support that supposition. Though *Imogen* reads the name of her husband, she might suppress

So far I read aloud :

But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you ; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—

What ! are men mad ? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land⁵, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach⁶ ? and can we not

Partition

suppress somewhat that intervened. Nor, indeed, is the adjuration of light import, or unfuitable to a fond husband, supposing it to be the conclusion of the letter. Respect my friend, says Leonatus, as you value the confidence reposed in you by him to whom you have plighted your troth.

MALONE.

⁵ — and the rich crop

Of sea and land,—] *The crop of sea and land* means only the productions of either element. STEEVENS.

⁶ — and the twinn'd stones

Upon the number'd beach ?] I have no idea in what sense the beach, or shore, should be called *number'd*. I have ventured, against all the copies, to substitute :

Upon th' unnumber'd beach ?—

i. e. the infinite extensive beach, if we are to understand the epithet as coupled to that word. But, I rather think, the poet intended an *hyperallage*, like that in the beginning of *Ovid's Metamorphoses* :

“(In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas

“Corpora.)”—

and then we are to understand the passage thus : *and the infinite number of twinn'd stones upon the beach.* THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's conjecture may derive some support from a passage in *King Lear* :

“—— The murm'ring surge

“That on *th' unnumber'd* idle pebbles chafes—.”

Th' unnumber'd, and *the number'd*, if hastily pronounced, might easily have been confounded by the ear. If *number'd* be right, it surely means, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, *abounding in numbers of stones* ; *numerous*. MALONE.

I know not well how to regulate this passage. *Number'd* is perhaps *numerous*. *Twinn'd stones* I do not understand. *Twinn'd shells*, or *pairs of shells* are very common. JOHNSON.

The pebbles on the sea-shore are so much of the same size and shape, that *twinn'd* may mean as like as *twins*. So, in the *Maid of the Mill*, by B. and Fletcher :

“But is it possible that two faces

“Should be so *twinn'd* in form, complexion,” &c.

Again,

Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul.

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: Nor i' the judgment;
For ideots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed?

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfy'd desire,
'That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. 'Thanks, madam; well:—'Beseech you, sir,
[To Pisanio.

Desire my man's abode where I did leave him:
He's strange and peevish⁸.

Pif.

Again, in our author's *Coriolanus*, Act IV. sc. iv:

"Are still together, who twin as 'twere, in love." STEEVENS.

⁷ *Should make desire vomit emptiness,*

Not so allur'd to feed.] Iachimo, in this counterfeited rapture, has shown how the eyes and the judgment would determine in favour of Imogen, comparing her with the present mistress of Posthumus, and proceeds to say, that appetite too would give the same suffrage. *Desire*, says he, when it approached sluttery, and considered it in comparison with such neat excellence, would not only be not so allur'd to feed, but seized with a fit of loathing, would vomit emptiness, would feel the convulsions of disgust, though, being unsex'd, it had nothing to eject.

To vomit emptiness is, in the language of poetry, to feel the convulsions of eructation without plenitude. JOHNSON.

No one who has been ever sick at sea, can be at a loss to understand what is meant by vomiting emptiness. Dr. Johnson's interpretation would perhaps be more exact, if after the word *Desire* he had added, *however hungry, or sharp-set.*

A late editor, Mr. Capell, was so little acquainted with his authour, as not to know that Shakspeare here, and in some other places, uses *desire* as a trisyllable; in consequence of which, he reads—vomit to emptiness. MALONE.

⁸ *He's strange, and peevish.*] *Strange*, I believe, signifies *shy* or *backward*. So Holinshed, p. 735: "brake to him his mind in this mischievous matter, in which he found him nothing strange."

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome.

[*Exit PISANIO.*]

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamefome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller⁸.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
'The thick sighs from him⁹; whiles the jolly Briton

(Your

Peewish anciently meant weak, silly. So, in Lilly's *Endymion*, 1591:
"Never was any so *peewish* to imagine the moon either capable of affection, or shape of a mistress." Again, in Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579:
"We have infinite poets and pipers, and such *peewish* cattel among us in Englande." Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"How now! a madman! why thou *peewish* sheep,

"No ship of Epidamnus stays for me." STEEVENS.

Minshew in his Dictionary 1617, explains *peewish*, by *foolish*. So again, in our authour's *King Richard III.*

"When Richmond was a little *peewish* boy."

Strange is again used by our authour in his *Venus and Adonis*, in the sense in which Mr. Steevens supposes it to be used here:

"Measure my *strangeness* by my unripe years."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"—— I'll prove more true

"Than those that have more cunning to be strange."

But I doubt whether the word was intended to bear that sense here.

MALONE.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of *strange* [he is a foreigner] is certainly right. Iachimo uses it again in the latter end of this scene:

"And I am something curious, being *strange*,

"To have them in safe stowage."

Here also *strange* evidently means, being a *stranger*. MASON.

⁸ — *he is call'd*

The Briton reveller.] So, in Chaucer's *Coke's Tale*, late edit.
v. 4369:

"That he was cleped Perkin *revclour*." STEEVENS.

⁹ — *he furnaces*

The thick sighs from him;] So, in Chapman's preface to his translation of the *Shield of Homer*, 1598: "*— furnaceth* the universal sighs and complaints of this transposed world." STEEVENS.

So,

(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries, O!
*Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
 By history, report, or his own proof,
 What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
 But must be,—will his free hours languish
 For assur'd bondage?*

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter.
 It is a recreation to be by,
 And hear him mock the Frenchman; But, heavens know,
 Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards him
 might
 Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
 In you,—which I account his, beyond all talents,—
 Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
 To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?

You look on me; What wreck discern you in me,
 Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
 I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,

Deliver with more openness your answers
 To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,

I was about to say, enjoy your—But:
 It is an office of the gods to venge it,
 Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know

Something of me, or what concerns me; 'Pray you,
 (Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
 Than to be sure they do: For certainties

So, in *As you like it*:

“—And then, the lover,

“*Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad.*” MALONE.

‘—*In himself, 'tis much;*] If he merely regarded his own character, without any consideration of his wife, his conduct would be unpardonable. MALONE.

Either are past remedies ; or, timely knowing ²,
The remedy then born,) discover to me
What both you spur and stop ³.

Iach. Had I this cheek

To bathe my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty ; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here ⁴ : should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol ⁵, join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falshood (falshood, as
With labour), then lie peeping in an eye ⁶,
Base and unlustrous ⁷ as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow ; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change ; but 'tis your graces

² — *timely knowing.*] Rather, *timely known.* JOHNSON.

I believe Shakspeare wrote—*known*, and that the transcriber's ears deceived him here as in many other places. MALONE.

³ *What both you spur and stop.*] What it is that at once incites you to speak, and restrains you from it. JOHNSON.

This kind of ellipsis is common in these plays. What both you spur and stop at, the poet means. MALONE.

⁴ *Fixing it only here :*] The old copy has—*Fiering*. The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

⁵ — *as common as the stairs*

That mount the Capitol ;—] Shakspeare has bestowed some ornament on the proverbial phrase “as common as the high-way.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ — *join gripes with hands, &c.*] The old edition reads :

— join gripes with hands

Made hard with hourly falshood (falshood) as

With labour) then by peeping in an eye, &c.

I read—then *lye* peeping, &c. *Hard with falshood* is, hard by being often griped with frequent change of hands. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Base and unlustrous—*] Old Copy—*illustrious*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

That *illustrious* was not used by our authour in the sense of *inlustrous* or *unlustrous*, is proved by a passage in the old comedy of *Patient Griffel*, 1603 : “—— the buttons were *illustrious* and resplendent diamonds.”

MALONE.

That

That, from my muteſt conſcience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O deareſt ſoul ! your cauſe doth ſtrike my heart
With pity, that doth make me ſick. A lady
So fair, and faſten'd to an empery⁸,
Would make the greateſt king double ! to be partner'd
With tomboys⁹, hir'd with that ſelf-exhibition¹
Which your own coffers yield ! with diſeaſ'd ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenneſs can lend nature ! ſuch boil'd ſtuff²,
As well might poiſon poiſon ! Be reveng'd ;

⁸ — *to an empery,*] *Empery* is a word ſignifying ſovereign command ;
now obſolete. Shakspeare uſes it in *K. Richard III.*

“ Your right of birth, your *empery*, your own.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *With tomboys.*] We ſtill call a masculine, a forward girl, a *tomboy*.
So, in Middleton's *Game at Cheſs*, 1625 :

“ Made threeſcore year a *tomboy*, a mere wanton.”

Again, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592 : “ If thou ſhould'ſt rig up and down
in our jackets, thou wouldſt be thought a very *tomboy*.”

It appears, from ſeveral of the old plays and ballads, that the ladies of
pleaſure, in the time of Shakspeare, often wore the habits of young men.
So, in an ancient bl. let. ballad, entitled *The ſtout Cripple of Cornwall* :

“ And therefore kept them ſecretlie

“ To feede his fowle deſire,

“ Apparell'd all like gallant youthes,

“ In pages' trim attyre.

“ He gave them for their cognizance

“ A purple bleeding heart,

“ In which two ſilver arrowes ſeem'd.

“ The ſame in twaine to part.

“ Thus ſecret were his wanton ſports

“ Thus private was his pleaſure ;

“ Thus barlots in the ſhape of men.

“ Did waſt away his treaſure.”

Verſtegan, however, gives the following etymology of the word *tomboy*. “ *Tumbe.* To dance. *Tumbed,* danced ; hereof wee yet call a
wench that ſkippeth or leapeth lyke a boy, a *tomboy* : our name alſo of
tumbling cometh from hence.” STEEVENS.

¹ — *hir'd with that ſelf-exhibition*] *Groſs ſtrumpets*, hired with the
very *penſion* which you allow your husband. JOHNSON.

² — *ſuch boil'd ſtuff,*] So, in the *Old Law* by Maſſinger :

“ — look *parboil'd*,

“ As if they came from Cupid's ſcalding-houſe.” STEEVENS.

The words may mean, — *ſuch corrupted ſtuff* ; from the ſubſtantive
boil. So, in *Coriolanus* :

“ — *boils* and plagues

“ Plaiſter you o'er !”

But, I believe, Mr Steevens's interpretation is the true one.

MALONE.
Or

Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil'd from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!

How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me

Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets³;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despight, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips⁴.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A faucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew⁵, and to expound

His

³ *Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;*] Sir Thomas Hanmer, supposing this to be an inaccurate expression, reads—Live like Diana's priestess, 'twixt cold sheets; but the text is as the authour wrote it. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, DIANA says,

"My temple stands at Ephesus; hie thee thither;—

"There, when my maiden priests are met together," &c.

MALONE.

⁴ *Let me my service tender on your lips.*] Perhaps this is an allusion to the ancient custom of swearing servants into noble families. So, in *Caltha Poetarum*, &c. 1599:

"—— she swears him to his good abearing,

"Whilst her faire sweet lips were the books of swearing."

STEEVENS.

⁵ *As in a Romish stew,*] *Romish* was in the time of Shakspeare used instead of *Roman*. There were stews at Rome in the time of Augustus. The same phrase occurs in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

"—— my

His beastly mind to us ; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom⁶
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio !

Iach. O happy Leonatus ! I may say ;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust ; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit !—Blessed live you long !
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his ! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit ! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted ; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, now o'er : And he is one
The truest manner'd ; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him⁷ :
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god⁸ :
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report ; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,

“ ——— my mother deem'd me chang'd,

“ Poor woman ! in the loathsome *Romish* stewes.”

and the author of this piece appears to have been a scholar. Again, in
Wit in a Constable, by Glapthorne, 1640 :

“ A *Romish* cirque, or Grecian hippodrome.”

Again, in Thomas Drant's translation of the first epistle of the second
book of Horace, 1567 :

“ The *Romish* people wife in this, in this point only just.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ — and a daughter whom—] Old copy—*rebo*. Corrected in the
second folio. MALONE.

⁷ — such a holy witch,

That he enchants societies unto him :] So, in our authour's *Lo-
ver's Complaint* :

“ — he did in the general bosom reign

“ Of young and old, and sexes both enchanted—

“ Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted.” MALONE.

⁸ — like a descended god.] So, in *Hamlet* :

“ — a station like the herald Mercury,

“ New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.”

The old copy has *descended*. The correction was made by the editor of
the second folio. *Defend* is again printed for *descend*, in the last scene of
Timon of Athens. MALONE.

Which

Which you know, cannot err : The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus ; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, fir : Take my power i' the court for
yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord ; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't ?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
(The best feather of our wing,) have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor ;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France : 'Tis plate, of rare device ; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form ; their values great ;
And I am something curious, being strange *,
To have them in safe stowage ; May it please you
To take them in protection ?

Imo. Willingly ;

And pawn mine honour for their safety : since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men : I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night ;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech ; or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains ;
But not away to-morrow ?

Iach. O, I must, madam :
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night :
I have outstaid my time ; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.

Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you : You are very welcome.. [*Exeunt.*

* — being strange,] i. e. being a stranger. STEEVENS.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Court before CYMBELINE's Palace.**Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.*

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kiss'd the jack upon an up-cast⁹, to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't; and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrow'd mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1. *Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2. *Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [*Aside.*]

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

2. *Lord.* No, my lord¹; nor [*aside.*] crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction²? 'Would, he had been one of my rank?

2. *Lord.* To have smelt^{*} like a fool. [*Aside.*]

Clo. I am not vex'd more at any thing in the earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

⁹ — *kiss'd the jack upon an up-cast,*—] He is describing his fate at bowls. The jack is the small bowl at which the others are aimed. He who is nearest to it wins. *To kiss the jack* is a state of great advantage.

JOHNSON.

This expression frequently occurs in the old comedies. So, in *A Woman never vex'd*, by Rowley, 1632:

"This city bowler has kiss'd the mistress at the first cast."

STEVENS.

¹ *No, my lord; &c.*] This, I believe, should stand thus:

1. *Lord.* No, my lord.

2. *Lord.* Nor crop the ears of them. [*Aside.* JOHNSON.

² *I give him satisfaction?*] Old copy—*gave*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

^{*} *To have smelt.*—] A poor quibble on the word *rank* in the preceding speech. MALONE.

2. *Lord.*

2. *Lord.* You are a cock and capon too ; and you crow, cock, with your comb on³. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Sayest thou ?

1. *Lord.* It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion⁴ that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that : but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2. *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1. *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night ?

Clo. A stranger ! and I not know on't !

2. *Lord.* He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside.*]

1. *Lord.* There's an Italian come ; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus ! a banish'd rascal ; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger ?

1. *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him ? Is there no derogation in't ?

1. *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2. *Lord.* You are a fool granted ; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian : What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2. *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt CLOTEN and first Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as his mother
Should yield the world this ass ! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain ; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princefs,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st !
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd ;
A mother hourly coining plots ; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make ! The heavens hold firm

³ — *with your comb on.*] The allusion is to a fool's cap, which hath a comb like a cock's. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *every companion—*] The use of *companion* was the same as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt. JOHNSON.

'The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
'That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
'To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land! [Exit.

S C E N E II.

A Bed-chamber; in one part of it a Trunk.

IMOGEN reading in her bed; a lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:—

Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou can'st awake by four o' the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[Exit Lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies⁵, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!

[Sleeps. IACHIMO from the trunk.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin⁶ thus
Did softly press the rushes⁷, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!

⁵ From fairies, &c.] in *Macbeth* is a prayer like this:

“Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature

“Gives way to in repose!” STEEVENS.

⁶ —our Tarquin—] The speaker is an Italian. JOHNSON.

⁷ Did softly press the rushes,—] It was the custom in the time of our
author to strew chambers with rushes, as we now cover them with car-
pets. The practice is mentioned in *Caius de Ephemera Britannica*.

JOHNSON.

So, in Thomas Newton's *Herbal to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587 —“Sedge
and rushes,—with the which many in this country do use in summer
time to strawe their parlours and churches, as well for coolness, as for
pleasant smell.”

Shakspeare has the same circumstance in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

“—by the light he spies

“Lucretia's glove wherein her needle sticks;

“He takes it from the rushes where it lies,” &c. STEEVENS.

And

And whiter than the sheets⁸ ! That I might touch !
 But kifs ; one kifs !—Rubies unparagon'd,
 How dearly they do't !—'Tis her breathing that
 Perfumes the chamber thus⁹ : The flame o' the taper
 Bows toward her ; and would under-peep her lids,
 To see the inclosed lights, now canopy'd¹
 Under these windows² : White and azure, lac'd ;
 With blue of heaven's own tinct³.—But my design ?
 To note the chamber :—I will write all down :—

⁸ ————— *Cytherea,*

How bravely thou becom'st thy bed ! fresh lily !

And whiter than the sheets !] So, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Who seeks his true love in her naked bed,

“ *Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,—*”

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ Who o'er the white sheets peers her whiter chin.” MALONE.

⁹ —'Tis her breathing that

Perfumes the chamber thus :] The same hyperbole is found in the *Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image*, by J. Marston, 1598 :

“ ————— no lips did seem so fair

“ *In his conceit ; through which he thinks doth sit*

“ *So sweet a breath that doth perfume the air.*” MALONE.

¹ —now canopy'd] Shakspeare has the same expression in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,

“ And, canopy'd in darkness, sweetly lay,

“ Till they might open to adorn the day.” MALONE.

² Under these windows:] i. e. her eyelids. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ — Thy eyes' windows fall,

“ Like death, when he shuts up the day of life.”

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis* :

“ The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day ;

“ Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth—” MALONE.

³ —white and azure, lac'd ;

With blue of heaven's own tinct.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ What envious streaks do lace the severing clouds.”

These words, I apprehend, refer not to Imogen's eye-lids, (of which the poet would scarcely have given so particular a description,) but to the *inclosed lights*, i. e. her eyes : which though now shut, Iachimo had seen before, and which are here said in poetical language to be *blue*, and that blue celestial.

Dr. Warburton was of opinion that the eye-lid was meant, and according to his notion, the poet intended to praise its white skin, and blue veins.

Drayton, who has often imitated Shakspeare, seems to have viewed this passage in the same light with Dr. Warburton :

“ And these sweet veins by nature rightly plac'd,

“ Wherewith she seems the white skin to have lac'd,

“ She soon doth alter.” *The Mooncalf*, 1627. MALONE.

Such

Such, and such, pictures;—There the window:—Such
 The adornment of her bed;—The arras, figures,
 Why, such, and such⁴:—And the contents o' the story,—
 Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
 Above ten thousand meaner moveables
 Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying⁵!—Come off, come off;—

[*taking off her bracelet.*]

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—
 'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted⁶, like the crimson drops

⁴ — *The arras, figures,*

Why, such, and such:—] We should print, says Mr. Mason, thus:
 “—the arras-figures; that is, the figures of the arras.” But he is, I
 think, mistaken. It appears from what Iachimo says afterwards, that he
 had noted, not only the figures of the arras, but the stuff of which the
 arras was composed:

“—— It was hang'd

“With tapestry of silk and silver; the story

“Proud Cleopatra,” &c.

Again, in Act V.

“—— averring noses

“Of chamber-hanging, pictures,” &c. MALONE.

⁵ — *but as a monument,*

Thus in a chapel lying!—] Shakspeare was here thinking of the re-
 cumbent whole-length figures, which in his time were usually placed on
 the tombs of considerable persons. The head was always reposed upon a
 pillow. He has again the same allusion in his *Rape of Lucrece*.

MALONE.

⁶ — *On her left breast*

A mole cinque-spotted:—] Our authour certainly took this circumstance
 from some translation of Boccaccio's novel; for it does not occur in the
 imitation printed in *Westward for Smelts*, which the reader will find at
 the end of this play. In the *DECAMERONE*, *Ambrogiuolo*, (the Iachimo
 of our authour,) who is concealed in a chest in the chamber of Madonna
 Gineura, (whereas in *Westward for Smelts* the contemner of female
 chastity hides himself under the lady's bed,) wishing to discover some par-
 ticular mark about her person, which might help him to deceive her hus-
 band, at last espied a large mole under her left breast, with several hairs
 round it, of the colour of gold.

Though this mole is said in the present passage to be on Imogen's
 breast, in the account that Iachimo afterwards gives to Posthumus, our
 authour has adhered closely to his original:

“—— under her breast

“(Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud

“Of that most delicate lodging.” MALONE.

I' the

I' the bottom of a cowslip⁷ : Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
 Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
 The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end?
 Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
 Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
 The tale of Tereus⁸; here the leaf's turn'd down,
 Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night⁹! that dawning
 May bare the raven's eye¹: I lodge in fear;
 Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [*Clock strikes.*
 One, two, three².—Time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*]

⁷ — like the crimson drops

[*I' the bottom of a cowslip*:] This simile contains the smallest out
 of a thousand proofs that Shakspeare was a most accurate observer of
 nature. STEEVENS.

⁸ — She hath been reading late,

The tale of Tereus;] *Tereus and Progne* is the second tale in *A
 Petite Palace of Pettie his pleasure*, printed in quarto, in 1576. The
 same tale is related in Gower's *Poem de Confessione Amantis*, B. V. fol.
 113. b. and in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Lib. VI. MALONE.

⁹ — you dragons of the night!—] The task of drawing the chariot of
 night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness.
 Milton mentions the *dragon yoke of night* in *Il Penseroso*; and in his *Masque
 at Ludlow Castle*: “the dragon womb of Stygian darkness.” It may be
 remarked that the whole tribe of serpents sleep with their eyes open, and
 therefore appear to exert a constant vigilance. STEEVENS.

¹ — that dawning

May bare the raven's eye:] The old copy has—*bears*. The cor-
 rection was proposed by Mr. Theobald; and I think properly adopted by
 Hanmer, and Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

The poet means no more than that the light might wake the raven; or,
 as it is poetically expressed, *bare his eye*. STEEVENS.

It is well known that the raven is a very early bird, perhaps earlier than
 the lark. Our poet says of the crow, (a bird whose properties resemble
 very much those of the raven) in his *Trifles and Cressida*:

“O Cressida, but that the busy day

“Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribbald crows—.”

HEATH.

² *One, two, three.*] Our author is hardly ever exact in his computa-
 tion of time. Just before Imogen went to sleep, she asked her attendant
 what hour it was, and was informed by her, it was *almost midnight*.
 Iachimo, immediately after she has fallen asleep, comes from the trunk,
 and the present soliloquy cannot have consumed more than a few minutes:
 —yet we are now told that it is *three o'clock*. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

An Anti-chamber, adjoining Imogen's Apartment.

Enter CLOTEN, and Lords.

1. *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1. *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship; You are most hot, and furious, when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage: If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

1. *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this musick would come: I am advised to give her musick o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: If none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

S O N G.

*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings³,
And Phœbus' gins arise,*

³ *Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,*] The same hyperbole occurs in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, book v:

“ — ye birds

“ That singing up to heaven's gate ascend.”

Again, in Shakspeare's 29th Sonnet:

“ Like to the lark at break of day arising

“ From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate.”

STEEVENS.

Perhaps Shakspeare had Lily's *Alexander and Campaspe*, 1584, in his thoughts, when he wrote this song:

“ None but the lark so shrill and clear;

“ Now at heaven's gate he claps his wings,

“ The morn not waking till he sings.” REXD.

His

*His floods to water at those springs,
 On chalic'd flowers that lies⁴;
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes;
 With every thing that pretty bin⁵ :
 My lady sweet, arise;
 Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone : If this penetrate, I will consider your musick the better⁶ : if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cat's-guts⁷, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*

Enter

⁴ *His floods to water at those springs*

On chalic'd flowers that lies;] i. e. the morning sun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers. WARBURTON.

It may be noted, that the *cup* of a flower is called *calix*, whence *calice*. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare frequently offends in this manner against the rules of grammar. So, in *Venus and Adonis* :

"She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,

"Where lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies."

STEEVENS.

There is scarcely a page of our authour's works in which similar false concords may not be found : nor is this inaccuracy peculiar to his works, being found in many other books of his time and of the preceding age. Following the example of all the former editors, I have silently corrected the error, in all places except where either the metre, or rhymes, rendered correction impossible. Whether it is to be attributed to the poet or his printer, it is such a gross offence against grammar, as no modern eye or ear could have endured, if from a wish to exhibit our authour's writings with strict fidelity it had been preserved. The reformation therefore, it is hoped, will be pardoned, and considered in the same light as the substitution of modern for ancient orthography. MALONE.

⁵ — *pretty bin,*] is very properly restored by Hamner, for *pretty* is : but he too grammatically reads :

"With all the things that pretty bin. JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, Book I. c. i.

"That which of them to take, in diverse doubt they been."

Again, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584 :

"Sir, you may boast your flockes and herdes, that bin both fresh and fair."

Again,—"*As fresh as bin* the flowers in May."

Kirkman ascribes this piece to Shakspeare. The authour was George Peele. STEEVENS.

⁶ *I will consider your musick the better;*] i. e. I will pay you more amply for it. So, in the *Winter's Tale*, Act IV :

"—being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you," &c.

STEEVENS.

⁷ — *cat's-guts,*—] The old copy reads—*calves guts*. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. In the preceding line
voices,

Enter CYMBELINE, and Queen.

2. *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad, I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth!

Clo. I have assail'd her with musick, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new; She hath not yet forgot him: some more time Must wear the print of his remembrance out, And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king; Who lets go by no vantages, that may Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself To orderly solicits^b; and be friended With aptness of the season: make denials Increase your services: so seem, as if You were inspir'd to do those duties which You tender to her; that you in all obey her, Save when command to your dismissal tends, And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome; The one is Caius Lucius,

Cym. A worthy fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; But that's no fault of his: We must receive him According to the honour of his sender; And towards himself his goodness forespent on us

voice, which was printed instead of *vice*, was corrected by the same editor. MALONE.

^b *To orderly solicits*;] i. e. regular courtship, courtship after the established fashion. STEEVENS.

The old copy reads—*felicity*. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. Mr. Mason would read—*befriended*, supposing the authour intended a participle. MALONE.

We

We must extend our notice⁹.—Our dear son,
 When you have given good morning to your mistress,
 Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need
 To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.
 [Exeunt CYM. Queen, Lords, and Mess.]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
 Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—
 [knocks.]

I know her women are about her; What
 If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
 Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
 Diana's rangers false themselves¹, yield up
 Their deer to the stand o' the stealer: and 'tis gold
 Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
 Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man: What
 Can it not do, and undo? I will make
 One of her women lawyer to me; for
 I yet not understand the case myself.
 By your leave. [knocks.]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
 Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: Is she ready?

Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you; sell me your good report.

⁹ And towards himself his goodness forespent on us

[We must extend our notice.] That is, we must extend towards himself our notice of his goodness heretofore shewn to us. Our authour has many similar ellipses. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"Thine honourable metal may be wrought

"From what it is dispos'd [to]."

—his goodness forespent on us,] i. e. The good offices done by him to us heretofore. WARBURTON.

¹ —false themselves,] Perhaps, in this instance, *false* is not an adjective, but a verb; and as such, I think, is used in another of our authour's plays. Spenser often has it:

"Thou falsed hast thy faith with perjury." STEEVENS.

Lady.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess—

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good-morrow, fairest sifter: Your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance².

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks³.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal⁴: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself) I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For

² —one of your great knowing

Should learn, being taught, forbearance.] i. e. A man who is taught
forbearance should learn it. JOHNSON.

³ *Fools are not mad folks.*] This, as Cloten very well understands it,
is a covert mode of calling him fool. The meaning implied is this: If I
am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can never be: *Fools are not mad
folks.* STERVEN.

⁴ —so verbal:—] Is, so verbose, so full of talk. JOHNSON.

'The contract ⁵ you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot ⁶;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown; and must not foil
'The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery ⁷, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues ⁸, to be stil'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clot. The fouth-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
'That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?

⁵ *The contract, &c.*] Here Shakspeare has not preserved, with his common nicety, the uniformity of character. The speech of Cloten is rough and harsh, but certainly not the talk of one,

Who can't take two from twenty, for his heart,

And leave eighteen.—

His argument is just and well enforced, and its prevalence is allowed throughout all civil nations: as for rudeness, he seems not to be much undermatched. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *in self-figur'd knot;*] A *self-figur'd knot* is a knot formed by yourself. JOHNSON.

⁷ *A hilding for a livery,*] A low fellow, only fit to wear a livery, and serve as a lacquey. MALONE.

⁸ — *if 'twere made*

Comparative for your virtues,] If it were considered as a *compensation adequate* to your virtues, to be styled, &c. MALONE.

⁹ *Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?*] Sir T. Hanmer regulates this line thus:

— *all made such men.*

Clot. How now?

Imo. Pisanio! JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil!—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently:—

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool¹;

Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm²; it was thy master's: shrew me.
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it³:
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search. [Exit PISANIO.]

Clo. You have abus'd me:—

His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:

She's my good lady⁴; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [Exit.]

Clo. I'll be reveng'd:—

His meanest garment?—Well. [Exit.]

¹ *I am sprighted with a fool;*] i. e. I am haunted by a fool, as by a *spright*. *Over-sprighted* is a word that occurs in *Lazo-tricks*, &c. 1603. Again, in our author's *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ——— Julius Cæsar,

“ Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghested. STEEVENS.

² ——— *that too casually*

Hath left mine arm;] That hath *accidentally* fallen from my arm by my too great negligence. MALONE.

³ *Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:*] *Arm* is here used by Shakspeare as a dissyllable. MALONE.

⁴ *She's my good lady;*] This is said ironically. *My good lady* is equivalent to—my good friend. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II: “ — and when you come to court, stand *my good lord*, pray, in your good report. MALONE.

SCENE IV.

Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: In these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpay all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commission thoroughly: And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute*, send the arrearages,
Or look⁵ upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
(Statist⁶ though I am none, nor like to be,
'That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions⁷, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of one penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages⁸) will make known

To

* *He'll grant the tribute,*] See p. 5. n. *. MALONE.

⁵ *Or look—*] This the modern editors had changed into *E'er look*. *Or* is used for *e'er*. So Douglas, in his translation of *Virgil*:

"—suffer it he also,

"Or he his goddess brocht in Latio." STEEVENS.

⁶ *Statist—*] i. e. Statesman. See a note on *Hamlet*. Act V. sc. ii.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *The legions,—*] Old copy—*legions*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald.
So afterwards:

"And that the *legions* now in Gallia are

"Full weak to undertake our war," &c. MALONE.

⁸ —*mingled with their courages—*] The old folio has this odd reading:

— Their

To their approvers⁹, they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo!

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best: or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts¹,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius² in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

— Their discipline,
(Now wing-led with their courages) will make known.

JOHNSON.
Their discipline now wing-led with their courages may mean, their discipline borrowing wings from their courage; i. e. their military knowledge being animated by their natural bravery. STEEVENS.

The same error that has happened here being often found in these plays, I have not hesitated to adopt the emendation which was made by Mr. Rowe, and received by all the subsequent editors. Thus we have in the last act of *King John*, *wind*, instead of *mind*; in *Antony and Cleopatra*, *winds*, instead of *minds*; in *Measure for Measure*, *flawes*, instead of *flames*, &c. MALONE.

⁹ *To their approvers,*] i. e. To those who try them. WARBURTON.

¹ ——— or let her beauty

Look through a casement to allure false hearts,] So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“ ——— let not those milk paps,

“ That through the window bars bore at mens' eyes,

“ Make soft thy trenchant sword.” MALONE.

² *Phi. Was Caius Lucius, &c.*] This speech in the old copy is given to Posthumus. I have transferred it to Philario, to whom it certainly belongs, on the suggestion of Mr. Steevens, who justly observes that “Posthumus was employed in reading his letters.” MALONE.

Post. All is well yet.—

Sparkles this stone as it was wont ? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing ?

Iach. If I have lost it,

I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain ; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,

Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,

Your loss your sport : I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,

If you keep covenant : Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further : but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour.
'Together with your ring ; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make it apparent

That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours : If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine ; or nasterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,

Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe : whose strength
I will confirm with oath ; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber,

(Where, I confess, I slept not ; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching*,) It was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver ; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for

* *Had that was well worth watching,*] i. e. that which was well worth watching, or lying awake, for. MALONE.

The press of boats, or pride³: A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was—

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other..

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves⁴: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb⁵; out-went her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted⁶: Her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands⁷.

Post.

³ *And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for*

The press of boats, or pride:] Iachimo's language is such as a skilful villain would naturally use, a mixture of airy triumph and serious degeneration. His gaiety shews his seriousness to be without anxiety, and his seriousness proves his gaiety to be without art. JOHNSON.

⁴ *So likely to report themselves:]* So near to speech. The Italians call a portrait, when the likeness is remarkable, a *speaking picture*.

⁵ *Was as another nature, dumb:]* The meaning is this: The sculptor was as nature, but as nature dumb; he gave every thing that nature gives, but breath and motion. In *breath* is included *speech*. JOHNSON.

⁶ *The roof o' the chamber*

With golden cherubins is fretted:] So, again in *Hamlet*: "—this majestical roof, fretted with golden fire—". So Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. ix.

"In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold

"Was fretted all about, she was array'd." MALONE.

⁷ ——— nicely

Depending on their brands.] I am not sure that I understand this passage. Perhaps Shakspeare meant that the figures of the Cupids were
D 4 nicely

Post. This is her honour!—

Let it be granted, you have seen all this^b, (and praise
Be given to your remembrance,) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can, [*pulling out the bracelet.*]
Be pale^c; I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
And now 'tis up again: It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—

Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To lend it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

nely poised on their inverted torches, one of the legs of each being taken off the ground, which might render such a support necessary.

STEEVENS.

I have equal difficulty with Mr. Steevens in explaining this passage. Here seems to be a kind of tautology. I take *brands* to be a part of the andirons on which the wood for the fire was supported, as the upper part, in which was a kind of rack to carry a spit is more properly termed the andiron. These irons, on which the wood lies across, generally called dogs, are here termed brands. WHALLEY.

It should seem from a passage in *The Black Book*, a pamphlet published in 1664, that andirons in our authour's time were sometimes formed in the shape of human figures: "—ever and anon turning about to the chimney, where she saw a paire of corpulent, gigantick *andirons*, that stood like *two burgomasters* at both corners." Instead of these corpulent *burgomasters* Imogen had *Cupids*.

The authour of the pamphlet might, however, have only meant that the andirons he describes were uncommonly large. MALONE.

^b *This is her honour!*—

Let it be granted, you have seen all this, &c.] The expression is ironical. Iachimo relates many particulars, to which Posthumus answers with impatience,

This is her honour!

That is, And the attainment of this knowledge is to pass for the corruption of her honour. JOHNSON.

^c —if you can,

Be pale;—] If you can forbear to flush your cheek with rage.

JOHNSON.

Post.

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;
[gives the ring.]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man: The vows of women¹
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—
O, above measure false!

Pbi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women*, being
Corrupted, hath stolen it from her.

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't:—Back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure,
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable²:—They induc'd to steal it!
And by a stranger?—No; he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance³ of her incontinency

¹ — *The vows of women, &c.*] The love vowed by women, no more abides with him to whom it is vowed, than women adhere to their virtue. MALONE.

* — *if one of her women—*] *Of* was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

² — *her attendants are*

All sworn and honourable:] It was anciently the custom for the attendants on our nobility and other great personages (as it is now for the servants of the king) to take an oath of fidelity, on their entrance into office. In the household book of the 5th Earl of Northumberland (compiled A. D. 1512.) it is expressly ordered [page 49] that "what person soever he be that commyth to my Lordes service, that incontynent after he be intred in the chequyrroul [check-roll] that he be *sworn* in the countyng-hous by a gentillen-in-usher or yeman-usher in the presence of the hede officers; and on their absence before the clerke of the kechyng either by such a oath as is in the *Booke of Othes*, yff any such [oath] be, or ells by such a oth as thei shall seyme beste by their discrecion."

Even now every servant of the king's, at his first appointment, is sworn in, before a gentleman-usher, at the lord chamberlain's office.

PERCY.

³ *The cognizance—*] The badge; the token; the visible proof.
JOHNSON.

Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.—
 'There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
 Divide themselves between you!

Pbi. Sir, be patient:

This is not strong enough to be believ'd
 Of one persuaded well of—

Poft. Never talk on't:

She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek

For further satisfying, under her breast
 (Worthy the pressing⁴,) lies a mole, right proud
 Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,
 I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
 To feed again, though full. You do remember
 This stain upon her?

Poft. Ay, and it doth confirm

Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
 Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Poft. Spare your arithmetick: never count the turns;
 Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn,—

Poft. No swearing:—

If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
 And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
 Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Poft. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!

I will go there, and do't; i' the court; before
 Her father:—I'll do something—

[*Exit.*

Pbi. Quite besides

The government of patience!—You have won:
 Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath⁵
 He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

⁴ (*Worthy the pressing*,)—] Thus the modern editions. The old folio reads,

(*Worthy her pressing*)— JOHNSON.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. The compositor was probably thinking of the word *her* in the preceding line, which he had just composed. MALONE.

⁵ —pervert the *present wrath*—] i. e. turn his wrath to another course. MALONE.

SCENE V.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers⁶? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit⁷: Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian o' that time: so doth my wife
The non-pareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn⁸; that I thought her
As

⁶ *Is there no way, &c.*] Milton was very probably indebted to this speech for one of the sentiments which he has given to Adam, *Paradise Lost*, book x.

“—— O, why did God,
“ Creator wife, that peopled highest heaven
“ With spirits masculine, create at last
“ This novelty on earth, this fair defect
“ Of nature, and not fill the world at once
“ With men, as angels, without feminine,
“ Or find some other way to generate
“ Mankind?”

See also Rhodomont's invective against women in the *Orlando Furioso*; and above all, a speech which Euripides has put into the mouth of Hippolitus in the tragedy that bears his name. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *was I know not where*
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit:] We have again the same image in *Measure for Measure* 2

“—— It were as good
“ To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
“ A man already made, as to remit
“ Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image
“ In stamps that are forbid.” MALONE.

⁸ *Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,*
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn;] It certainly carries with it a very elegant sense, to suppose the lady's denial was so modest and delicate as even to inflame his desires: But may we not read it thus?

And pray'd me oft forbearance: *Did it, &c.*

I. e. complied

As chaste as unsmn'd snow :—O, all the devils !—
 This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not ?—
 Or less,—at first : Perchance he spoke not ; but,
 Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one⁹,
 Cry'd, *ab !* and mounted : found no opposition
 But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
 Should from encounter guard¹. Could I find out
 The woman's part in me ! For there's no motion
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 It is the woman's part : Be't lying, note it,
 The woman's ; flattering, hers ; deceiving, hers ;
 Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers ; revenges, hers ;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
 All faults that name, nay, that hell knows, why, hers,
 In part, or all ; but, rather, all : for ev'n to vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,

i. e. complied with his desires in the sweetest reserve ; taking *did* in the acceptance in which it is used by Jonson and Shakspeare in many other places. WHALLEY.

The more obvious interpretation is in my opinion the true one.

Admitting Mr. Whalley's notion to be just, the latter part of this passage may be compared with one in Juvenal, Sat. VI. though the *pudency* will be found wanting :

————— omnia sient
 Ad verum, quibus incendi jam frigidus ævo
 Laumedontiades, et Nestoris hernia possit. MALONE.

⁹ — a German one,] Here, as in many other places, we have *on* in the old copy, instead of *one*.

In *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Falstaff assures Mrs. Quickly, that—" the German *hunting* in water-work is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings." In other places, where our authour has spoken of the *hunting* of the boar, a German one must have been in his thoughts, for the boar was never, I apprehend, hunted in England.

Mr. Pope and Dr. Warburton read—a *burning on* ; and, what is still more extraordinary, this strange sophistication has found its way into Dr. Johnson's most valuable Dictionary. MALONE.

¹ — found no opposition

But what he look'd for should oppose, and she

Should from encounter guard.] Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read—

————— found no opposition

From what he look'd for should oppose, &c.

This alteration probably escaped the observation of the late Mr. Edwards, or would have afforded occasion for some pleasant commentary. T. C.

Detest

Detest them, curse them:—Yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better ².

[Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Britain. *A Room of state in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords, at
one door; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS, and At-
tendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us ³?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,
Be theme, and hearing ever,) was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Calibelan, thine uncle ⁴,
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with

² — to pray they have their will:

The very devils cannot plague them better.] So, in Sir Thomas More's *Comfort against Tribulation*: "God could not lightly do a man a more vengeance, than in this world to grant him his own foolish wishes. STEEVENS.

³ *Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?*] So, in *King John*:

"Now say, Chatillon, what would France with us?"

STEEVENS.

⁴ — *thine uncle,*] Calibelan was great uncle to Cymbeline, who was son to Tenantius, the nephew of Calibelan. MALONE.

The natural bravery of your isle ; which stands
 As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
 With rocks unscaleable⁵, and roaring waters ;
 With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
 But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
 Cæsar made here ; but made not here his brag
 Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame* : with shame
 ('The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
 From off our coast, twice beaten ; and his shipping,
 (Poor ignorant baubles⁶ !) on our terrible seas,
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our rocks : For joy whereof,
 'The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
 (O, giglot fortune⁷ !) to master Cæsar's sword⁸,
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
 And Britons strut with courage,

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid : Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time ; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars : other of them may have crook'd noses ; but, to owe such strait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan : I do not say, I am one ; but I have a hand.—Why tribute ? why should we pay tribute ? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in

⁵ *With rocks unscaleable,*—] This reading is Hamner's. The old editions have—*With oaks unscalable*,— JOHNSON.

"The strength of our land consists of our seamen in their wooden forts and castles ; our *reeks*, *reeves*, and *firies*, that lye along our coasts ; and our trayned bands." From chapter 109 of Barlet's *Military Discipline*, 1639, seemingly from Tooke's *Legend of Brismart*. TOLLET.

⁶ (*Poor ignorant baubles !*)] *Unacquainted* with the nature of our boisterous seas. JOHNSON.

⁷ *O, giglot fortune !*] O false and inconstant fortune ! A *giglot* was a strumpet. So, in *Hamlet* :

"Out, out, thou strumpet fortune !" MALONE.

⁸ *The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point*

—*to master Cæsar's sword,*] Shakspeare has here transferred to Cassibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius. "The same historic (says Holinshed) also maketh mention of *Nennius*, brother to Cassibelane, who in fight happened to get Cæsar's sword fastened in his shield by a blow which Cæsar stroke at him.—But Nennius died within 15 days after the battel, of the hurt received at Cæsar's hand, although after he was hurt he slew Labienus one of the Roman tribunes." B. III. ch. 13. Nennius, we are told by Geoffrey of Monmouth, was buried with great funeral pomp, and Cæsar's sword placed in his tomb. MALONE.

his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,
(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world,) against all colour⁹, here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our
laws,
Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king¹.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestick officers,) thine enemy:
Receive it from me then:—War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent

Much

⁹ — *against all colour,*] Without any pretence of right. JOHNSON.

¹ — *Mulmutius made our laws,*

Who was the first of Britain, which did put

His brows within a golden crown, and call'd

Himself a king.] The title of the first chapter of Holinshed's third book of the History of England is—"Of Mulmucius, the first king of Britaine who was crowned with a golden crown, his lawes, his foundations, &c.

"Mulmucius, the sonne of Cloten, got the upper hand of the other dukes or rulers; and after his father's decease began his reigne over the whole monarchie of Britaine in the yeare of the world 3329.—He made manie good lawes, which were long after used, called *Mulmucius lawes*, turned out of the British speech into Latin by Gildas Priscus, and long time after translated out of Latin into English by Alfred king of England, and mingled in his statutes. After he had established his land,—he ordained him, by the advice of his lords, a crowne of gold, and caused himself

Much under him²; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance³. I am perfect⁴,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms⁵: a precedent

himself with great solemnity to be crowned;—and because he was the first that bare a crowne here in Britaine, after the opinion of some writers, he is named the first king of Britaine, and all the other before-rehearsed are named rulers, dukes, or governours.

Among other of his ordinances, he appointed weights and measures, with the which men should buy and sell. And further he caused fore and streight orders for the punishment of theft." *Holinshed, ubi supra.* MALONE.

² *Thou art welcome, Caius.*

Thy Cæsar knighted me, my youth I spent

Much under him:] Some few hints for this part of the play are taken from Holinshed:

"Kymbeline, says he, (as some write) was brought up at Rome, and there was made knight by Augustus Cæsar, under whom he served in the wars, and was in such favour with him, that he was at liberty to pay his tribute or not."

"—Yet we find in the Roman writers, that after Julius Cæsar's death, when Augustus had taken upon him the rule of the empire, the Britains refused to pay that tribute."

"—But whether the controversy, which appeared to fall forth betwixt the Britains and Augustus, was occasioned by Kymbeline, I have not a vouch."

"—Kymbeline reigned thirty-five years, leaving behind him two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus." STEEVENS.

³ — *keep at utterance.*—] means, to keep at the extremity of defiance. *Combat à outrance* is a desperate fight, that must conclude with the life of one of the combatants. So, in *The History of Helyas Knight of the Savanne*, bl. l. no date: "—Here is my gage to sustaine it to the utterance, and besight it to the death." STEEVENS.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,

"And champion me to the utterance."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"—will you, the knights

"Shall to the edge of all extremity

"Pursue each other," &c.

Again, *ibidem*:

"So be it, either to the uttermost,

"Or else a breath."

⁴ — *I am perfect,*] I am well informed. So, in *Macbeth*:

"—in your state of honour *I am perfect.*" JOHNSON.

⁵ — *the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for*

Their liberties, are now in arms:] The insurrection of the Pannonians and Dalmatians for the purpose of throwing off the Roman yoke, happened not in the reign of Cymbeline, but in that of his father Tetricus. MALONE.

Which.

Which, not to read, would shew the Britons cold :
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day, or two, or longer : If you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle : if you beat us out of it, it is yours ; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you ; and there's an end.

Luc. No, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine :
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How ! of adultery ? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser⁶ ? Leonatus !
O, master ! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear ? What false Italian
(As poisonous tongu'd, as banded⁷,) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing ?—Disloyal ? No :
She's punish'd for her truth ; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue⁸.—O, my master !

⁶ *What monster's her accuser ?*] The old copy has—*What monsters her accuse ?* The correction was suggested by Mr. Steevens. The order of the words, as well as the single person named by Pisanio, fully support the emendation. *What monsters her accuse*, for *What monsters accuse her*, could never have been written by Shakspeare in a soliloquy like the present. Mr. Pope and the three subsequent editors read—*What monsters have accus'd her ?* MALONE.

⁷ — *What false Italian*

(*As poisonous tongu'd, as banded,*)—] About Shakspeare's time the practice of poisoning was very common in Italy, and the suspicion of Italian poisons yet more common. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *take in some virtue.*—] To take in a town, is to conquer it.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ — cut the Ionian fias,

“ And take in Tomyne.” STEEVENS.

Thy mind to her is now as low⁹, as were
 Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
 Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
 Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
 If it be so to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable, How look I,
 That I should seem to lack humanity,
 So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: The letter* [reading.
That I have sent her, by her own command.
*Shall give thee opportunity*¹:—O damn'd paper!
 Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
 Art thou a feodary for this act², and look'st
 So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

⁹ *Thy mind to her is now as low,—*] That is, thy mind compared to hers is now as low, as thy condition was, compared to hers. Our author should rather have written—thy mind to *hers*; but the text, I believe, is as he gave it. MALONE.

¹ — *Do't;—the letter*

That I have sent her, by her own command,

Shall give thee opportunity:] Here we have another proof of what I have observed in *The Dissertation* at the end of *King Henry VI.* that our poet from negligence sometimes makes words change their form under the eye of the speaker; who in different parts of the same play recites them differently, though he has a paper or letter in his hand, and actually reads from it. A former instance of this kind has occurred in *All's well that ends well*.

The words here read by Pisanio from his master's letter, (which is afterwards given at length, and in *prose*), are not found there, though the substance of them is contained in it. This is one of many proofs that Shakspeare had no view to the publication of his pieces. There was little danger that such an inaccuracy should be detected by the ear of the spectator, though it could hardly escape an attentive reader. MALONE.

² *Art thou a feodary for this act,*] Art thou too combined, art thou a confederate, in this act?—A *feodary* did not signify a feudal vassal, as Sir Thomas Hanmer and the subsequent editors have supposed, (though if the word had borne that signification, it certainly could not bear it here,) but was an officer appointed by the Court of Wards, by virtue of the Statute 32 Henry VIII. c. 46, to be *present with*, and *assistant* to the Escheators in every county at the finding of offices, and to give in evidence for the king. His duty was to survey the lands of the ward after office found, [i. e. after an inquisition had been made to the king's use,] and to return the true value thereof to the court, &c. “*In cognoscendis rimandisque feudis (says Spelman) ad regem pertinentibus, et ad tenuras pro rege manifestandas tuendasque, operum navat; Escaetori ideo adjunctus, omnibusque nervis regiam promovens utilitatem.*” He was therefore, we see, the Escheator's *associate*, and hence Shakspeare, with his usual licence, uses the word for a confederate or associate in general. The feudal vassal was not called a *feodary*, but a *feodatory* or *feudatory*. In Latin, however, *feudatarius* signified both. MALONE.

Enter

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded³.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him⁴,—
(Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,
For it doth physick love⁵;)—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Blest be,
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables⁶.—Good news, gods!

[reads.

Justice, and your father's wrath, should be take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you. O the dearest

³ I am ignorant in what I am commanded.] i. e. I am unpractised in the arts of murder. STEEVENS.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

"O, I am ignorance itself in this." MALONE.

⁴ —let that grieve him,—] I should wish to read:

Of my lord's health, of his content;—yet no;

That we two are asunder, let that grieve him! TYERHITT.

The text is surely right. Let what is here contained relish of my husband's content, in every thing except our being separate from each other. Let that one circumstance afflict him! MALONE.

⁵ For it doth physick love;—] That is, grief for absence keeps love in health and vigour. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"The labour we delight in, physicks pain." STEEVENS.

In the passage in *Macbeth*, however, *physicks* is used in a very different sense; it there means, cures. MALONE.

⁶ Blest be

You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,

And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;

Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet

You clasp young Cupid's tables.] The meaning of this, which had been obscured by printing *forfeitures* for *forfeiters*, is no more than that the bees are not blest by the man who forfeiting a bond is sent to prison, as they are by the lover for whom they perform the more pleasing office of scaling letters. STEEVENS.

of

of creatures, would not even renew me with your eyes? Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,*

Leonatus Posthumus.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio? He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs May plod it in a week, why may not I Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio, (Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,— O, let me 'bate,—but not like me:—yet long'st,— But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me; For mine's beyond, beyond,) say, and speak thick, (Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing, To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way, Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as To inherit such a haven: But, first of all, How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap That we shall make in time, from our hence-going, And our return*, to excuse:—but first, how get hence: Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?

** Justice, and your father's wrath, should be take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would not even renew me with your eyes.]* I know not what idea this passage presented to the late editors, who have passed it in silence. As it stands in the old copy, it appears to me unintelligible. The word *nor* was, I think, omitted at the press; after *would*. By its insertion a clear sense is given: Justice and the anger of your father, should I be discovered here, could not be so cruel to me, *but that you, O thou dearest of creatures, would be able to renovate my spirits by giving me the happiness of seeing you.* Mr. Pope obtained the same sense by a less justifiable method; by substituting *but* instead of *as*; and the three subsequent editors adopted that reading. MALONE.

** —and your increasing, &c.]* We should, I think, read thus:—*and your, increasing in love, Leonatus Posthumus.*—To make it plain, that *your* is to be joined in construction with *Leonatus*, and not with *increasing*; and that the latter is a *participle present*, and not a *noun*.

TYRWHITT.

** —from our hence-going,*

And our return,] i. e. in consequence of our going hence and returning back. All the modern editors, adopting an alteration made by Mr. Pope, read—*Till our return.* MALONE.

** Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?]* Why should I contrive an excuse, before the act is done, for which excuse will be necessary?

MALONE.

We'll

We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pif. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers¹,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
'That run i' the clock's behalf²:—But this is foolery:—
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife³.

Pif. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
'That I cannot look through⁴. Away, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ — *of riding wagers,*] Of wagers to be determined by the speed of horses. MALONE.

² *That run i' the clock's behalf:*—] This fantastical expression means no more than sand in an hour-glass, used to measure time. WARBURTON.

³ *A franklin's housewife.*] A franklin is literally a freeholder, with a small estate, neither villain nor vassal. JOHNSON.

⁴ *I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,*

That I cannot look through.] The lady says: "I can see neither one way nor other, before me nor behind me, but all the way are covered with an impenetrable fog." There are objections insuperable to all that I can propose, and since reason can give me no counsel, I will resolve at once to follow my inclination. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's paraphrase is not, I think, perfectly correct. I believe Imogen means to say, "I see neither on this side, nor on that, nor behind me; but find a fog in each of those quarters that my eye cannot pierce. The way to Milford alone is clear and open: Let us therefore instantly set forward:

"Accessible is none but Milford way."

By "*what ensues*," which Dr. Johnson explains perhaps rightly, by the words—*behind me*, Imogen means, what will be the consequence of the step I am going to take. MALONE.

SCENE III.

Wales. *A mountainous Country, with a Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys⁵: This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens: and bows you
To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands on⁶, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: Up to yon hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd⁷: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle⁸ in a safer hold

Than

⁵ — Stoop, boys:] The old copy reads—*sleep*, boys:—from whence Hammer conjectured that the poet wrote—*stoop*, boys—as that word affords a good introduction to what follows. Mr. Rowe reads—“*See*, boys—,” which (as usual) had been silently copied. STEEVENS.

Perhaps Shakspere wrote—*swart boys*; which is more likely to have been confounded by the ear with “*sleep boys*,” than what Sir T. Hammer has substituted. MALONE.

⁶ — *their impious turbands on*,—] The idea of a giant was, among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a Saracen. JOHNSON.

⁷ *This service, &c.*] In war it is not sufficient to do duty well; the advantage rises not from the act, but the acceptance of the act. JOHNS.

This service means, any particular service. The observation relates surely to the court, as well as to war. MALONE.

⁸ *The sharded beetle*—] i. e. the beetle whose wings are enclosed within two dry *kusks* or *shards*. So, in Gower, *De Confessioe Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 102. b.

“ That

Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check⁹;
Richer, than doing nothing for a babe¹;
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know not
What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;

A prison

"That with his sword, and with his spere,

"He might not the serpent dere:

"He was so *be-did* all aboute,

"It held all edge toole withoute."

Gower is here speaking of the dragon subdued by Jason. STEEVENS.

Cole in his Latin Dict. 1679, has—"A *shard* or crust—*Crusta*;" which in the Latin part he interprets—"A crust or shell, a rough casing; shards." "The cases (says Goldsmith) which beetles have to their wings, are the more necessary, as they often live under the surface of the earth, in holes, which they dig out by their own industry." These are undoubtedly the *safe holds* to which Shakspeare alludes. MALONE.

⁹ — *attending for a check*;] *Check* may mean in this place a *reproof*; but I rather think it signifies *command, controul*. Thus in *Troilus and Cressida*, the restrictions of Aristotle are called Aristotle's *checks*.

STEEVENS.

¹ — *than doing nothing for a babe*;] I have always suspected that the right reading of this passage is what I had not in a former edition the confidence to propose:

Richer, than doing nothing for a *babe*.

Brabium is a badge of honour, or the ensign of an honour, or any thing worn as a mark of dignity. The word was strange to the editors, as it will be to the reader; they therefore changed it to *babe*; and I am forced to propose, it without the support of any authority. *Brabium* is a word found in Holyoak's Dictionary, who terms it a *reward*. Cooper, in his *Thesaurus*, defines it to be a *prize, or reward for any game*. JOHNSON.

A *babe* and *baby* are synonymous. A *baby* being a puppet or *plaything* for children, perhaps, if there be no corruption, a *babe* here means a puppet:—but I think with Dr. Johnson that the text is corrupt. For *babe* Mr. Rowe substituted *bauble*, which in old spelling was *bable*. Sir T. Hanmer reads—for a *bribe*.

The following lines in Drayton's *Owle*, 4to. 1604, may add some support to Rowe's emendation, *bable* or *bauble*:

"Which with much sorrow brought into my mind

"Their wretched soules, so ignorantly blinde,

"When even the greatest things, in the world unstable,

"Clyme but to fall, and damned for a *bable*."

Doing

A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit².

Arw. What should we speak of³,
When we are as old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this out pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beauly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is, to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak⁴!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The star's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honour; which dies i' the search;
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; that's worse,
Must court'ly at the censure:—O, boys, this story
The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,

Doing nothing in this passage means, I think, being *busy* in petty and unimportant employments: in the same sense as when we say, *melius est otiosum esse quam nihil agere*. MALONE.

² *To stride a limit.*] To overpass his bound. JOHNSON.

In the preceding line the old copy reads—A prison, or a debtor, &c. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

³ *What should we speak of, &c.*] This dread of an old age, unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation, is a sentiment natural and noble. No state can be more destitute than that of him, who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind.

JOHNSON.

⁴ *How you speak!*] Oway seems to have taken many hints for the conversation that passes between Acasto and his sons, from the scene before us. STEEVENS.

Shook

Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather⁵.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world:
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains;
This is not hunters' language: He, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state*. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt Gui. and Arv.*]

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little, they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up thus
meanly

I' the cave, wherein they bow⁶, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prize it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore⁷,—

The

⁵ *And left me bare to weather.*] So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves

“Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush

“Fallen from their boughs, and left me, open, bare,

“For every storm that blows.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *And we will fear no poison, which attends*

In place of greater state.]

“*_____ nulla a conita bibuntur*

“*Triclibus; tunc illa time, cum pocula fumes*

“*Gemmata, et lato Setinum ardebit in auro.*” JUV.

MALONE.

⁶ — wherein they bow,] The old copy has—*cobereon*; and *the* instead of *they*. The latter error is found in many passages in these plays, and in all the contemporary dramatick writers. The emendation was made by Dr. Warburton. Belarius, as he observes, had before spoken of the *leaviness* of the cave. MALONE.

⁷ — This Polydore,—] The old copy of the play (except here, where it may be only a blunder of the printer,) calls the eldest son of Cymbeline Polydore, as often as the name occurs; and yet there are some who

The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
 The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story: say,—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal⁷,
 (Once, Arvirágus,) in as like a figure,
 Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
 His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd!—
 O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
 Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon,
 At three, and two years old, I stole these babes⁸;
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou rest'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
 And every day do honour to her grave⁹:

may ask whether it is not more likely that the printer should have blundered in the other places, than that he should have hit upon such an uncommon name as *Paladour* in this first instance.

Paladour was the ancient name for *Shaftsbury*. So, in *A Meeting Dialogue-wise between Nature, the Phoenix, and the Turtle-dove*, by R. Chester, 1601:

“ This noble king builded faire Caerguent,

“ Now cleped Winchester of worthie fame;

“ And at mount *Paladour* he built his tent,

“ That after-ages *Shaftsburie* hath to name.” STEEVENS.

I believe, however, *Polydore* is the true reading. In the pages of Holinshed which contain an account of Cymbeline, *Polydore* [i. e. *Polydore Virgil*] is often quoted in the margin; and this probably suggested the name to Shakspeare. MALONE.

⁷ *The younger brother, Cadwal,*] This name is found in an ancient poem, entitled *King Artbur*, which is printed in the same collection with the *Meeting Dialogue-wise*, &c. quoted in the preceding note:

“ — Augifell, king of stout Albania,

“ And *Cadwall*, king of Vinedocia—”.

In this collection one of our authour's own poems was originally printed.

MALONE.

⁸ — *I stole these babes;*] Shakspeare seems to intend Belarius for a good character, yet he makes him forget the injury which he has done to the young princes, whom he has robbed of a kingdom only to rob their father of heirs. The latter part of this soliloquy is very inartificial, there being no particular reason why Belarius should now tell to himself what he could not know better by telling it. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *to her grave:*] i. e. to the grave of Euriphile; or, to the grave of *their mother*, as they suppose it to be. The poet ought rather to have written—to *thy* grave. MALONE.

Myself,

Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO, and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so
'To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! Man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: Put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear¹, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,

⁹ *Where is Posthumus?*—] Shakspeare's apparent ignorance of quantity is not the least among many proofs of his want of learning. Throughout this play he calls *Posthumus*, *Posthūmus*, and *Arviragus*, *Arvirāgus*. It may be said that quantity in the age of our author did not appear to have been much regarded. In the tragedy of *Darius*, by William Alexander of Menstrie, (lord Sterline) 1603, *Darius* is always called *Darius*, and *Euphrates*, *Euphrātes*:

“The diadem that *Darius* erst had borne—

“The famous *Euphrates* to be your border—”

Again, in the 21st Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“That gliding go in state like swelling *Euphrātes*.”

Throughout Sir Arthur Georges' translation of Lucan, *Euphrātes* is likewise given instead of *Euphrates*. STEEVENS.

In *A Meeting Dialogue-wise between Nature, The Phoenix, and the Turtle-dove*, by R. Chester, 1601, *Arviragus* is introduced, with the same neglect of quantity as in this play:

“Windier, a cattle of exceeding strength,

“First built by *Arviragus*, Britaine's king.”

Again, by Heywood in his *Britaynes Troy*:

“Now *Arviragus* reigns, and takes to wife

“The emperor Claudius's daughter.”

It seems to have been the general rule, adopted by scholars as well as others, to pronounce Latin names like English words: Shakspeare's neglect of quantity therefore proves nothing. MALONE.

¹ —*haviour*—] This word, as often as it occurs in Shakspeare, should not be printed as an abbreviation of *behaviour*. *Haviour* was a word commonly used in his time. See Spenser, *Æglogue* 9:

“Their ill *haviour* garres men mislay.” STEEVENS.

Smile to't before²: if winterly, thou need'st
 But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!
 That drug-damn'd³ Italy hath out-crafty'd him⁴,
 And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy tongue
 May take off some extremity, which to read
 Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
 And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
 The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [reads.] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the
 strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me.
 I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong
 as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That
 part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not
 tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take
 away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Ha-
 ven: she hath my letter for the purpose: Where, if thou
 fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the
 pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
 Hath cut her throat already*.—No, 'tis slander;
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
 Out-venoms all the worms of Nile⁵; whose breath
 Rides on the posting winds⁶, and doth belie
 All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states⁷,

² —if it be summer news,
Smile to't before:] So, in our authour's 98th Sonnet:

"Yet not the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell

"Of different flowers in odour and in hue,

"Could make me any summer's story tell." MALONE.

³ —drug-damn'd—] This is another allusion to Italian poisons.

JOHNSON.

⁴ —out-crafty'd him,] Thus the old copy, and so Shakspeare certainly wrote. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"—chaste as the icicle,

"That's curdy'd by the frost from purest snow."

Mc. Pope and all the subsequent editors read—out-crafted, here, and curdl: *Coriolanus.* MALONE.

* *Will I need to draw my sword? the paper*

Hath cut her throat already.] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?" MALONE.

⁵ —worms of Nile;] Serpents and dragons by the old writers were called worms. STEEVENS.

⁶ Rides on the posting winds,—] So, in *K. Henry V.*

"—making the wind my post-horse." MALONE.

⁷ —states,] Persons of highest rank. JOHNSON.

Maids,

Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?
Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witnesses:—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough*.—Some jay of Italy⁸,
Whose mother was her painting⁹, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion¹;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ript:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity

* *Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.* So, in *K. Lear*:

"Those wicked yet do look well favour'd,

"When others are more wicked." MALONE.

⁸ — *Some jay of Italy,*] There is a prettiness in this expression; *putta*, in Italian, signifying both a jay and a whore: I suppose from the gay feathers of that bird. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Merry Wives*, &c. "—teach him to know turtles from jays." STEEVENS.

⁹ *Whose mother was her painting,*—] *Some jay of Italy*, made by art; the creature, not of nature, but of painting. In this sense *painting* may be not improperly termed her mother. JOHNSON.

I met with a similar expression in one of the old comedies, but forgot to note the date or name of the piece: "—parcel of conceited feather-caps, whose fathers were their garments." STEEVENS.

In *All's Well that ends Well*, we have:

"—whose judgments are

"Mere fathers of their garments." MALONE.

¹ *Poor I am stale*, a garment out of fashion;] This image occurs in *Westward for Smelts*, 1620, immediately at the conclusion of the tale on which our play is founded: "But (said the Brainford fish-wife) I like her as a garment out of fashion." STEEVENS.

From most true wretchedness : So, thou, Posthumus,
 Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men² ;
 Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,
 From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest :
 Do thou thy master's bidding : When thou see'st him,
 A little witness my obedience : Look !
 I draw the sword myself : take it ; and hit
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart :
 Fear not ; 'tis empty of all things, but grief :
 Thy master is not there ; who was, indeed,
 The riches of it : Do his bidding ; strike.
 Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause ;
 But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument !
 Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die ;
 And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
 No servant of thy master's : Against self-slaughter
 There is a prohibition so divine,
 That cravens my weak hand*. Come, here's my heart ;—
 Something's afore't³ :—Soft, soft ; we'll no defence ;
 Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here ?
 The scriptures⁴ of the loyal Leonatus,
 All turn'd to heresy ? Away, away,
 Corrupters of my faith ! you shall no more
 Be stomachers to my heart ! Thus may poor fools
 Believe false teachers : Though those that are betray'd
 Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, Posthumus,

² *Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men ;*] i. e. says Mr. Upton, “ wilt infect and corrupt their good name, (like sour dough that leaveneth the whole mass) and wilt render them suspected.” In the line below he would read—*fall*, instead of *fail*. So, in *K. Henry V.*

“ And thus thy *fall* hath left a kind of blot

“ To mark the full-fraught man, and best-indued,

“ With some suspicion.”

I think the text is right. MALONE.

* *That cravens my weak hand.*] That makes me afraid to put an end to my own life. MALONE.

³ *Something's afore't :*] The old copy reads—*Something's a-foot*.

JOHNSON.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁴ *The scriptures—*] So Ben Jonson, in *The Sad Shepherd :*

“ The lover's scriptures, Heliodore's, or Tatius'.”

Shakspeare, however, means in this place, an opposition between scripture, in its common signification, and heresy. STEEVENS.

That

That did'st set up my disobedience 'gainst
 The king my father, and make me put into contempt
 The suits of princely fellows, shall hereafter find
 It is no act of common passage, but
 A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
 To think, when thou shalt be dis-edg'd by her
 That now thou tir'st on⁵, how thy memory
 Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, dispatch:
 The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?
 Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
 When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady!
 Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
 I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first⁶.

Imo. Wherefore then
 Did'st undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
 So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
 Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
 The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
 For my being absent; whereunto I never
 Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
 To be unbent⁷, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 The elected deer before thee⁸?

⁵ *That now thou tir'st on,—*] A hawk is said to *tire* upon that which he pecks; from *tirer*, French. JOHNSON.

⁶ *I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.*] The word *blind* was supplied by Dr. Johnson. Sir T. Hanmer had made the same emendation. It is alike necessary to the sense and the metre. Dr. Johnson likewise proposed—
I'll wake mine eye-balls out first. MALONE.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture may be supported by the following passage in *The Rearing Girl*, 1611: "—I'll ride to Oxford, and watch out mine eyes, but I'll hear the brazen head speak." Again, in *the Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608:

"—A piteous tragedy! able to wake

"An old man's eyes blood-shot." STEEVENS.

Again, as Mr. Steevens has observed in a note on the *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Here she exclaims against repose and rest;

"And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind." MALONE.

⁷ *To be unbent,*] *To have thy bow unbent*, alluding to a hunter.

JOHNSON.

⁸ — *when thou hast ta'en thy stand,*

The elected deer before thee?] So, in one of our authour's poems, *Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599:

"Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,

"And shall'd the deer that thou should'st strike." MALONE.

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment : in the which
I have consider'd of a course ; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary ; speak :
I have heard, I am a strumpet ; and mine ear,
'Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like ;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither :
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd :
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this curst injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtesan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it ; for 'tis commanded
I should do so : You shall be mis'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while ? Where bide ? How live ?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband ?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father ; nor no more ado.
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing ?
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then ?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines ? Day, night,

⁹ *With that harsh, noble, &c.*] Some epithet of two syllables has here been omitted by the compositor ; for which, having but one copy, it is now vain to seek. MALONE.

¹ *Where then ?*] Hanmer has added these two words to Pisanio's speech. Mr. Macon would read—*What* then ?—Perhaps Imogen silently answers her own question : “ *any where.* Hath Britain,” &c. MALONE.

Are they not but in Britain*? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest: Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is²; and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view³: yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty⁴, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,

* *Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain?*] Shakspeare seems here to have had in
his thoughts a passage in Lily's *Euphuës*, 1580, which he has imitated in
K. Richard II. "Nature hath given to man a country no more than she
hath house, or lands, or living. Plato would never account him ban-
nished, that had the *sunne*, ayre, water, and earth, that he had before;
where he felt the winter's blast, and the summer's blaze; where the same
sunne and the same moone shined; whereby he noted, that every place
was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind. But
thou art driven out of Naples: that is nothing. All the Athenians dwell
not in Colliton, nor every Corinthian in Greece; nor all the Lacedemo-
nians in Pitania. How can any part of the world be distant far from the
other, when as the mathematicians set downe that the earth is but a point
compared to the heavens?" MALONE.

² — *Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is; &c.*] To wear a dark mind, is to carry a
mind impenetrable to the search of others. *Darkness*, applied to the
mind, is *secrecy*; applied to the fortune, is *obscurity*. The next lines
are obscure. *You must*, says Pisanio, *disguise that greatness, which, to
appear hereafter in its proper form, cannot yet appear without great danger
to itself.* JOHNSON.

³ — *full of view:*] With opportunities of examining your affairs with
your own eyes. JOHNSON.

⁴ Though peril to my modesty,—] I read:—*Through* peril—. *I would for such means adventure through peril of modesty*; I would risque
every thing but real dishonour. JOHNSON.

(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self,) into a waggish courage;
Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy*!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:

I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
(Tis in my cloak-bag,) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: Would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy, (which you'll make him know,†
If that his head have ear in musick,) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad‡
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us: This attempt

* *Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!*

Alack, no remedy!] I think it very natural to reflect in this distress
on the cruelty of Posthumus. Dr. Warburton proposes to read—the
harder hap! JOHNSON.

† — *which you'll make him know,*] This is Hammer's reading. The
common books have it:—*which will make him know.* Mr. Theobald,
in one of his long notes, endeavours to prove, that it should be:—*which*
will make him so. He is followed by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

The words were probably written at length in the manuscript, *you*
will, and *you* omitted at the press: or *will* was printed for *we'll*.

MALONE.

‡ — *your means abroad, &c.*] As for your subsistence abroad, you
may rely on me. So, in Sc. v. "—thou should'st neither want my
means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment." MALONE.

§ — *we'll even*

All that good time will give us:] We'll make our work *even* with
our time; we'll do what time will allow. JOHNSON.

I am

I am soldier to⁶, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell;
Left, being mis'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen*;
What's in't is precious: if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade
And fit you to your manhood:—May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To shew less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you†!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit:—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

⁶ — *This attempt*

I am soldier to,] l. c. I have enlisted and bound myself to it.

WARRURTON.

Rather, I think, I am equal to this attempt; I have enough of *ardour*
to undertake it. MALONE.

* *Here's a box; I had it from the queen;*] Instead of this box, the
modern editors have in a former scene made the queen give Pisanio a *vial*,
which is dropp'd on the stage, without being broken. See Act I. sc. vi.

In *Pericles*, Cerimon, in order to recover Thaisa, calls for all the *boxes*
in his closet. MALONE.

† — *all joy befall your grace and you!*] I think we should read—*his*
grace and you. MALONE.

Luc.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event

Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happinefs!

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, and Lords.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better;

Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty;
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Att. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;

Whereto

Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
 She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
 Which daily she was bound to proffer : this
 She wish'd me to make known ; but our great court
 Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd ?
 Not seen of late ? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
 Prove false ! [Exit.]

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio her old servant,
 I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.— [Exit CLOTEN.]
 Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus !—
 He hath a drug of mine : I pray, his absence
 Proceed by swallowing that ; for he believes
 It is a thing most precious. But for her,
 Where is she gone ? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her ;
 Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
 To her desir'd Posthumus : Gone she is
 To death, or to dishonour ; and my end
 Can make good use of either : She being down,
 I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son ?

Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled :
 Go in, and cheer the king ; he rages ; none
 Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better : May
 This night fore-stall him of the coming day* ! [Exit Queen.]

Clo. I love, and hate her : for she's fair and royal ;
 And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
 Than lady, ladies, woman⁷ ; from every one

* ————— *May*

This night fore-stall him of the coming day !] i. e. may his grief
 this night prevent him from ever seeing another day, by an anticipated
 and premature destruction ! So, in Milton's *Masque* :

“ Perhaps *fore-stalling* night prevented them.” MALONE.

⁷ *And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite*
Than lady, ladies, woman ;] *She has all courtly parts,* says he,
more exquisite than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind.

JOHNSON.

There is a similar passage in *All's well that ends well*, Act II. sc. iii.
 “ To any count ; to all counts ; to what is man.” TOLLET.

The

The best she hath⁸, and she, of all compounded,
 Outfells them all : I love her therefore ; But,
 Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
 The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
 That what's else rare, is chok'd ; and, in that point,
 I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
 To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here ? What ! are you packing, firrah ;
 Come hither ; Ah, you precious pandar ! Villain,
 Where is thy lady ? In a word ; or else
 Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord !

Clo. Where is thy lady ? or, by Jupiter,
 I will not ask again. Close villain,
 I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
 Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus ?
 From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
 A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
 How can she be with him ? When was she mis'd ?
 He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, fir ? Come nearer ;
 No further halting : satisfy me home,
 What is become of her ?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord !

Clo. All-worthy villain !
 Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
 At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
 Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
 Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, fir,
 This paper is the history of my knowledge
 Touching her flight. [*presenting a letter.*]

Clo. Let's see't :—I will pursue her
 Even to Augustus' throne.

⁸ — from every one

The best she hath,] So, in *The Tempest* :

“ — but you, O you,

“ So perfect, and so perfect, are created

“ Of every creature's best.” *SHALONE.*

Pif. Or this, or perish.⁹
 She's far enough; and what he learns by this, } *Aside.*
 May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Humh!

Pif. I'll write to my lord, she's dead. O Imogen,
 Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again! [*Aside.*]

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pif. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is, that villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pif. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pif. Sir, I will.

⁹ *Or this, or perish.*] These words, I think, belong to Cloten, who, requiring the paper, says:

Let's see't: I will pursue her

Even to Augustus' throne. Or this, or perish.

Then Pisanio giving the paper, says to himself:

She's far enough, &c. JOHNSON.

I own I am of a different opinion. *Or this, or perish*, properly belongs to Pisanio, who says to himself, as he gives the paper into the hands of Cloten, *I must either give it him freely, or perish in my attempt to keep it*; or else the words may be considered as a reply to Cloten's boast of following her to the throne of Augustus, and are added sily: *You will either do what you say, or perish, which is the more probable of the two.*

STEEVENS.

Cloten knew not, till it was tendered, that Pisanio had such a letter as he now presents; there could therefore be no question concerning his giving it *freely* or *with-holding* it.

These words, in my opinion, relate to Pisanio's present conduct, and they mean, I think, "I must either *practise this deceit* upon Cloten, or perish by his fury." In the fifth act (as Mr. Henley has observed) Pisanio gives the following account of the transaction now before us:

"——— Lord Cloten,

"Upon my lady's missing, came to me

"With his sword drawn; foun'd at the mouth, and swore,

"If I discover'd not which way she was gone,

"*It was my instant death*: By accident,

"I had a *feigned letter* of my master's

"Then in my pocket, which directed him

"To seek her on the mountains near to Milford." MALONE.

Clo.

Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pif. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pif. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so prais'd,) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pif. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pif. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but dutious, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; 'Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true.

[*Exit.*

Pif. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true*.—To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,

* *To him that is most true.*—] Pisanio, notwithstanding his master's letter, commanding the murder of Imogen, considers him as true, supposing, as he has already said to her, that Posthumus was abused by some villain, equally an enemy to them both. MALONE.

—You

You heavenly blessings, on her ! This fool's speed
Be crost with slowness ; labour be his meed !

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Before the Cave of Belarius.

Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one :
I have tir'd myself ; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain top Pisanio shew'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken : O Jove ! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched : such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not misg my way : Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them ; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial ? Yes : no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true : To lapse in fullness
Is forer¹, than to lie for need ; and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord !
Thou art one o' the false ones : Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone ; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this ?
Here is a path to it : 'Tis some savage hold :
I were best not call² ; I dare not call : yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards ; hardness ever
Of hardness is mother.—Ho ! who's here ?
If any thing that's civil, speak ; if savage,
'Take, or lend³.—Ho !—No answer ? then I'll enter.

Best

¹ *Is forer,*] Is a greater, or heavier crime. JOHNSON.

² *I were best not call ;—*] Mr. Pope was so little acquainted with the language of Shakspeare's age, that instead of this the original reading, he substituted—*'Twere best not call.* MALONE.

³ *If any thing that's civil, speak ; if savage, Take, or lend.—*] I question whether, after the words, *if savage,* a line be not lost. I can offer nothing better than to read :

————— Ho ! who's here ?

If any thing that's civil, take or lend,

If savage, speak.

Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [She goes into the cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman*, and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook, and servant: 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely, favoury: Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth*
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am throughly weary.

If you are *civilised and peaceable*, take a price for what I want, or *lend* it for a future recompence; if you are *rough inhospitable* inhabitants of the mountain, *speake*, that I may know my state. JOHNSON.

It is by no means necessary to suppose that *savage bold* signifies the habitation of a *beast*. It may as well be used for the cave of a *savage*, or *wild man*, who, in the romances of the time, were represented as residing in the woods, like the famous *Orson*, *Breno* in the play of *Mucedorus*, or the *savage* in the seventh canto of the fourth book of Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, and the 6th B. C. 4. STEEVENS.

The meaning, I think is, If any one resides here that is accustomed to the modes of civil life, answer me; but if this be the habitation of a wild and uncultivated man, or of one banished from society, that will enter into no converse, let him at least *silently* furnish me with enough to support me, accepting a price for it, or giving it to me without a price, in consideration of future recompence. Dr. Johnson's interpretation of the words *Take, or lend*, is supported by what Imogen says afterwards—

“ Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought

“ To have *begg'd*, or *bought*, what I have took.”

but such licentious alterations as transferring words from one line to another, and transposing the words thus transferred, ought, in my apprehension, never to be admitted. MALONE.

In the next act Imogen says,

“ Our courtiers say, all's *savage* but at court.”

and in *As you like it*, Orlando says,

“ I thought that all things had been *savage* here.” MASON.

* — *best woodman*,] i. e. the best archer. So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

“ He is no woodman that doth bend his bow

“ Against a poor unseasonable doe.” MALONE.

* — *while resty sloth*—] *Resty* signified, mouldy, rank. See Minshew, in v. The word is yet used in the north. Perhaps, however, it is here used in the same sense in which it is applied to a horse. MALONE.

Arv.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gai. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll brouze on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in:

[*looking in.*]

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gai. What's the matter, fir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good troth,
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd o' the floor^s. Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gai. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

^s — o' the floor.] Old copy—i' the floor. Corrected by Hammer.

MALONE.

Gai.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty
I bid for you, as I'd buy⁶.

Arw. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother;—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours:—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends!
If brothers?—'Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting⁷
To thee Posthumus. } *Aside*

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. 'Would, I could free't!

Arw. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.

[*whispering.*]

Imo. Great men,
'That had a court no bigger than this cave,
'That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by

⁶ *I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty
I bid for you, as I'd buy.* The old copy reads—as *I do* buy. The
correction was made by Sir T. Hanmer. He reads unnecessarily, *I'd* bid
for you, &c. In the folio the line is thus pointed:

I should woo hard, but be your groom in honesty:

I bid for you, &c. MALONE.

I think this passage might be better read thus:

I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty

I bid for you, as I'd buy.

That is, I should woo hard, but *I would* be your bride-groom. [And
when I say that I would *woo hard*, be assured that] in honesty I bid for
you, *only at the rate at which* I would purchase you. TYRWHITT.

⁷ —then had my prize

Been less; and so more equal ballasting.—] Hanmer reads plausibly,
but without necessity, *price* for *prize*, and *balancing* for *ballasting*. He
is followed by Dr. Warburton. The meaning is,—Had I been less a
prize, I should not have been too heavy for Posthumus. JOHNSON.

Between *prize* and *price* the distinction was not always observed in our
author's time, nor is it at this day; for who has not heard persons above
the vulgar confound them, and talk of high-*priz'd* and low-*priz'd*
goods? MALONE.

The sense is, then had the prize thou hast mastered in me been less,
and not have sunk thee, as I have done, by over-lading thee.

HEATH.

That nothing gift of differing multitudes *,)
 Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
 I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
 Since Leonatus false⁹.

Bel. It shall be so:

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
 Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
 We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
 So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gai. Pray, draw near.

Arw. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less
 welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arw. I pray, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

* *That nothing gift of differing multitudes,)* The poet must mean, that court, that obsequious adoration, which the shifting vulgar pay to the great, is a tribute of no price or value. I am persuaded therefore our poet coined this participle from the French verb, and wrote:

That nothing gift of *defer*ing multitudes:

i. e. obsequious, paying deference.—*Deferer, Ceder par respect a quelqu'un, obeir, condescendre, &c.*—*Deferent, civil, respectueux, &c.* *Richelet.* THEOBALD.

He is followed by Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton; but I do not see why *differing* may not be a general epithet, and the expression equivalent to the *many-headed rabble.* JOHNSON.

It certainly may, but then nothing is predicated of the many-headed multitude, unless we supply words that the text does not exhibit, "That worthless boon of the *differing* or many-headed multitude, [*attending upon them, and paying their court to them;*]" or suppose the whole line to be a periphrasis for *adulation or obsequence.*

There was no such word as *defer*ing or *defer*ring in Shakspeare's time. "*Deferer a une compaignie,*" Cotgrave in his Dictionary, 1611, explains thus: "To yeeld, *referre*, or attribute much, unto a compaignie."

MALONE.

That *nothing gift* which the multitude are supposed to bestow, is glory, reputation, which is a present of little value from their hands; as they are neither unanimous in giving it, nor constant in continuing it.

HEATH.

⁹ *Since Leonatus false.*] As Shakspeare has used "thy *mistress*' ear," and "*Menelaus*' tent," for thy *mistress*' ear, and *Menelaus*' tent, so, with still greater licence, he uses—*Since Leonatus false*, for—*Since Leonatus is false.*—It has been proposed to read—*Since Leonate is false.*

MALONE.

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

Rome.

Enter two Senators, and Tribunes.

1. *Sen.* This is the tenor of the emperor's writ ;
 That since the common men are now in action
 'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians ;
 And that ¹ the legions now in Gallia are
 Full weak to undertake our wars against
 The fallen-off Britons ; that we do incite
 The gentry to this business : He creates
 Lucius pro-consul : and to you the tribunes,
 For this immediate levy, he commands
 His absolute commission ². Long live Cæsar !

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces ?

2. *Sen.* Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia ?

1. *Sen.* With those legions
 Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
 Must be suppliant : The words of your commission
 Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
 Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*The forest, near the cave.**Enter CLOTEN.*

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if
 Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve

¹ *That since the common men are now in action
 'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
 And that, &c.]* These facts are historical. STEEVENS.

² — to you—he commands

His absolute commission.—] He commands the commission to be given
 to you. So we say, I ordered the materials to the workmen.

JOHNSON.

me !

me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for, 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glafs to confer; in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions³: yet this imperseverant⁴ thing loves him in my despight. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which is now growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face⁵: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: Out, sword, and to a fore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit..]

³ — in *single oppositions*:] In single combat. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

“ In *single opposition*, hand to hand,

“ He did confound the best part of an hour,

“ In changing hardiment with great Glendower.”

An *opposite* was in Shakspeare the common phrase for an adversary, or antagonist. MALONE.

⁴ — *imperseverant*—] Thus the former editions. Hanmer reads—*ill-perseverant*. JOHNSON.

Imperseverant may mean no more than *perseverant*, like *im-bosom'd*, *im-passion'd*, *im-mask'd*. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *before thy face*:] Posthumus was to have his head struck off, and then his garments cut to pieces before his face! We should read,—*her* face, i. e. Imogen's: done to despite her, who had said, she esteemed Posthumus's garment above the person of Cloten. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare, who in the *Winter's Tale*, makes a clown say, “ If thou'lt see a thing to talk on after thou art dead,” would not scruple to give the expression in the text to so fantastick a character as Cloten. The garments of Posthumus might indeed be cut to pieces *before his face*, though his head were off; no one, however, but Cloten would consider this circumstance as any aggravation of the insult. MALONE.

S C E N E II.

*Before the Cave.**Enter from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.**Bel.* You are not well : [*to Imo.*] remain here in the cave ;

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here :[*to Imogen.*]

Are we not brothers ?

Imo. So man and man should be ;

But clay and clay differs in dignity,

Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.*Imo.* So sick I am not ;—yet I am not well :

But not so citizen a wanton, as

To seem to die, ere sick : So please you, leave me ;

Stick to your journal course : the breach of custom

Is breach of all⁶. I am ill ; but your being by me

Cannot amend me : Society is no comfort

To one not sociable : I am not very sick,

Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here :

I'll rob none but myself ; and let me die,

Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee ; I have spoke it :How much the quantity⁷, the weight as much,

As I do love my father.

Bel. What ? how ? how ?*Arv.* If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me.

In my good brother's fault : I know not why,

I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,

Love's reason's without reason : the bier at door,

⁶ *Stick to your journal course : the breach of custom**Is breach of all.*] Keep your daily course uninterrupted ; if the stated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confusion.

JOHNSON.

⁷ *How much the quantity.*—] I read :*As much the quantity.* JOHNSON.Surely the present reading has exactly the same meaning. *How much* forever the mass of my affection to my father may be, so much precisely is my love for thee : and as much as my filial love weighs, so much also weighs my affection for thee. MALONE.

And

And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain!

[*Aside.*

O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
 Towards father cowards, and base things fire base:
 Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt, and grace.
 I am not their father; yet who this should be,
 Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—
 'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arw. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arw. You health.—So please you, sir⁸.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what
 lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:
 Experience, O, thou disprov'it report!
 The imperious seas * breed monsters; for the dish,
 Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
 I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisano,
 I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gwi. I could not stir him⁹:

He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate¹;
 Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arw. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
 I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field:—

We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Arw. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,

I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever².—

[*Exit Imogen.*

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had
 Good ancestors.

⁸ — *So please you, sir.*] I cannot relish this *courtly phrase* from the mouth of Arviragus. It should rather, I think, begin Imogen's speech.

TYRWHITT.

* *The imperious seas*.—] *Imperious* was used by Shakspeare for *imperial*. MALONE.

⁹ *I could not stir him*:] Not move him to tell his story. JOHNSON.

¹ — *gentle, but unfortunate*:] *Gentle*, is well born, of birth above the vulgar. JOHNSON.

² *And shalt be ever*.—] That is, you shall ever receive from me the same kindness that you do at present: you shall thus only be bound to me for ever. MALONE.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery³! He cut our roots in characters;

And fauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes

A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note,

That grief and patience, rooted in him both⁴,
Mingle their spurs together⁵.

Arv. Grow, patience!

And let the stinking elder⁶, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning*. Come; away.—Who's there?

³ *Gui. But his neat cookery! &c.*] Only the first four words of this speech are given in the old copy to Guiderius: The name of Arviragus is prefixed to the remainder, as well as to the next speech. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

⁴ — *rooted in him both,*] Old copy—in them. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁵ *Mingle their spurs together.*] *Spurs* are the longest and largest leading roots of trees. Our poet has again used the same word in *The Tempest*:

“ — the strong-bas'd promontory

“ Have I made shake, and by the *spurs*

“ Pluck'd up the pine and cedar.”

Hence probably the *spur* of a post; the short wooden buttress affixed to it, to keep it firm in the ground. MALONE.

⁶ — *stinking elder,*—] Shakspeare had only seen *English vines* which grow against walls, and therefore may be sometimes entangled with the elder. Perhaps we should read—*untwine*—from the vine.

JOHNSON.

Surely this is the meaning of the words without any change. May patience increase, and may the stinking elder, grief, no longer ravine his decaying [or destructive, if *perishing* is used actively,] root with the vine, patience, thus increasing!—As *to untwine* is here used for *to cease to untwine*, so, in *K. Henry VIII.* the word *uncontemned* having been used, the poet has constructed the remainder of the sentence as if he had written *not contemned*. MALONE.

Sir John Hawkins proposed to read—*entwine*. He says, “Let the stinking elder [*Grief*] *entwine* his root with the vine [*Patience*], and in the end Patience must outgrow Grief.” STEEVENS.

* *It is great morning.*] A Gallicism. *Grand jour*. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain hath mock'd me:—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!

Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush. I saw him not these many years, and yet I know 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.

Gui. He is but one: You and my brother search What companies are near: pray you, away; Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt BELARIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*]

Clo. Soft! What are you That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers? I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing More slavish did I ne'er, than answering A slave * without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber, A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I An arm as big as thine? a heart as big? Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not My dagger in my mouth⁷. Say; what thou art; Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base, Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal, Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes, Which, as it seems, make thee⁸.

Clo. Thou precious varlet; My tailor made them not.

* *A slave—*] i. e. than answering that abusive word, *slave*. MALONE. Mr. Mason's interpretation is supported by a passage in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again." MALONE.

⁷ — *for I wear not*

My dagger in my mouth.] So; in *Solyman and Perseda*, 1599:

"I fight not with my tongue: this is my oratrix." MALONE.

⁸ *No, nor thy tailor, rascal,*

Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,

Which, as it seems, make thee.] See a note on a similar passage in a former scene, p. 77, n. 9. STEEVENS.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loth to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, by thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.

Gui. I am sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afraid?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustick mountaineer⁹. [Exeunt fighting.]

⁹ *Yield, rustick mountaineer.*] I believe, upon examination, the character of Cloten will not prove a very consistent one. Act I. sc. iv. the lords who are conversing with him on the subject of his rencontre with Posthumus, represent the latter as having neither put forth his strength or courage, but still advancing forwards to the prince, who retired before him; yet at this his last appearance, we see him fighting gallantly, and falling by the hand of Arviragus. The same persons afterwards speak of him as of a mere ass or idiot; and yet, Act III. sc. i. he returns one of the noblest and most reasonable answers to the Roman envoy: and the rest of his conversation on the same occasion, though it may lack form a little, by no means resembles the language of folly. He behaves with proper dignity and civility at parting with Lucius, and yet is ridiculous and brutal in his treatment of Imogen. Belarius describes him as not having sense enough to know what fear is (which he defines as being sometimes the effect of judgment); and yet he forms very artful schemes for gaining the affection of his mistress, by means of her attendants; to get her person into his power afterwards; and seems to be no less acquainted with the character of his father, and the ascendancy the queen maintained over his uxorious weakness. We find Cloten, in short, represented at once as brave and dastardly, civil and brutal, sagacious and foolish, without the subtilty of distinction, and those shades of gradation between sense and folly, virtue and vice, which constitute the excellence of such mixed characters as Polonius in *Hamlet*, and the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*.

STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter BELARIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world: You did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking¹, were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cure of fear²: But see, thy brother.

Re-enter

¹ — *the snatches in his voice*
[*And burst of speaking,*—] This is one of our authour's strokes of observation. An abrupt and tumultuous utterance very frequently accompanies a confused and cloudy understanding. JOHNSON.

² — *for defect of judgment*
[*Is oft the cure of fear*] The old copy reads—
— for defect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear.

and Mr. Tollet thinks it may be right, understanding *fear* in the sense of exciting fear in others, a signification which it bore formerly. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

“For Warwick was a bug that fear’d us all.”
Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

“— all these bold fears
“Thou see’st with peril I have answered.”
But the objection to this interpretation is, that in this clause of the sentence it was evidently the poet’s intention to assign a reason for Cloten’s being himself free from apprehension, not to account for his terrifying others.

It is undoubtedly true, that defect of judgment, or not rightly estimating the degree of danger and the means of resistance, is often the cause of fear: the being possessed of judgment also may occasion fear, as he who maturely weighs all circumstances will know precisely his danger; while the inconsiderate is rash and fool-hardy: but neither of these assertions, however true, can account for Cloten’s having no apprehension of roaring terrors; and therefore the text must be corrupt. Mr. Theobald amended the passage by reading:

— for the effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear.
but, though Shakspeare has in *K. Richard III.* used *effect* and *cause* as synonymous, I do not think it probable he would say the *effect* was the cause;

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with Cloten's Head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect³, what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in⁴,
Displace our heads, where, thanks to the gods⁵, they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: Then why should we be tender,
'To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself;

cause; nor do I think *the effect* and *the defect* likely to have been confounded: besides, the passage thus amended is liable to the objection already stated. I have therefore adopted Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation. MALONE.

Hanmer reads, with equal justness of sentiment:

— for defect of judgment

Is oft the cure of fear.

But, I think, the play of *effect* and *cause* more resembling the manner of our author. JOHNSON.

³ *I am perfect, what:]* I am well informed, what. So, in this play:

"I'm perfect, the Pannonians are in arms. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *take us in,*] *To take in*, was the phrase in use for to apprehend an out-law, or to make him amenable to publick justice. JOHNSON.

To take in means, simply, to conquer, to subdue. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—— cut the Ionian seas,

"And take in Toryne." STEEVENS.

That Mr. Steevens's explanation of this phrase is the true one, appears from the present allusion to Cloten's speech, and also from the speech itself in the former part of this scene. He had not threatened to render these outlaws amenable to justice, but to kill them with his own hand:

"Die the death:

"When I have slain thee with my proper hand," &c.

"He'd *fetch us in*," is used a little lower by Belarius, in the sense assigned by Dr. Johnson to the phrase before us. MALONE.

⁵ — *thanks to the gods,*] The word *to* was inserted by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

FOR

For we do fear the law⁵? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his honour
Was nothing but mutation⁶; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are out-laws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing,
(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,

⁵ For we do fear the law? *For* is here used in the sense of *because*.
So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"See the simplicity of these base slaves!",

"Who, for the villains have no faith themselves,

"Think me to be a senseless lump of clay."

Again, in *Othello*:

"And, for I know thou art full of love," &c. MALONE.

⁶ — *Though his honour*

Was nothing but mutation, &c.] What has his *honour* to do here, in his being changeable in this sort? in his acting as a madman, or not? I have ventured to substitute *humour*, against the authority of the printed copies: and the meaning seems plainly this: "Though he was always fickle to the last degree, and governed by *humour*, not sound sense; yet not madness itself could make him so hardy to attempt an enterprise of this nature alone, and unseconded." THEOBALD.

The text is right, and means, that the only notion he had of honour, was the fashion, which was perpetually changing. WARBURTON.

The sense necessarily requires, that we should adopt Theobald's amendment. Belarius is speaking of the disposition of Cloten, not of his principles; and this account of him agrees with what Imogen says in the latter end of the scene, where she calls him "that irregular devil, Cloten."

MASON.

I am convinced that the poet wrote—his *humour*, as Theobald suggested. The context strongly supports the emendation; but what decisively entitles it to a place in the text is, that the editor of the folio has in like manner printed *honour* instead of *humour* in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. sc. iii.

"Falstaff will learn the *honour* of the age,"—

The quarto reads rightly—the *humour* of the age.

On the other hand, in the quarto, Signat. A 3, we find—"Sir, my honour is not for many words," instead of "Sir, my humour, &c."

MALONE.

If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arw. Let ordinance

Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind

To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth⁷.

Gui. With his own sword,

Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw it into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck.

[*Exit.*

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:

'Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arw. 'Would I had done't,

So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
'Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, revenges,
'That possible strength might meet⁸, would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:—

We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cocks: I'll slay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arw. Poor sick Fidele!

I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood⁹,
And praise myself for charity.

[*Exit.*

Bel.

⁷ *Did make my way long forth.*] Fidele's sickness made my walk forth from the cave tedious. JOHNSON.

⁸ ——— revenges,

That possible strength might meet,—] Such pursuit of vengeance as fell within any possibility of opposition. JOHNSON.

⁹ *I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,*] I would, says the young prince, to recover Fidele, kill as many Clotens as would fill a parish. JOHNSON.

"His visage, says Fenner of a catchpole, was almost eaten through with pock-holes, so that half a parish of children might have played at cherry-pit in his face." FARMER.

Bel. O thou goddess,
 Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st¹
 In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
 As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
 Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
 Their royal blood enchas'd, as the rudest wind²,
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder,
 That an invisible instinct should frame them³
 To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
 Civility not seen from other; valour,
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
 As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange,
 What Cloten's being here to us portends;
 Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
 I have sent Cloten's clot-pole down the stream,

The sense of the passage is, I would let blood (or bleed) a whole parish, or any number, of such fellows as Cloten; not, "I would let out a parish of blood." EDWARDS.

Mr. Edwards is, I think, right. In the fifth act we have—

"This man—hath

"More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens

"Had ever fear for." MALONE.

¹ —how *thyself thou blazon'st*—] In the old copy the word *thou* was inadvertently printed twice by the compositor:

Thou divine Nature, *thou* thyself thou blazon'st.

For this slight emendation, which the context fully supports, I am responsible. MALONE.

² ——— *They are as gentle*

As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,

Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,

Their royal blood enchas'd, as the rudest wind, &c.] So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

"His qualities were beauteous as his form,

"For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free;

"Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm

"As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,

"When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be." MALONE.

³ *That an invisible instinct should frame them*—] The metre, says Mr. Heath, would be improved by reading:

That an *instinct invisible* should frame them—

He probably did not perceive that in Shakspeare's time the accent was laid on the second syllable of the word *instinct*. So, in one of our poet's Sonnets:

"As if by some instinct the wretch did find—"

The old copy certainly is right. MALONE.

In embassy to his mother ; his body's hostage
For his return.

[*Solemn musick.*]

Bel. My ingenious instrument !

Hark, Polydore, it sounds ! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion ? Hark !

Gui. Is he at home ?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean ? since death of my dearest
mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter ?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys⁴,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad ?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN as dead, in his
arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for !

Arv. The bird is dead,

That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skip'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily !

My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy !

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom⁵ ? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiest harbour in⁶ ?—Thou blessed thing !

Jove

⁴ — *lamenting toys*,—] *Toys* formerly signified freaks, or frolics. One of N. Breton's poetical pieces, printed in 1577, is called, "The toys of an idle head." See also Cole's Dict. 1679, in v. MALONE.

⁵ O, melancholy !

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom ?] So, in *Alba, the Montches Mind of a melancholy Lover*, by R. T. 1598 :

"This woeful tale, where sorrow is the ground,

"Whose bottom's such as nere the depth is found." MALONE.

⁶ — *to shew what coast thy sluggish crare*

Might easiest harbour in ?—] The old copy has—*sluggish care*. It is not surprizing that the compositor should have substituted a familiar for an uncommon word. The true reading was pointed out by Mr. Symphon in

Jove knows what man thou might'st have made ; but I,
Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy ? —
How found you him ?

Arv. Stark, as you see :
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at : his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where ?

Arv. O' the floor ;
His arms thus leagu'd : I thought, he slept ; and put
My clouted brogues ⁸ from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

in a note on Fletcher's play, entitled *The Captain*, p. 10. The old copy has—*might'st*. Corrected in the second folio. Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—*thou, sluggish crare, might'st, &c.*

The epithet *sluggish* is used with peculiar propriety, a *crayer* being a very slow-sailing, unwieldy vessel. See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598. "*Varchio*. A hulke, a *crayer*, a lyter, a wherrie, or such vessel of burthen." MALONE.

A *crare*, says the author of *The Revival*, is a small trading vessel, called in the Latin of the middle ages *crayera*. The word occurs in Heywood's *Golden Age* :

"Behold a form to make your *crars* and barks."

Again, in *Aminas for his Phillis*, published in *England's Helicon*, 1614 :

"Till thus my soule doth passe in Charon's *crare*."

Mr. Tollet observes that the word often occurs in Holinshed.

STEEVENS.

The word is used in the Stat. 2 Jac. I. c. 32. — "*the owner of every ship, vessel, or crayer*." TYRWHITT.

⁷ — but I,

Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy !] This is the reading of the first folio, which later editors not understanding, have changed into *but ah !* The meaning of the passage I take to be this :—*Jove knows, what man thou might'st have made, but I know, thou diedst, &c.*

TYRWHITT.

I believe, "*but ab !*" to be the true reading. *As* is through the first folio, and in all books of that time, printed instead of *ab !* Hence probably *I*, which was used for the affirmative particle *ay*, crept into the text here.

Heaven knows (says Belarius) *what a man thou would'st have been, had'st thou lived ; but alas ! thou diedst of melancholy, while yet only a most accomplished boy.* MALONE.

— *clouted brogues*—] Are shoes strengthened with *clout* or *bob-nails*. In some parts of England, thin plates of iron called *clouts* are likewise fixed to the shoes of ploughmen and other rusticks. STEEVENS.

A *brogue* is a countryman's shoe, fastened with a leathern thong.

MALONE.

Gui.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps⁹ :
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed ;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arw. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts¹, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave : Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose ; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath : the ruddock would,
With charitable bill (O bill, fore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument !) bring thee all this ;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
'To winter-ground thy corse².

Gui.

⁹ *Why, he but sleeps :*] I cannot forbear to introduce a passage somewhat like this, from Webster's *White Devil*, or *Vittoria Corombona*, on account of its singular beauty.

" Oh, thou soft natural death ! that art joint-twin

" To sweetest slumber ! no rough-bearded comet

" Stares on thy mild departure : the dull owl

" Beats not against thy casement : the hoarse wolf

" Scents not thy carrion :—pity winds thy corse,

" While horror waits on princes !"

STEEVENS.

¹ *With fairest flowers,*

Whilst summer lasts, &c.] So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre* :

" No, I will rob Tellus of her weeds,

" To strewe thy greene with flowers : the yellowes, blues,

" The purple violets and marygolds,

" Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave,

" While summer dayes doth last." STEEVENS.

² — *the ruddock would,*

With charitable bill,—bring thee all this :

Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,

'To winter-ground thy corse.] Here again, the metaphor is strangely

mangled. What sense is there in *winter-grounding* a corse with *moss* ?

A corse might indeed be said to be *winter-grounded* in good thick clay.

But the epithet *furr'd* to *moss* directs us plainly to another reading,

To *winter-gown* thy corse :—

i. e. thy summer habit shall be a light *gown* of *flowers*, thy winter habit a good warm *furr'd gown* of *moss*. WARBURTON.

I have no doubt but that the rejected word was Shakspeare's, since the protection of the dead, and not their ornament, was what he meant to express. To *winter-ground* a plant, is to protect it from the inclemency of the winter-season, by straw, dung, &c. laid over it. This precaution is commonly taken in respect of tender trees or flowers, such as Arviragus, who loved Fidele, represents her to be.

The

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done ;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arw. Say, where shall's lay him ?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arw. Be't so :

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,

As

The *ruddock* is the *red-breast*, and is so called by Chaucer and Spenser :

“ The tame *ruddock*, and the coward kite.”

The office of covering the dead is likewise ascribed to the *ruddock*, by Drayton in his poem called *The Owl*, 1604 :

“ Cov'ring with moss the dead's unclosed eye,

“ The little *redbreast* teacheth charity.” STEEVENS.

—the *ruddock would*, &c.] Is this an allusion to the *babes of the wood*, or was the notion of the *redbreast* covering dead bodies, general before the writing that ballad ? PERCY.

This passage is imitated by Webster in his tragedy of *The White Devil* ; and in such a manner, as confirms the old reading :

“ Call for the robin-red-breast and the wren,

“ Since o'er shady groves they hover,

“ And with leaves and flowers do cover

“ The friendless bodies of unburied men ;

“ Call unto his funeral dole

“ The ant, the fieldmouse, and the mole,

“ To rear him *billocks* that shall keep him warm.” FARMER.

Which of these two plays was first written, cannot now be determined. Webster's play was published in 1612, that of Shakspeare did not appear in print till 1623. In the preface to Webster's play, he thus speaks of Shakspeare : “ And lastly (without wrong last to be named) the right happy and copious industry of M. Shakspeare,” &c. STEEVENS.

We may fairly conclude that Webster imitated Shakspeare ; for in the same page from which Dr. Farmer has cited the foregoing lines, is found a passage taken almost literally from *Hamlet*. It is spoken by a distracted lady :

“ ——— you're very welcome ;

“ Here's rosemary for you, and rue for you ;

“ Heart's-ease for you ; I pray make much of it ;

“ I have left more for myself.”

See also *Timon of Athens*. Dr. Warburton asks, “ What sense is there in *winter-grounding* a corse with *moss* ?” But perhaps *winter-ground* does not refer to *moss*, but to the last antecedent, *flowers*. If this was the construction intended by Shakspeare, the passage should be printed thus :

Yea, and furr'd moss besides,—when flowers are none

To winter-ground thy corse.

i. e. you shall have also a warm covering of moss, when there are no flowers to adorn thy grave with that ornament with which WINTER is usually

As once our mother³; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,

I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arw. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less⁴: for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that⁵: Though mean and mighty rotting
Together, have one dust; yet reverence,
(That angel of the world⁶,) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arw. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[*Exit Belarius.*]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arw. 'Tis true.

usually decorated. So, in *Cupid's Revenge*, by B. and Fletcher, 1625:
"He looks like WINTER, stuck here and there with fresh flowers."—
I have not however much confidence in this observation. MALONE.

³ *As once our mother*;] The old copy reads—as once to our mother;
the compositor having probably caught the word to from the preceding line.
The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁴ *Great griefs, I see, medicine the less*:] So again, in this play:

"—— a touch more rare

"Subdues all pangs, all fears."

Again, in *King Lear*:

"— where the greater malady is fix'd,

"The lesser is scarce felt." MALONE.

⁵ *He was paid for that*:—] Hanmer reads:

"He has paid for that:—

rather plausibly than rightly. *Paid* is for *punished*. So Jonson:

"Twenty things more, my friend, which you know due,

"For which, or pay me quickly, or I'll pay you." JOHNSON.

So Falstaff in *the Merry Wives of Windsor*, after having been beaten,
when in the dress of an old woman, says, "I pay'd nothing for it nei-
ther, but *was paid* for my learning." MALONE.

⁶ —— reverence,

(*That angel of the world,*)—] *Reverence*, or due regard to subor-
dination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the world. JOHNSON.

Gui.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So,—Begin.

S O N G.

Gui. *Fear no more the beat o' the sun⁷,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,*

*Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

Arv. *Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;*

Care no more to clothe, and eat ;

*To thee the reed is as the oak :
The scepter, learning, physick⁸, must
All follow this, and come to dust.*

Gui. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,*

Arv. *Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;*

Gui. *Fear not slander⁹, censure rash ;*

Arv. *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :*

Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee¹, and come to dust.*

Gui. *No exorciser harm thee² !*

Arv. *Nor no withcraft charm thee !*

Gui. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee !*

Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee !*

⁷ *Fear no more the beat o' the sun, &c.]* This is the topick of consolation that nature dictates to all men on these occasions. The same farewell we have over the dead body in Lucian. *Τέκνον ἄθλιον ἔκτε διψήσεις, ἔκτε πιθήσεις, &c.* WARBURTON.

⁸ *The scepter, learning, &c.]* The poet's sentiment seems to have been this.—All human excellence is equally subject to the stroke of death : neither the power of kings, nor the science of scholars, nor the art of those whose immediate study is the prolongation of life, can protect them from the final destiny of man. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Fear not slander, &c.]* Perhaps,

Fear not slander's censure rash. JOHNSON.

¹ *Consign to thee,—]* So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ seal

“ A dateless bargain to engrossing death.”

To consign to thee, is to seal the same contract with thee, i. e. add their names to thine upon the register of death. STEVENS.

² *No exorciser harm thee !]* An exorciser, it has been already observed, signified in Shakspeare's time, an enchanter or conjurer, not a person who had the power to lay spirits. MALONE.

Both.

Both. *Quiet consummation*³ have;
And renowned be thy grave⁴!

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: Come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more:
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the night,
Are strewings fit't for graves.—Upon their faces⁵:
You were as flowers, now wither'd; even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt BEL. GUI. and ARV.*]

Imo. [*awakening.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; Which
is the way?—

I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thither?

'Ods pittikins⁶!—can it be six miles yet?—

I have gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!

[*seeing the body.*]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;

This bloody man, the care on't—I hope, I dream;

For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,

And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so;

'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,

Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes

³ *Quiet consummation have;*] *Consummation* is used in the same sense in *K. Edward III.* 1596:

“My soul will yield this castle of my flesh,

“This mangled tribute, with all willingness;

“To darkness, consummation, dust, and worms.” STEEVENS.

⁴ —*thy grave!*] For the obsequies of Fidele, a song was written by my unhappy friend, Mr. William Collins of Chichester, a man of uncommon learning and abilities. I shall give it a place at the end, in honour of his memory. JOHNSON.

⁵ —*Upon their faces:*] Shakspeare did not recollect when he wrote these words, that there was but *one* face on which the flowers could be strewed. This passage, might have taught Dr. Warburton not to have disturbed the text in a former scene. See p. 95, n. 5. MALONE.

⁶ *'Ods pittikins!*] This diminutive adjuration is used by Decker and Webster in *Westward Hoe*, 1607; in the *Shoemaker's Holiday*, or the *Gentle Craft*, 1600: It is derived from God's *my pity*, which likewise occurs in *Cymbeline*. STEEVENS.

Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
 I tremble still with fear: But if there be
 Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
 The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
 A headless man!—The garments of Posthumus!
 I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;
 His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
 The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face?
 Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
 All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
 Conspir'd with that irregularous devil³, Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
 Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas,
 Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's that?
 Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on*.—How should this be? Pisanio?
 'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
 Have lay'd this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horrid may seem to those
 Which chance to find us: O, my lord! my lord!

⁷ — his Jovial face—] *Jovial* face signifies in this place, such a face as belongs to Jove. It is frequently used in the same sense by other old dramatick writers. So Heywood, in *The Silver Age*:

“ — Alcides here will stand,

“ To plague you all with his high *Jovial* hand.”

Agur, in his *Golden Age*, 1611, speaking of Jupiter:

“ — all that stand,

“ Sink in the weight of his high *Jovial* hand.” STEEVENS.

⁸ Conspir'd with that irregularous devil,] *Irregularous* (if there be such a word) must mean lawless, licentious, out of rule, *jura negans sibi nata*. In Reinold's *God's Revenge against Adultery*, p. 121, I meet with “*irregulated lust*.” STEEVENS.

* — this head on.—] *This* head means the head of Posthumus; the head that *did* belong to *this* body. See p. 112, n. 5. MALONE.

Enter

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods shew'd me a vision²:
(I fast, and pray'd¹, for their intelligence,) Thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spungy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sun-beams: which portends,
(Unless my fins abuse my divination,)
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,

² *Last night the very gods shew'd me a vision:*] It was no common dream, but lent from the very gods, or the gods themselves. JOHNSON.

¹ *I fast, and pray'd,*—] *Fast* is here very licentiously used for *fasted*. So, in the novel subjoined to this play, we find—*lift* for *lifted*. MALONE.

That.

That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture²? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ³. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [Aside.
They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

² ——— *who was he,*

That, otherwise than noble nature did,

Hath alter'd that good picture?—] To do a picture, and a picture
is well done, are standing phrases; the question therefore is, Who has
altered this picture, so as to make it otherwise than nature did it.

JOHNSON.

Olivia speaking of her own beauty as of a picture, asks Viola if it "is
not well done?" STEVENS.

³ *Richard du Champ.*—] Shakspeare was indebted for his modern
names (which sometimes are mixed with ancient ones) as well as his
anachronisms, to the fashionable novels of his time. In a collection of
stories, entitled *A Petite Palace of Petite bis Pleasure*, 1576, I find the
following circumstances of ignorance and absurdity. In the story of the
Horatii and the Curatii, the roaring of cannons is mentioned. Cephalus
and Procris are said to be of the court of Venice; and "that her father
wrought so with the duke, that this Cephalus was sent post in ambassage to
the Turke.—Eriphile, after the death of her husband Amphiarus, (the
Theban prophet,) calling to mind the affection wherein *Don Infortunio* was
drowned towards her," &c. &c. STEVENS.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But, first, an't please the gods,
 I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
 As these poor pick-axes ⁴ can dig : and when
 With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his
 grave,
 And on it said a century of prayers,
 Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh :
 And, leaving so his service, follow you,
 So please you entertain me ⁵.

Luc. Ay, good youth ;
 And rather father thee, than master thee.—My friends,
 The boy hath taught us manly duties : Let us
 Find out the prettiest daizy'd plot we can,
 And make him with our pikes and partizans
 A grave : Come, arm him ⁶.—Boy, he is preferr'd
 By thee to us ; and he shall be interr'd,
 As soldiers can. Be cheerful ; wipe thine eyes :
 Some falls are means the happier to arise. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.

Cym. Again ; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.
 A fever with the absence of her son ;
 A madness, of which her life's in danger :—Heavens,
 How deeply you at once do touch me ! Imogen,
 The great part of my comfort, gone : my queen
 Upon a desperate bed ; and in a time
 When fearful wars point at me ; her son gone,
 So needful for this present : It strikes me, past
 The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure, and
 Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
 By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
 I humbly set it at your will : But, for my mistress,
 I nothing know where she remains, why gone,

⁴ — *these poor pick-axes*.—] Meaning her fingers. JOHNSON.

⁵ *So please you entertain me.*] i. e. hire me ; receive me unto your service. MALONE.

⁶ — *arm him*.—] That is, *Take him up in your arms*. HANMER.

Nor

Nor when the purposes return. 'Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

1. *Lord.* Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here :
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,—
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And wil^d, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome ;
We'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy [to *Pis.*
Does yet depend⁸.

1. *Lord.* So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast ; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen !—
I am amaz'd with matter⁹.

1. *Lord.* Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
'Than what you hear of¹ : come more, for more you're
ready :

⁷ And wilt,—] I think it should be read :

And be'll,—. STEEVENS.

There are several other instances of the personal pronoun being omitted in these plays, beside the present, particularly in *K. Henry VIII.* nor is Shakspeare the only writer of that age that takes this liberty.

So, in *Stowe's Chronicle*, p. 793, edit. 1631 : "—after that he tooke boat at Queen Hith, and so came to his house ; where missing the afore-named counsellors, fortified his house, with full purpose to die in his own defence."

Again, in the *Continuation of Hardyng's Chronicle*, 1543 : "Then when they heard that Henry was safe returned into Britaigne, rejoiced not a little."

Again, in *Anthony Wood's Diary*, ad ann. 1652 : "One of these, a most handsome virgin,—kneel'd down to Thomas Wood, with tears and prayers to save her life : and being stricken with a deep remorse, tooke her under his arme, went with her out of the church," &c. MALONE.

⁸ ——— our jealousy

Does yet depend.] My suspicion is yet undetermined ; if I do not condemn you, I likewise have not acquitted you. We now say, the cause is depending. JOHNSON.

⁹ I am amaz'd with matter.] i. e. confounded by variety of business. So, in *King John* :

"I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way,

"Among the thorns and dangers of this world." STEEVENS.

¹ Your preparation, &c.] Your forces are able to face such an army as we hear the enemy will bring against us. JOHNSON.

The

The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you: Let's withdraw;
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Pis. I heard no letter² from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings: Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work;
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king³, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Before the Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we⁴ in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
'To the king's party there's no going: newness

² *I heard no letter—*] I suppose we should read with Hamner,
I've had no letter.—STEEVENS.

Perhaps *letter* here means, not an epistle, but the elemental part of a syllable. This might have been a phrase in Shakspeare's time. We yet say—I have not heard a syllable from him. MALONE.

³ *—to the note o' the king,*] I will so distinguish myself, the king shall remark my valour. JOHNSON.

⁴ *—find we—*] Old copy—*we find.* Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd^s; and so extort from us that
Which we have done, whose answer⁶ would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses⁷ neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires⁸, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life⁹; aye hopeless
To have the courtsey your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Then be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'er-grown,
Cannot be question'd.

^s ——— a render

Where we have liv'd;—] An account of our place of abode.
This dialogue is a just representation of the superfluous caution of an
old man. JOHNSON.

Render is used in a similar sense in *Timon*, Act V.

“And sends us forth to make their sorrow'd render.”

STEEVENS.

So again, in this play:

— “My boon is, that this gentleman may render,

“Of whom he had this ring.” MALONE.

⁶ — *whose answer*—] The retaliation of the death of Cloten would
be death, &c. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *the Roman horses*—] Old copy—*their* Roman. This is one of
the many corruptions into which the transcriber was led by his ear. The
correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁸ — *their quarter'd fires*,] Their fires regularly disposed. JOHNSON.

⁹ *The certainty of this hard life*;] That is, the certain consequence of
this hard life. MALONE.

Arv.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A field, between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief¹.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth², I'll keep thee; for I wish'd³
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying but a little⁴?—O, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this⁵: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit

¹ — *bloody handkerchief.*] The bloody token of Imogen's death, which Pisanio in the foregoing act determined to send. JOHNSON.

² *Yea, bloody cloth, &c.*] This is a soliloquy of nature, uttered when the effervescence of a mind agitated and perturbed spontaneously and inadvertently discharges itself in words. The speech, throughout all its tenor, if the last conceit be excepted, seems to issue warm from the heart. He first condemns his own violence; then tries to disburden himself, by imputing part of the crime to Pisanio; he next soothes his mind to an artificial and momentary tranquillity, by trying to think that he has been only an instrument of the gods for the happiness of Imogen. He is now grown reasonable enough to determine, that having done so much evil, he will do no more; that he will not fight against the country which he has already injured; but as life is not longer supportable, he will die in a just cause, and die with the obscurity of a man who does not think himself worthy to be remembered. JOHNSON.

³ *I wish'd—*] The old copy reads—*I am wish'd.* STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁴ *For wrying but a little?*] This uncommon verb is likewise used by Stanyhurst in the third book of his translation of Virgil, 1582:

“ — the maysters wrye the vessels.”

Again, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594:

“ — in her sinking down, she wryes

“ The diadem.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — *to put on—*] Is to incite, to instigate. JOHNSON.
So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — the powers above

“ Put on their instruments.” STEEVENS.

To second ills with ills, each elder worse⁶;
 And make them dread it, to the doer's thrift⁷.
 But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,
 And make me blest to obey⁸!—I am brought hither
 Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
 Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
 That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistrefs; peace!
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
 Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
 As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with; so I'll die
 For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
 Pity'd nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me than my habits show.

⁶ — *each elder worse*;] The last deed is certainly not the oldest, but Shakspeare calls the deed of an elder man an *elder deed*. JOHNSON.

I believe our authour must answer for this inaccuracy, and that he inadvertently considered the later evil deed as the elder; having probably some general notion in his mind of a quantity of evil, commencing with our first parents, and gradually accumulating in process of time by a repetition of crimes. MALONE.

— *each elder worse*;] i. e. where corruptions are, they grow with years, and the oldest sinner is the greatest. You, Gods, permit some to proceed in iniquity, and the older such are, the more their crime.

TOLIET.
⁷ *And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.*] Mr. Theobald reads—make them *dreaded*, i. e. permit them to proceed to the commission of crimes, and thus, while they are formidable to others, gain profit to themselves. *Dreaded* and *dread it* might have been easily confounded. Dr. Johnson proposes to read either *dreaded* or *trade it*. In *Macbeth*, he observes, we have, in another sense, *undecided*; and in support of his other conjecture, he remarks, that “*trade and thrift* correspond; and that our authour plays with *trade*, as it signifies a lucrative vocation or a frequent practice. So Isabella says,

“Thy sin's not accidental, but a *trade*.”

Mr. Steevens' interpretation appears to me inadmissible. MALONE.

However ungrammatical, I believe the old reading is the true one. To make them *dread it* is to make them *persevere in the commission of dreadful actions*. Dr. Johnson has observed on a passage in *Hamlet*, that Pope and Rowe have not refused this mode of speaking:—“*To sinner is or faint it*,”—and “*to coy it*.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — *Do your best wills,*

And make me blest to obey!] So the copies. It was more in the manner of our authour to have written,

— Do your *best* wills,

And make me blest to obey. JOHNSON.

Go's,

Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me !
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman army; at the other side, the British army; Leonatus Posthumus following it, like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness, and guilt, within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have bely'd a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengefully enfeebles me; Or could this carl⁹,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit,

The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but,
The villainy of our fears.

Gui. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

⁹ — *this carl,*] *Carl* is used by our old writers in opposition to a gentleman. See the poem of *John the Reeve*. PERCY.

Carlot is a word of the same signification, and occurs in our authour's *As you like it*. Again, in an ancient interlude or morality, printed by Rastell, without title or date:

"A carlys sonne, brought up of nought."

The thought seems to have been imitated in *Philaster*:

"The gods take part against me; could this be so?"

"Have held me thus else?" STEEVENS.

A *carl*, says Skinner, is a clown, ab. A. S. ceofol, rusticus, colonus.

MALONE.

Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Another part of the field.

Enter POSTHUMUS, and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: The king himself
Of his wings destitute*, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf¹;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—

An

* ——— the king himself

[Of his wings destitute,] "The Danes rushed forth with such violence upon their adversaries, that first the right, and then after the left wing of the Scots, was constrained to retire and flee back.—HAIK be- holding the king, with the most part of the nobles, fighting with great va- liancie in the middle ward, now destitute of the wings," &c. Holinshed. See the next note. MALONE.

¹ Close by the battle, &c.] The stopping of the Roman army by three persons, is an allusion to the story of the Hays, as related by Holinshed
in

An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
 So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
 In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
 He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
 The country base², than to commit such slaughter;
 With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
 Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame³,)
 Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
Our Britain's barts⁴ die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand.—These three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many,
 (For three performers are the file, when all
 The rest do nothing,) with this word, *stand, stand*,
 Accommodated by the place, more charming
 With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd
 A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,
 Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd
 coward

But by example (O, a sin in war,
 Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
 A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
 A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,

in his *History of Scotland*, p. 155: "There was neere to the place of the battell, a long lane fenced on the sides with ditches and walles made of turfe, through the which the Scots which fled were beaten downe by the enemies on heapes.

"Here Haie with his sonnes supposing they might best staie the flight, placed themselves overthwart the lane, beat them backe whom they met fleeing, and spared neither friend nor fo; but downe they went all such as came within their reach, wherewith divers hardie personages cried unto their fellows to returne backe unto the battell, &c.

It appears from Peck's *New Memoirs*, &c. article 88, that Milton intended to have written a play on this subject. MUSGRAVE.

² *The country base*,—] i. e. A rustick game called *prison-bars*, vulgarly *prison base*. So, in the 30th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"At hood-wink, barley-brake, at tick, or *prison-base*."

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. 5. c. 8.

"So ran they all as they had been at *base*." STEEVENS.

³ — *for preservation cas'd, or shame*,)] *Shame* for modesty.

WARBURTON.

The strides they victors made⁴ : And now our cowards,
 (Like fragments in hard voyages, became
 The life o' the need⁵ ;) having found the back-door open
 Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound !
 Some, slain before ; some, dying ; some, their friends
 O'er-borne i' the former wave : ten, chac'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty :
 Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
 The mortal bugs o' the field⁶.

Lord. This was strange chance :
 A narrow lane ! an old man, and two boys !

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it : You are made
 Rather to wonder⁷ at the things you hear,
 Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
 And vent it for a mockery ? Here is one :

*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
 Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Isc. 'Lack, to what end ?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend :
 For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
 I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
 You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewel ; you are angry.

[*Exit.*

Post. Still going ?—This is a lord ! O noble misery !
 To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me !
 To-day, how many would have given their honours
 To have sav'd their carcasses ? took heel to do't,

⁴ —they victors made :] The old copy has—the victors, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁵ —became

The life o' the need,)] i. e. that have become the life, &c. Shakspeare should have written *become*, but there is, I believe, no corruption. In his 134th Sonnet, he perhaps again uses *came* as a participle :

“ The statue of thy beauty thou wilt take,

“ Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,

“ And sue a friend, *came* debtor for thy sake.”

Became, however, in the text may be a verb. If this was intended, the parenthesis should be removed. MALONE.

⁶ —bugs—] Terrors. JOHNSON.

⁷ Nay, do not wonder at it : You are made

Rather to wonder, &c.] Posthumus first bids him not wonder, then tells him in another mode of reproach, that wonder is all that he was made for. JOHNSON.

And

And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd³,
 Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
 Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly monster,
 'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
 Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
 That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find him:
 For, being now a favourer to the Roman⁹,
 No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
 The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 Here made by the Roman; great the answer be¹
 Britons must take: For me, my ransom's death;
 On either side I come to spend my breath;
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1. *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:
 'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.
 2. *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit²,

³ — *I, in mine own woe charm'd,*] Alluding to the common superstition of charms being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our Saxon ancestors, and so is common to us with the Germans, who are above all other people given to this superstition; which made Erasmus, where, in his *Morie Encomium*, he gives to each nation its proper characteristic, say, "Germani corporum proceritate & magis cognitione sibi placent." And Prior, in his *Alma*:

"North Britons hence have second fight;

"And Germans free from gun-shot fight." WARBURTON.

See a note on *Macbeth*, Act V. sc. ult. So, in Drayton's *Nymphidia*:

Their seconds minister an oath,

Which was indifferent to them both,

That, on their knightly faith and troth,

No magick them supplied;

And sought them that they had no charms

Wherewith to work each other's harms,

But came with simple open arms

To have their causes tried. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *favourer to the Roman,*] The editions before Hanmer's for Roman read Briton; and Dr. Warburton reads Briton still. JOHNSON.

¹ — *great the answer be—*] *Answer*, as once in this play before, is *retaliation*. JOHNSON.

² — *a silly habit.*] *Silly* is *simple* or *rustick*. STEEVENS.

So, in the novel by Boccace, on which this play is formed: "The servant, who had no great good will to kill her, very easily grew pitifull, tooke off her upper garment, and gave her a poore ragged doublet, a *silly* shapperone," &c. *The Decameron*, 1620. MALONE.

That gave the affront with them³.

1. *Cap.* So 'tis reported:

But none of them can be found.—Stand! Who's there?

Post. A Roman;

Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.

2. *Cap.* Lay hands on him; A dog!

A leg of Rome shall not return to tell

What crows have peck'd them here: He brags his service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter CYMBELINE, attended; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go out.

SCENE IV.

A Prison.

Enter POSTHUMUS, and two Gaolers.

1. *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen⁴, you have locks
upon you;

So, graze, as you find pasture.

2. *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach.

[*Exeunt Gaolers.*

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,

I think, to liberty: Yet am I better

Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather

Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd

By the sure physician, death; who is the key

To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd

More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods, give
me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,

³ *That gave the affront with them.]* That is, that turned their faces
to the enemy. JOHNSON.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Alchymist*:

"To-day thou shalt have ingots, and to-morrow

"Give lords the affront." STEEVENS.

To *affront* Minshieu explains thus in his dictionary, 1617: "To come
face to face. Vi. *Encourter.*" *Affrontare*, Ital. MALONE.

⁴ *You shall not now be stolen,—]* This wit of the gaoler alludes to
the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg, when he is turned to
pasture. JOHNSON.

Then,

Then, free for ever ! Is't enough, I am sorry ?
 So children temporal fathers do appease :
 Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent ?
 I cannot do it better than in gyves,
 Desir'd, more than constrain'd : to satisfy,
 If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
 No stricter render of me, than my all⁵.
 I know, you are more clement than vile men,
 Who of their broken debtors take a third,
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement ; that's not my desire :
 For Imogen's dear life, take mine ; and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life ; you coin'd it :
 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp ;
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake ;
 You rather mine, being yours : And so, great powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold bonds⁶. O Imogen !
 I'll speak to thee in silence. [He sleeps.]

*Solemn music*⁷. Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior ;

⁵ ——— to satisfy,

If of my freedom 'tis the main-part, take

No stricter render of me, than my all.] Posthumus questions whether contrition be sufficient atonement for guilt. Then, to satisfy the offended gods, he desires them to take no more than his present all, that is, his life, if it is the *main part*, the chief point, or principal condition of his freedom, i. e. of his freedom from future punishment. This interpretation appears to be warranted by the former part of the speech. STEEVENS.

I believe Posthumus means to say, "since for my crimes I have been deprived of my freedom, and since life itself is still more valuable than freedom, let the gods take my life, and by this let heaven be appeased, how small soever the atonement may be." I suspect however that a line has been lost, after the word *satisfy*. If the text be right, *to satisfy* means, *by way of satisfaction*. MALONE.

⁶ — cold bonds.] This equivocal use of *bonds* is another instance of our author's infelicity in parenthetical speeches. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Solemn music*, &c.] Here follow a *vision*, a *masque*, and a *prophesy*, which interrupt the fable without the least necessity, and unmeasurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foisted in afterwards for mere show, and apparently not of Shakspeare. PORCE.

Every reader must be of the same opinion. The subsequent narratives of Posthumus, which render this masque, &c. unnecessary, (or perhaps the scenical directions supplied by the poet himself) seem to have excited some manager of a theatre to disgrace the play by the pre-

warrior; leading in his band an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with musick before them. Then, after other musick, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, shew
Thy spite on mortal flies:

With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,

That thy adulteries

Rates, and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done ought but well,

Whose face I never saw?

I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,

Attending Nature's law.

Whose father then (as men report,

'Thou orphan's father art,)

Thou should'st have been, and shielded him

From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,

But took me in my throes;

That from me was Posthumus ript^a,

Came crying 'mongst his foes,

A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,

Moulded the stuff so fair,

sent metrical interpolation. Shakspeare, who has conducted his fifth act with such matchless skill, could never have designed the vision to be twice described by Posthumus, had this contemptible nonsense been previously delivered on the stage. The following passage from Dr. Farmer's *Essay* will shew that it was no unusual thing for the players to indulge themselves in making additions equally unjustifiable.—“We have a sufficient instance of the liberties taken by the actors, in an old pamphlet, by Nash, called, *Lenten Stufte, with the Prayse of the red Herring*, 4to. 1599, where he assures us, that in a play of his called *The Isle of Dogs*, *four acts*, without his consent, or the least guess of his drift or scope, were supplied by the players.” STEEVENS.

^a *That from me was Posthumus ript,*] Perhaps we should read,

That from my womb Posthumus ript,

Came crying 'mongst his foes. JOHNSON.

This circumstance is met with in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607. The play of *Cymbeline* did not appear in print till 1623:

“What would'st thou run again into my womb?”

“If thou wert there, thou should'st be *Posthumus*,

“And ript out of my sides,” &c. STEEVENS.

That

That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1. *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he

That could stand up his parallel;

Or fruitful object be

In eye of Imogen, that best

Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,

To be exil'd, and thrown

From Leonati' seat, and cast

From her his dearest one,

Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,

Slight thing of Italy,

To taint his nobler heart and brain

With needless jealousy;

And to become * the geck and scorn

O' the other's villainy?

2. *Bro.* For this, from stiffer seats we came,

Our parents, and us twain,

That, striking in our country's cause,

Fell bravely, and were slain;

Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,

With honour to maintain.

1. *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath

To Cymbeline perform'd:

Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,

Why hast thou thus adjourn'd

The graces for his merits due;

Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;

No longer exercise,

Upon a valiant race, thy harsh

And potent injuries:

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,

Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!

Or we poor ghosts will cry

To the shining synod of the rest,

Against thy deity.

* *And to become—*] And permit *Posthumus* to become the geck, &c.

2. *Bro.* Help, Jupiter ; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER descends ⁹ in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle : he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing ; hush !—How dare you ghosts,
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts ?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence ; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers :
Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd ;
No care of yours it is ; you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross ; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted ¹. Be content ;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift ;
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade !—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast ; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine ;
And so away : no farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*]
Sici. He came in thunder ; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell : the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us : his ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields : his royal bird

⁹ *Jupiter descends*.—] It appears from *Acollastus*, a comedy by T. Palsgrave, chaplain to K. Henry VIII. bl. l. 1540, that the descent of deities was common to our stage in its earliest state, “ Of whyche the lyke thyng is used to be shewed now a days in stage-plaies, when some *God* or some *Saynt* is made to appere forth of a cloude, and succoureth the parties which seemed to be towards some great danger, through the Soudan's crueltie.” The author, for fear this description should not be supposed to extend itself to our theatres, adds in a marginal note, “ the lyke maner used nowe at our days in stage playes.” STEEVENS.

¹ *The more delay'd, delighted.*] *Delighted* is here either used for *delighted in*, or for *delighting*. So, in *Othello*:

“ If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack—.” MALONE.

Prunes the immortal wing², and cloy³ his beak³,
As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof:—Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest. [*Ghosts vanish.*]

Post. [*waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandfire, and
begot

A father to me: and thou hast created
A mother, and two brothers: But (O scorn!)
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born.
And so I am awak'd.—Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are sleep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*reads.*] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,
without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender
air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt branches,
which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed*

² Prunes the immortal wing,—] A bird is said to *prune* himself, when
he clears his feathers from superfluities. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*,
Song I.

“Some, sitting on the beach, to *prune* their painted breasts.”

STEVENS.

³ — cloy³ his beak,] Perhaps we should read,

— *claws* his beak. TYRWHITT.

A *cloy* is the same with a *claw* in old language. FARMER.

So, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. iv. fol. 69:

“And as a catte wold ete fishes

“Without wetyng of his *cleys*.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Underwoods*:

“— from the seize

“Of vulture death, and those relentless *cleys*.”

Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, speaks “of a disease in cattell betwixt
the *cleys* of their feete.” And in the *Book of Hawking*, &c. bl. l. no
date, under the article *Pounces*, it is said, “The *cleys* within the fote ye
shall call a right her pounces.” To *claw* their beaks, is an accustomed
action with hawks and eagles. STEVENS.

to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie⁴. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready for that, you are well cook'd.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir: But the comfort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much⁵; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier, for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness⁶: O! of this contradiction you shall now be

⁴ 'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen

Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:

Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such

As sense cannot untie.] The meaning, which is too thin to be easily caught, I take to be this: *This is a dream or madness, or both,—or nothing,—but whether it be a speech without consciousness, as in a dream, or a speech unintelligible, as in madness, be it as it is, it is like my course of life.* We might perhaps read,

Whether both, or nothing,—. JOHNSON.

⁵ — sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much;] i. e. sorry that you have paid too much out of your pocket, and sorry that you are paid, or subdued, too much by the liquor. So Falstaff: "—seven of the eleven I pay'd." Again, in the fifth scene of the fourth act of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. STEEVENS.

The word has already occurred in this sense, in a former scene:

"And though he came our enemy, remember

"He was paid for that." MALONE.

⁶ — being drawn of heaviness:] Drawn is embowell'd, exenterated. So in common language a fowl is said to be drawn, when its intestines are taken out. STEEVENS.

quit.

quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor⁷ but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ach: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-enquiry⁸ on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bring'st good news;—I am call'd to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt POSTHUMUS, and Messenger.*]

⁷ — debtor and creditor—] For an accounting book. JOHNSON.

⁸ — jump the after-enquiry—] That is, venture at it without thought. So *Macbeth*:

“We'd jump the life to come.” JOHNSON.

To jump is to hazard. So, in the passage quoted from *Macbeth* by Dr. Johnson. Again, in *Coriolanus*:

“To jump a body with a dangerous phisick—.” MALONE.

Gaol.

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone⁹. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind; and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart, That the poor soldier, that so richly fought, Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast Stept before targe of proof, cannot be found: He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;

⁹ — *I never saw one so prone.*] i. e. forward. In this sense the word is used in Wilsfride Holme's poem, entitled *The Fall and evil Success of Rebellion*, &c. 1537:

"Thus lay they in Doncaster, with curtol and serpentine,

"With bombard and basilisk, with men *prone* and vigorous."

Again, in Sir A. Georges' translation of the sixth book of Lucan:

"— Thessalian fierce steeds,

"For use of war so *prone* and fit." STEEVENS.

¹ Let those who talk so confidently about the skill of Shakspeare's contemporary, Jonson, point out the conclusion of any one of his plays which is wrought with more artifice, and yet a less degree of dramatick violence than this. In the scene before us, all the surviving characters are assembled; and at the expence of whatever incongruity the former events may have been produced, perhaps little can be discovered on this occasion to offend the most scrupulous advocate for regularity: and, I think, as little is found wanting to satisfy the spectator by a catastrophe which is intricate without confusion, and not more rich in ornament than in nature. STEEVENS.

Such

Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks².

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain.

[*To Belarius, Guiderius, and A. viragus.*

By whom, I grant, she lives: 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

Bel. Sir,

In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Arise my knights o' the battle³; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS, and Ladies.

There's business in these faces:—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician⁴
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded

² — *one that promis'd nought*
But beggary and poor looks.] To promise *nothing but* poor looks, may
be, to give no promise of courageous behaviour. JOHNSON.
So, in *K. Richard II.*

“To look so poorly, and to speak so fair.” STEEVENS.

³ — *knights o' the battle*;} Thus in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 164, edit.
1615: “Philip of France made Arthur Plantagenet knight of the field.”
STEEVENS.

⁴ Whom *worse than a physician*—] Old copy—*W^he*. Corrected in
the second folio. MALONE.

Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you: These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wise to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
'Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you: In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her shew: and in time, (when
She had fitted you with her craft,) to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious,
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other Roman prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS behind, and IMOGEN.

'Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
'The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,
'That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cold, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus; that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: suffice it,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't: And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; My boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true.
So feat⁵, so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
'Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him;
His favour is familiar⁶ to me:—
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, live, boy⁷: ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
'The noblest ta'en.

⁵ *So feat,—*] So ready; so dextrous in waiting. JOHNSON.
See p. 6, n. 6. MALONE.

⁶ *His favour is familiar—*] I am acquainted with his countenance. JOHNSON.

⁷ —*I know not why, nor wherefore,*
To say, live, boy:] I know not what should induce me to say, live,
boy. The word *nor* was inserted by Mr. Rowe. The late editions have
given—I say, &c. MALONE.

Imo.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad ;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no ; alack,
'There's other work in hand ; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death : your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me : Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd ?

Cym. What would'st thou, boy ?
I love thee more and more ; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on ? speak,
Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? thy friend ?

Imo. He is a Roman ; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness ; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so ?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart.
And lend my best attention. What's thy name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page ;
I'll be thy master : Walk with me ; speak freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death ?

Arv. One fand another
Not more resembles : That sweet rosy-lad,
Who dy'd, and was Fidele :—What think you ?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace ! see further ; he eyes us not ; forbear ;

Creatures may be alike : were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent ; let's see further.

Pis. It is my mistress :

[*Aside.*]

Since she is living, let the time run on,

To good, or bad. [Cym. and Imogen come forward.]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side ;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [*to Iach.*] step you forth ;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely ;

Or,

Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falshood.—On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him?

[*Aside.*

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours;

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which
Torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel:
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may grieve
thee,

As it doth me,) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember*,—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O, 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthumus,
(What should I say? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Among'st the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature⁹; for condition,

A shop

* *Quail to remember,*] To *quail* is to sink into dejection. The word is common to many authors. So, in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584:
"She cannot *quail* me if she come in likeness of the great Devil."

STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,

Postures

A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye:—

Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Posthumus,
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
'That had a royal lover,) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue,) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking fots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her, as Dian * had hot dreams,

* *Postures beyond brief nature*;] *Feature* for proportion of parts, which
Mr. Theobald not understanding, would alter to *statue*.

—— for feature, laming

The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature;—

i. e. The ancient statues of Venus and Minerva, which excelled, in
beauty of exact proportion, any living bodies, the work of *brief nature*;
i. e. of hasty, unelaborate nature, careless as to the elegance of form,
in respect of *art*, which uses peculiar address to arrive at perfection. He
gives the same character of the beauty of the antique in *Antony and
Cleopatra*:

“ O'er picturing that Venus where we see

“ *The fancy cut-work nature.*”

It appears, from a number of such passages as these, that our author was
not ignorant of the fine arts. WAREBURY.

I cannot help adding, that passages of this kind are but weak proofs
that our poet was conversant with what we call at present *the fine arts*.
The pantheons of his own age (several of which I have seen) afford a
most minute and particular account of the different degrees of beauty
imputed to the different deities; and as Shakspeare had at least an oppor-
tunity of reading Chapman's translation of *Homer*, the first part of which
was published in 1596, with additions in 1598, and entire in 1611, he
might have taken these ideas from thence, without being at all indebted
to his own particular observation, or acquaintance with statuary and paint-
ing. It is surely more for his honour to remark how well he has em-
ployed the little knowledge he appears to have had of sculpture or mytho-
logy, than from his frequent allusions to them to suppose he was inti-
mately acquainted with either. STEEVENS.

* — as *Dian*—] i. e. as if Dian. So, in the *Winter's Tale*: “ — he
utters them as he had eaten ballads.” MALONE.

And

And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!
 Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
 Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
 Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
 In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
 By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
 No less of her honour confident
 Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
 And would so, had it been a carbuncle¹
 Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
 Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
 Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,
 Remember me at court, where I was taught
 Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
 'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus queach'd
 Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
 'Gan in your duller Britain operate
 Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
 And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
 That I return'd with simular proof enough
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,
 By wounding his belief in her renown
 With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes²
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
 (O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
 Of secret on her person, that he could not
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
 I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
 Methinks, I see him now,—

Post. Ay, so thou dost, [coming forward.
 Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,
 To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 Some upright justicer³! Thou, king, send out

¹ —a carbuncle, &c.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled

“Like Phœbus' char.”—STEEVENS.

² —averring notes] Such marks of the chamber and pictures, as averred or confirmed my report. JOHNSON.

³ Some upright justicer!] I meet with this antiquated word in *The Tragedy of Darius*, 1603:

“———this day,

“Th' eternal justicer sees through the stars.”

Again, in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608:

“No: we must have an upright justicer.” STEEVENS.

For torturers ingenious : it is I
 That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
 By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
 That kill'd thy daughter :—villain-like, I lie ;
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't :—the temple
 Of virtue was she ; yea, and she herself ⁴.
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
 The dogs o' the street to bay me : every villain
 Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus ; and
 Be villainy less than 'twas !—O Imogen !
 My queen, my life, my wife ! O Imogen,
 Imogen, Imogen !

Imo. Peace, my lord ; hear, hear—

Post. Shall's have a play of this ? Thou scornful page,
 There lie thy part. [*Striking her : she falls.*]

Pis. O, gentlemen, help
 Mine, and your mistress :—O, my lord Posthumus !
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now :—Help, help !—
 Mine honour'd lady !

Cym. Does the world go round ?

Post. How come these staggers ⁵ on me ?

Pis. Wake, my mistress !

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
 To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress ?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight ;
 Thou gav'st me poison : dangerous fellow, hence !
 Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen !

Pis. Lady,
 The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
 That box I gave you was not thought by me
 A precious thing ; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still ?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods !—

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
 Which must approve thee honest : If Pisanio
 Have, said she, given his mistress that confession

⁴ — and *she herself*.] That is, She was not only *the temple of virtue*,
 but *virtue herself*. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *these staggers*.] This wild and delirious perturbation. *Staggers*
 is the horse's apoplexy. JOHNSON.

Which

Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.

Gui. This is sure Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think, that you are upon a rock⁶; and now
Throw me again. *[embracing him.]*

Poff. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard⁷ in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, sir. *[kneeling.]*

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame you not?
You had a motive for't. *[to Guiderius and Arviragus.]*

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

⁶ *Think, that you are upon a rock;*] In this speech, or in the answer, there is little meaning. I suppose, she would say, Consider such another act as equally fatal to me with precipitation from a rock, and now let me see whether you will repeat it. JOHNSON.

Perhaps only a stage-direction is wanting to clear this passage from obscurity. Imogen first upbraids her husband for the violent treatment she had just experienced; then confident of the return of passion which she knew must succeed to the discovery of her innocence, the poet might have meant her to rush into his arms, and while she clung about him fast, to dare him to throw her off a second time, lest that precipitation should prove as fatal to them both, as if the place where they stood had been a rock. To which he replies, *hang there*, i. e. round my neck, till the frame that now supports you shall decay. STEEVENS.

⁷ — a dullard—] In this place means a person stupidly unconcern'd. So, in *Histrionastix, or the Player whipt*, 1610:

“What dullard! would'st thou doat in rusty art?” STEEVENS.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely: But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,

Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him*
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:

I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend!

I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head:
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee[†]:

By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man

I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,

And take him from our presence.

* — *which directed him*—] Which led or induced him. MALONE.

† *I am sorry for thee*:] The old copy has—I am *forrow* for thee. This obvious error of the press (which was corrected in the second folio) adds support to Mr. Steevens's emendation of a passage in *Much ado about nothing*. MALONE.

Bel. Stay, fir king :

This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone; [to the guard.
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath⁹? How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three :

But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For my own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then.—

By leave;—Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assumed this age¹: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot;
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

⁹ By tasting of our wrath?] The consequence is taken for the whole action; by tasting is by forcing us to make thee taste. JOHNSON.

¹ Assum'd this age:] I believe is the same as reach'd or attain'd this age. STEEVENS.

As there is no reason to imagine that Belarius had assumed the appearance of being older than he really was, I suspect that, instead of *age*, we ought to read *gage*; so that he may be understood to refer to the engagement, which he had entered into, a few lines before, in these words:

“ — We will die all three ;

“ But I will prove that two of us are as good

“ As I have given out him.” TYRWHITT.

Bel. I am too blunt, and faucy : Here's my knee ;
 Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons ;
 Then, spare not the old father. Mighty fir,
 These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
 And think they are my sons, are none of mine ;
 They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
 And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How ! my issue ?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
 Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd :
 Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment
 Itself, and all my treason² ; that I suffer'd,
 Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
 (For such, and so they are,) these twenty years
 Have I train'd up : those arts they have, as I
 Could put into them ; my breeding was, fir, as
 Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
 Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
 Upon my banishment : I mov'd her to't ;
 Having receiv'd the punishment before,
 For that which I did then : Beaten for loyalty
 Excited me to treason : Their dear loss,
 The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
 Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious fir,
 Here are your sons again ; and I must lose
 Two of the sweet'st companions in the world :—
 The benediction of these covering heavens
 Fall on their heads like dew ! for they are worthy
 To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st³.
 The service, that you three have done, is more
 Unlike than this thou tell'st : I lost my children ;
 If these be they, I know not how to wish
 A pair of worthier sons.

² *Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment*

Itself, and all my treason ;] My crime, my punishment, and all the treason that I committed, originated in, and were founded on, your caprice only. Mr. Tyrwhitt, with great probability, conjectured that Shakspeare wrote—my mere offence, which was formerly spelt *meere*. The word in the old copy is *neere*. MALONE.

³ *Thou weep'st and speak'st, &c.*] "Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation ; and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate." The king reasons very justly. JOHNSON.

Bel.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—

This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius :
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son ; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star ;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he ;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp :
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three ? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more :—Blest may you be⁴,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now !—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord ;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met ? O never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker : you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister ; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed⁵.

Cym. Did you e'er meet ?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd ;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct !

⁴ — may you be,] The old copy reads—pray you be. STEEVENS.
The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁵ When you were so, indeed.] The folio gives :
When we were so, indeed.

If this be right, we must read :

Imo. I, you brothers.

Arv. When we were so, indeed. JOHNSON.

The emendation which has been adopted, was made by Mr. Rowe.
I am not sure that it is necessary. Shakspeare in his licentious manner
might have meant,—“ when we did really stand in the relation of brother
and sister to each other.” MALONE.

When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgement⁶
 Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
 Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
 And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
 How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
 Why fled you from the court? and whither?⁷ These,
 And your three motives to the battle⁸, with
 I know not how much more, should be demanded;
 And all the other by-dependencies,
 From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
 Will serve our long intergatories⁹. See,
 Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
 And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
 On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
 Each object with a joy; the counter-change
 Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
 And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
 'Thou art my brother; So we'll hold thee ever. [*to Belarius.*]

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
 To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'er-joy'd,
 Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
 For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
 I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
 He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
 The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
 The soldier that did company these three
 In poor befeeming; 'twas a fitment for
 The purpose I then follow'd;—That I was he,

⁶ — *fierce abridgement*] *Fierce*, is *vehement*, *rapid*. JOHNSON.
 So, in *Timon of Athens* :

“ Oh, the *fierce* wretchedness that glory brings !” STEEVENS.

⁷ — *and whither?*] Old copy—*whether*. The correction was made
 by Mr. Theobald, who likewise reformed the pointing. MALONE.

⁸ *And your three motives to the battle,—*] i. e. the motives of you
 three for engaging in the battle. MASON.

⁹ — *our long intergatories.*] The old copy has—*interrogatories*. But
 the metre, as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed, shews that Shakspeare meant
 the word should be pronounced here as he has written in other places,
intergatories. MALONE.

Speak,

Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again:

But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee, [*kneels.*]
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Poff. Kneel not to me:

The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:

We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, fir,

As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Poff. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews⁹
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it¹: let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,—

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [*reads.*] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself
unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece
of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt*

⁹ — [*sprightly shews*—] are ghostly appearances. STEEVENS.

¹ *Make no collection of it:* A collection is a corollary, a consequence deduced from premises. So, in Sir John Davies's poem on *The Immortality of the Soul*:

"When she, from sundry arts, one skill doth draw;

"Gath'ring from divers fights, one act of war;

"From many cases like, one rule of law:

"These her collections, not the senses are." STEEVENS.

So, the Queen says in *Hamlet*:

"—her speech is nothing,

"Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

"The hearers to collection."

Whose containing means, the contents of which. MASON.

branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter, [to Cym.
Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*: which *mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unfought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopt branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestick cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,

My peace we will begin²:—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her, and hers,)
Have lay'd most heavy hand³.

Sooth.

² *My peace we will begin*:—] I think it better to read:

By peace we will begin.— JOHNSON.

³ *Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her, and hers,) Have lay'd most heavy hand.*] i. e. have lay'd most heavy hand

on. Thus the old copy, and thus Shakspeare certainly wrote, many such elliptical expressions being found in his works. So, in the *Rape of Lucretia*:

“ Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,

“ And dotes on whom he looks [on], 'gainst law and duty.”

Again, in *K. Richard III.*:

“ Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,

“ Which after hours give leisure to repent [of].”

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

“ ——— even as bad as those,

“ That vulgars give boldest titles [to].”

Again, *ibidem*:

“ ——— The

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle⁴, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd: For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which fore-shew'd, our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there:—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace⁵.

[*Exeunt*]

“ — The queen is spotless

“ In that *which* you accuse her [*of*].”

Again, in *K. Henry VIII.*

“ — *whoever* the king removes,

“ The cardinal instantly will find employment [*for*].”

Again, in *Othello*:

“ What conjurations and what mighty magick

“ I won his daughter [*with*].”

Mr. Pope, instead of the lines in the text, substituted—

On whom heaven's justice (both on her and here)

Hath lay'd most heavy hand.

and this capricious alteration was adopted by all the subsequent editors.

MALONE.

⁴ — this yet *scarce-cold battle*,] Old copy—yet *this*, &c. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁵ This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expence of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names, and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation. JOHNSON.

A book entitled *Westward for Smelts, or the Waterman's fare of mad Merry Western Wenches, whose Tongues albeit, like Bell-clappers, they never leave ringing, yet their Tales are sweet, and will much content you* &c. Written by kinde Kitt of Kingstene,—was published at London in 1603;

and again, in 1620. To the second tale in that volume Shakspeare seems to have been indebted for two or three of the circumstances of *Cymbeline*. [See p. 3, n. 1.] It is told by the Fishwife of *Stand on the Green*, and is as follows:

"In the troublesome raigne of king Henry the Sixt, there dwelt in Waltam (not farre from London) a gentleman, which had to wife a creature most beautifull, so that in her time there were few found that matched her, none at all that excelled her; so excellent were the gifts that nature had bestowed on her. In body was she not onely so rare and unpareled, but also in her gifts of minde, so that in this creature it seemed that Grace and Nature strove who should excell each other in their gifts toward her. The gentleman, her husband, thought himself so happy in his chiefe, that he believed, in choosing her, he had tooke holde of that blessing which Heaven proffereth every man once in his life. Long did not this opinion hold for current; for in his height of love he began so to hate her, that he sought her death: the cause I will tell you.

"Having businesse one day to London, he tooke his leave very kindly of his wife, and, accompanied with one man, he rode to Londnn: being toward night, he toke up his inne, and to be brieft, he went to supper amongst other gentlemen. Amongst other talke at table, one tooke occasion to speake of women, and what excellent creatures they were, so long as they continued loyal to man. To whom answered one, saying, 'This is truth, sir; so is the divell good so long as he doth no harme, which is meaner: his goodnes and women's loyalty will come both in one yeere; but it is so farre off, that none in this age shall live to see it.

"This gentleman loving his wife dearly, and knowing her to be free from this uncivill generall taxation of women, in her behalf, said, Sir, you are too bitter against the sexe of women, and doe ill, for some one's sake that hath proved false to you, to taxe the generalitie of women-kinde with lightnesse; and but I would not be counted uncivill amongst these gentlemen, I would give you the reply that approved untruth deserveth:—you know my meaning, sir; construe my words as you please. Excuse me, gentlemen, if I be uncivil; I answer in the behalfe of one who is as free from disloyaltie as is the sunne from darknes, or the fire from cold. Pray, sir, said the other, since wee are opposite in opinions, let us rather talke like lawyers, that wee may be quickly friends againe, than like souldiers, which end their words with blows. Perhaps this woman that you answer for, is chaste, but yet against her will; for many women are honest, 'cause they have not the meanes and opportunitie to be dishonest; so is a thief true in prison, because he hath nothing to steale. Had I but opportunitie and knew this same saint you so adore, I would pawne my life and whole estate, in a short while to bring you some manifest token of her disloyaltie. Sir, you are young in the knowledge of women's flights; your want of experience makes you too credulous: therefore be not abused. This speerch of his made the gentleman more out of patience than before, so that with much adoe he held himselfe from offering violence; but his anger being a little over, he said,—Sir, I doe verily beleeeve that this vaine speech of yours proceedeth rather from a loose and ill-manner'd minde, than of any experience you have had of women's looseness: and since you think yourselfe so cunning in that divellish art of corrupting women's chastitie, I will lay down here a hundred pounds, against which you shall lay fifty pounds, and before these gentlemen I promise you, if that within a month's space you bring me any token of this gentlewoman's disloyaltie, (for whose sake I have spoken

spoken in the behalfe of all women,) I doe freely give you leave to enjoy the same; conditionally, you not performing it, I may enjoy your money. If that it be a match, speake, and I will acquaint you where she dwelleth: and besides I vow, as I am a gentleman, not to give her notice of any such intent that is toward her. Sir, quoth the man, your proffer is faire, and I accept the same. So the money was delivered in the naft of the house his hands, and the sitters by were witnesses; so drinking together like friends, they went every man to his chamber. The next day this man, having knowledge of the place, rid thither, leaving the gentleman at the inne, who being assured of his wife's chastite, made no other account but to winne the wager; but it fell out otherwise: for the other vowed either by force, policie, or free will, to get some jewell or other toy from her, which was enough to persuade the gentleman that he was a cuckold, and win the wager he had laid. This villaine (for hee deserved no better stile) lay at Waltam a whole day before he came to the sight of her; at last he espied her in the fields, to whom he went, and kissed her (a thing no modest woman can deny); after his salutation, he said, Gentlewoman, I pray, pardon me, if I have beene too bold: I was intreated by your husband, which is at London, (I riding this way) to come and see you; by me he hath sent his commends to you, with a kind-intreat that you would not be discontented for his long absence, it being serious business that keeps him from your sight. The gentlewoman very modestlie bade him welcome, thanking him for his kindnes; withall telling him that her husband might command her patience so long as he pleased. Then intreated shee him to walke homeward, where she gave him such entertainment as was fit for a gentleman, and her husband's friend.

" In the time of his abiding at her house, he oft would have singled her in private talke, but she perceiving the same, (knowing it to be a thing not fitting a modest woman,) would never come in his sight but at meales, and then were there so many at board, that it was no time for to talke of love-matters: therefore he saw he must accomplish his desire some other way; which he did in this manner. He having laine two nights at her house, and perceiving her to bee free from lustful desires, the third night he fained himselfe to bee something ill, and so went to bed timelier than he was wont. When he was alone in his chamber, he began to thinke with himselfe that it was now time to do that which he determined: for if he tarried any longer, they might have cause to thinke that he came for some ill intent, and waited opportunity to execute the same: therefore he resolved to doe something that night, that might win him the wager, or utterly bring him in despaire of the same. With this resolution he went to her chamber, which was but a pale of staires from his, and finding the doore open, he went in, placing himself under the bed. Long had he not lyne there, but in came the gentlewoman with her maiden; who, having been at prayers with her household, was going to bed. She preparing herselfe to bedward, laid her head-tyre and those jewels she wore, on a little table thereby: at length he perceived her to put off a little crucifix of gold, which dayly she wore next to her heart; this jewell he thought fittest for his turne, and therefore observed where she did lay the same.

" At length the gentlewoman, having untired her selfe, went to bed; her maid then bolting of the doore, tooke the candle, and went to bed in a withdrawing roome, onely separated with arras. This villaine lay still under the bed, listning if hee could heare that the gentlewoman slept at

at length he might hear her draw her breath long; then thought hee all sure, and like a cunning villaine rose without noife, going straight to the table, where finding of the crucifix, he lightly went to the doore, which he cunningly unbolted: all this performed he with so little noife, that neither the mistress nor the maid heard him. Having gotten into his chamber, he wished for day that he might carry this jewell to her husband, as signe of his wife's disloyaltie; but seeing his wishes but in vaine, he laid him downe to sleepe: happy had she beene, had his bed proved his grave.

"In the morning so soone as the folkes were stirring, he rose and went to the horse-keeper, praying him to helpe him to his horse, telling him that he had tooke his leave of his mistress the last night. Mounting his horse, away rode he to London, leaving the gentlewoman in bed; who, when she rose, attiring herselfe hastily, ('cause one tarried to speake with her,) missed not her crucifix. So passed she the time away, as she was wont other dayes to doe, no whit troubled in minde, though much sorrow was toward her; onely she seemed a little discontented that her ghest went away so unmannerly, she using him so kindly. So leaving her, I will speake of him, who the next morning was betimes at London; and coming to the inne, hee asked for the gentleman who was then in bed, but he quickly came down to him; who seeing him returned so suddenly, hee thought hee came to have leave to release himselfe of his wager; but this chanced otherwise, for having saluted him, he said in this manner:—Sir, did not I tell you that you were too yong in experience of women's subtilties, and that no woman was longer good than till she had cause, or time to do ill? This you believed not; and thought it a thing so unlikely, that you have given me a hundred pounds for the knowledge of it. In brief, know, your wife is a woman, and therefore a wanton, a changeling:—to confirm that I speake, see here (shewing him the crucifix); know you this? If this be not sufficient prooffe, I will fetch you more.

"At the sight of this, his blood left his face, running to comfort his faint heart, which was ready to breake at the sight of this crucifix, which he knew she alwayes wore next her heart; and therefore he must (as he thought) goe something neere, which stole so private a jewell. But remembering himselfe, he cheeres his spirits, seeing that was sufficient prooffe, and he had wonne the wager, which he commanded should be given to him. Thus was the poore gentleman abused, who went into his chamber, and being weary of this world, (seeing where he had put onely his trust he was deceived,) he was minded to fall upon his sword, and so end all his miseries at once: but his better genius perswaded him contrary, and not so, by laying violent hand on himselfe, to leap into the divel's mouth. Thus being in many mindes, but resolving no one thing, at last he concluded to punish her with death, which had deceived his trust, and himselfe utterly to forsake his house and lands, and follow the fortunes of king Henry. To this intent, he called his man, to whom he said,—George, thou knowest I have ever held thee deare, making more account of thee than thy other fellowes; and thou hast often told me that thou diddest owe thy life to me, which at any time thou wouldest be ready to render up to doe me good. True, sir, answered his man, I said no more then, than I will now at any time, whensoever you please, performe. I believe thee, George, replied he; but there is no such need: I onely would have thee doe a thing for me, in which is no great danger; yet the profit which thou shalt have thereby shall amount to my wealth. For the
love

love that thou bearest to me, and for thy own good, wilt thou do this? Sir, answered George, more for your love than any reward, I will doe it, (and yet money makes many men valiant,) pray tell me what it is? George, said his master, this it is; thou must goe home, praying thy mistress to meet me halfe the way to London; but having her by the way, in some private place kill her: I mean as I speake, kill her, I say; this is my command, which thou hast promised to performe; which if thou performest not, I vow to kill thee the next time thou comest in my sight. Now for thy reward, it shall be this:—Take my ring, and when thou hast done my command, by virtue of it, doe thou assume my place till my returne, at which time thou shalt know what my reward is; till then govern my whole estate, and for thy mistress' absence and my own, make what excuse thou please; so be gone. Well, sir, said George, since it is your will, though unwillingly I am to do it, yet I will performe it. So went he his way toward Wiltam; and his master presently rid to the court, where hee abode with king Henry, who a little before was enlarged by the earle of Warwicke, and placed in the throne againe.

“George being come to Wiltam, did his dutie to his mistress, who wondered to see him, and not her husband, for whom she demanded of George; he answered her, that he was at Enfield, and did request her to meet him there. To which shee willingly agreed, and presently rode with him toward Enfield. At length, they being come into a by-way, George began to speake to her in this manner: Mistress, I pray you tell me, what that wife deserves, who through some lewd behaviour of hers hath made her husband to neglect his estates, and meanes of life, seeking by all meanes to dye, that he might be free from the shame which her wickednesse hath purchased him? Why, George, quoth shee, hast thou met with some such creature? Be it whomssoever, might I be her judge, I thinke her worthy of death. How thinkest thou? Faith mistress, said he, I think so too, and am so fully perswaded that her offence deserves that punishment, that I purpose to be executioner to such a one myselfe: Mistress, you are this woman; you have so offended my master, (you know best, how, yourselfe,) that he hath left his house, vowing never to see the same till you be dead, and I am the man appointed by him to kill you. Therefore those words which you mean to utter, speake them presently, for I cannot stay. Poor gentlewoman, at the report of these unkinde words (ill deserved at her hands) she looked as one dead, and uttering abundance of teares, she at last spake these words: And can it be, that my kindnes and loving obedience hath merited no other reward at his hands than death? It cannot be. I know thou onely tryest me, how patiently I would endure such an unjust command. I'll tell thee heere, thus with body prostrate on the earth, and hands lift up to heaven, I would pray for his preservation; those should be my worst words: for death's fearful visage shewes pleasant to that soule that is innocent. Why then prepare yourselfe, said George, for by heaven I doe not jest. With that she prayed him stay, saying,—And is it so? Then what should I desire to live, having lost his favour, (and without offence) whom I so dearly loved, and in whose sight my happinesse did consist? Come, let me die. Yet George, let me have so much favour at thy hands, as to commend me in these few words to him: Tell him, my death I willingly imbrace, for I have owed him my life (yet no otherwise but by a wife's obedience) ever since I called him husband; but that I am guilty of the least fault toward him, I utterly deny; and doe, at this hour of my death, desire that Heaven would pour down vengeance upon me, if ever I of-
fended

fended him in thought. Intreat him that he would not speake aught that were ill on mee, when I am dead, for in good troth I have deserved none. 'Pray Heaven blesse him; I am prepared now, strike pr'ythee home, and kill me and my griefes at once.

"George, seeing this, could not with-hold himselfe from shedding teares, and with pitie he let fall his sword, saying,—Mistris, that I have used you so roughly, pray pardon me, for I was commanded so by my master, who hath vowed, if I let you live, to kill me. But I being perswaded that you are innocent, I will rather undergoe the danger of his wrath than to staine my hands with the blood of your cleere and spotlesse brest: yet let me intreat you so much, that you would not come in his sight, lest in his rage he turne your butcher, but live in some disguise, till time have opened the cause of his mistrust, and shewed you guiltlesse; which, I hope, will not be long.

"To this she willingly granted, being loth to die causelesse, and thanked him for his kindnesse; so parted they both, having teares in their eyes. George went home, where he shewed his master's ring, for the government of the house till his master and mistris returne, which he said lived a while at London, 'cause the time was so troublesome, and that was a place where they were more secure than in the country. This his fellowes believed, and were obedient to his will; amongst whom hee used himselfe so kindly that he had all their loves. This poore gentlewoman (mistris of the house) in short time got man's apparell for her disguise; so wandered she up and downe the countrey, for she could get no service, because the time was so dangerous that no man knew whom he might trust: onely she maintained herselfe with the price of those jewels which she had, all which she sold. At the last, being quite out of money, and having nothing left (which she could well spare) to make money of, she resolved rather to starve than so much to debase herselfe to become a beggar. With this resolution she went to a solitary place beside Yorke, where she lived the space of two dayes on hearbs, and such things as she could there finde.

"In this time it chanced that king Edward, being come out of France, and lying thereabout with the small forces hee had, came that way with some two or three noblemen, with an intent to discover if any ambushes were laid to take him at an advantage. He seeing there this gentlewoman, whom he supposed to be a boy, asked her what she was, and what she made there in that private place? To whom shee very wisely and modestly withall, answered, that she was a poore boy, whose bringing up had bin better than her outward parts then shewed, but at that time she was both friendlesse and comfortlesse, by reason of the late warre. He being moved to see one so well featured as she was, to want, entertained her for one of his pages; to whom she shewed herselfe so dutifull and loving, that in short time she had his love above all her fellows. Still followed she the fortunes of K. Edward, hoping at last (as not long after it did fall out) to be reconciled to her husband.

"After the battell at Barnet, where K. Edward got the best, she going up and downe amongst the slaine men, to know whether her husband, which was on K. Henrie's side, was dead or escaped, happened to see the other who had been her ghest, lying there for dead. She remembering him, and thinking him to be one whom her husband loved, went to him, and finding him not dead, she caused one to helpe her with him to a house there-by; where opening his brest to dresse his wounds, she espied her crucifix, at sight of which her heart was joyfull, hoping by this

this to find him that was the originall of her disgrace: for the remembering herselfe, found that she had lost that crucifix ever since that morning he departed from her house so suddenly. But saying nothing of it at that time, she caused him to be carefully looked unto, and brought up to London after her, whither she went with the king, carrying the crucifix with her.

On a time, when he was a little recovered, she went to him, giving him the crucifix which she had taken from about his necke; to whom he said, "Good gentle youth, keep the same; for now in my misery of sicknes, when the sight of that picture should be most comfortable, it is to me most uncomfortable; and breedeth such horror in my conscience, when I think how wrongfully I got the same, that so long as I see it I shall never be in rest. Now know she that he was the man that caused the separation 'twixt her husband and her selfe; yet said she nothing, using him as respectfully as she had before: onely she caused the man in whose house he lay, to remember the words he had spoken concerning the crucifix. Not long after, she being alone, attending on the king, beseeched his grace to doe her justice on a villain that had bin the cause of all the misery she had suffered. He loving her, above all his other pages, most dearly, said, "Edmund, (for so she had named herselfe,) thou shalt have what right thou wilt on thy enemy; cause him to be sent for, and I will be thy judge my selfe." She being glad of this, with the king's authority sent for her husband, whom she heard was one of the prisoners that was taken at the battel of Barnet; she appointing the other, now recovered, to be at the court the same time. They being both come, but not one seeing of the other, the king sent for the wounded man into the presence; before whom the page asked how he came by the crucifix. He fearing that his villainy would come forth, denied the words he had said before his oast, affirming he bought it. With that, she called in the oast of the house where he lay, bidding him boldly speake what he had heard this man say concerning the crucifix. The oast then told the king, that in the presence of this page he heard him intreat that the crucifix might be taken from his sight, for it did wound his conscience, to thinke how wrongfully he had gotten the same. These words did the page averre; yet he utterly denied the same, affirming that he bought it, and if that he did speake such words in his sicknesse, they proceeded from the lightnesse of his braine, and were untruthes.

"She seeing this villain's impudency, sent for her husband in, to whom she shewed the crucifix, saying, Sir, doe you know this? Yea, answered hee, but would God I ne're had knowe the owner of it! It was my wife's, a woman-virtuous, till this divill (speaking to the other) did corrupt her purity,—who brought me this crucifix as a token of her inconstancie.

"With that the king said, Sirra, now are you found to be a knave. Did you not, even now, affirme you bought it? To whom he answered with fearfull countenance, And it like your grace, I said so, to preserve this gentleman's honour, and his wife's, which by my telling of the truth, would have been much indamaged; for indeed she, being a secret friend of mine, gave me this as a testimony of her love.

"The gentlewoman, not being able longer to cover her selfe in that disguise, said, "And it like your majesty, give mee leave to speake, and you shall see me make this villain confesse how he hath abused that good gentleman. The king having given her leave, she said, "First, sir, you confessed before your oast and my selfe, that you had wrongfully
got

got this jewell; then before his majestie you affirmed you bought it; so denying your former words: Now you have denied that which you so boldly affirmed before, and said it was this gentleman's wife's gift. With his majestie's leave I say, thou art a villaine, and this is likewise false." With that she discovered her selfe to be a woman, saying—"Hadst thou, villaine, ever any strumpet's favour at my hands? Did I, for any sinfull pleasure I received from thee, bestow this on thee? Speake, and if thou have any goodnes left in thee, speak the truth."

"With that, he being daunted at her sudden sight, fell on his knees before the king, beseeching his grace to be mercifull unto him, for he had wronged that gentlewoman. Therewith told he the king of the match betweene the gentleman and him selfe, and how he stole the crucifix from her, and by that meanes perswaded her husband that she was a whore. The king wondered how he durst, knowing God to be just, commit so great a villainy; but much more admired he to see his page to turn a gentlewoman. But ceasing to admire, he said—"Sir, (speaking to her husband,) you did the part of an unwise man to lay so foolish a wager, for which offence the remembrance of your folly is punishment inough; but seeing it concerns me not, your wife shall be your judge." With that *Mrs. Dorrill*, thanking his majestie, went to her husband, saying, "Sir, all my anger to you I lay down with this kisse." He wondering all this while to see this strange and unlooked-for change, wept for joy, desiring her to tell him how she was preserved; wherein she satisfied him at full. The king was likewise glad that he had preserved this gentlewoman from wilfull famine, and gave judgment on the other in this manner:—That he should restore the money treble which he had wrongfully got from him; and so was to have a yeere's imprisonment. So this gentleman and his wife went, with the king's leave, lovingly home, where they were kindly welcomed by George, to whom for recompence he gave the money which he received: so lived they after in great content."

MALONE.

A SONG,

A SONG, sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over Fidele,
supposed to be dead.

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

1.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village binds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rife all the breathing spring.

2.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

3.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

4.

The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

5.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

6.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed:
Belov'd, till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.



K I N G L E A R.

Persons Represented.

Lear, King of Britain.

King of France.

Duke of Burgundy.

Duke of Cornwall.

Duke of Albany.

Earl of Kent.

Earl of Gloster.

Edgar, Son to Gloster.

Edmund, Bastard Son to Gloster.

Curan, a Courtier.

Old Man, Tenant to Gloster.

Physician.

Fool.

Oswald, Steward to Goneril.

An Officer, employed by Edmund.

Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.

A Herald.

Servants to Cornwall.

Goneril,
Regan,
Cordelia, } *Daughters to Lear.*

*Knights, attending on the King, Officers, Messengers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*

S C E N E, Britain.

K I N G L E A R.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room of state in King Lear's Palace.

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I thought, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo.

¹ The story of this tragedy had found its way into many ballads and other metrical pieces; yet Shakspeare seems to have been more indebted to the *True Chronicle History of King Leir and his Three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordelli*, 1605, (which I have already published at the end of a collection of the quarto copies,) than to all the other performances together. It appears from the books at Stationers' Hall, that some play on this subject was entered by Edward White, May 14, 1594. "A booke entituled, *The moste famous Chronicle Hystorie of Leire King of England, and his three Daughters.*" A piece with the same title is entered again, May 8, 1605; and again Nov. 26, 1607. See the extracts from these Entries at the end of the Prefaces, &c. From *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1587, Shakspeare has, however, taken the hint for the behaviour of the Steward, and the reply of Cordelia to her father concerning her future marriage. The episode of Gloster and his sons must have been borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, as I have not found the least trace of it in any other work. I have referred to these pieces, whenever our author seems more immediately to have followed them, in the course of my notes on the play. For the first *King Lear*, see likewise *Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. published for S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross.

The reader will also find the story of *King Lear*, in the second book and the 10th canto of Spenser's *Faery Queen*, and in the 15th chapter of the third book of Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602.

The whole of this play, however, could not have been written till after 1603. Harfnet's pamphlet to which it contains so many references, (as will appear in the notes) was not published till that year.

STEVENS.

Camden, in his *Remains*, (p. 306, edit. 1674.) tells a similar story to this of *Leir* or *Lear*, of Ina king of the West Saxons; which, if the thing ever happened, probably was the real origin of the fable. See under the head of *Wife Speeches*. PRACY.

The story told by Camden in his *Remains*, 4to. 1605, is this:

"Ina, king of West Saxons, had three daughters, of whom upon a time he demanded whether they did love him, and so would do during their lives, above all other; the two elder swore deeply they would; the youngest, but the wisest, told her father flatly, without flattery, that albeit she did love, honour, and reverence him, and so would whilst she lived, as much as nature and daughter by dutie at the uttermost could expect,

Glo. It did always seem so to us : but now, in the division of the kingdom², it appears not which of the dukes he values most ; for equalities are so weigh'd³, that curiosity in neither⁴ can make choice of either's moiety⁵.

Kent.

peet, yet she did think that one day it would come to passe that she should affect another more fervently, meaning her husband, when she were married ; who being made one flesh with her, as God by commandement had told, and nature had taught her, she was to cleave fast to, forsaking father and mother, kisse and kinne. [Anonymous.] One referreth this to the daughters of king Leir."

It is, I think, more probable that Shakspeare had this passage in his thoughts, when he wrote Cordelia's reply concerning her future marriage, than *The Mirror for Magistrates*, as Camden's book was published recently before he appears to have composed this play, and that portion of it which is entitled *Wife Speeches*, where the foregoing passage is found, furnished him with a hint in *Coriolanus*.

The story of King Leir and his three daughters was originally told by Geoffrey of Monmouth, from whom Holinshed transcribed it ; and in his Chronicle Shakspeare had certainly read it, as it occurs not far from that of *Cymbeline* ; though the old play on the same subject probably first suggested to him the idea of making it the ground-work of a tragedy.

Geoffrey of Monmouth says, that Leir, who was the eldest son of Bladud, " nobly governed his country for sixty years." According to that historian, he died about 800 years before the birth of Christ.

The name of Leir's youngest daughter, which in Geoffrey's history, in Holinshed, *The Mirror for Magistrates*, and the old anonymous play, is *Cordilla*, *Cordila*, or *Cordella*, Shakspeare found softened into *Cordelia* by Spenser in his Second Book, Canto X. The names of Edgar and Edmund were probably suggested by Holinshed. See his *Chronicle*, Vol. I. p. 122 : " Edgar, the son of Edmund, brother of Athelstan," &c.

This tragedy, I believe, was written in 1605. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I.

As the episode of Gloucester and his sons is undoubtedly formed on the story of the blind king of Paphlagonia in Sidney's *Arcadia*, I shall subjoin it, at the end of the play. MALONE.

² — *in the division of the kingdom,*] There is something of obscurity or inaccuracy in this preparatory scene. The king has already divided his kingdom, and yet when he enters he examines his daughters, to discover in what proportions he should divide it. Perhaps Kent and Gloucester only were privy to his design, which he still kept in his own hands, to be changed or performed as subsequent reasons should determine him. JOHNSON.

³ — *equalities,*] So, the first quartos ; the folio reads—*qualities*.

JOHNSON.

Either may serve ; but of the former I find an instance in the *Flower of Friendship*, 1568 : " After this match made, and equalities considered," &c. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *that curiosity in neither*—] *Curiosity* is scrupulousness, or captiousness. So, in the *Taming of a Shrew*, Act IV. sc. iv.

" For curious I cannot be with you." STEEVENS.

⁵ — *of either's moiety.*] The strict sense of the word *moiety* is *half*, one of two equal parts ; but Shakspeare commonly uses it for any part or division.

" Methinks

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot with the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper*.

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this⁶, who yet is no dearer in my account; though this knave came somewhat faucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again:—The king is coming. [*Trumpets sound within.*]

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER, and EDMUND.*]

"Methinks my moiety north from Burton here,

"In quantity equals not one of yours:"

and here the *division* was into three parts. STEEVENS.

Heywood likewise uses the word *moiety* as synonymous to *any part or portion*. "I would unwillingly part with the *greatest moiety* of my own means and fortunes." *Hist. of Women*, 1624. MALONE.

* — *being so proper.*] i. e. handsome. MALONE.

⁶ — *son a year elder than this,*] Some year, is an expression used when we speak indefinitely. STEEVENS.

Lear.

Lear. Mean time we shall express our darker purpose⁷.
 The map there⁸.—Know, that we have divided,
 In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent⁹
 To shake all cares and business from our age¹;
 Conferring them on younger strengths², while we³
 Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,
 And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
 We have this hour a constant will⁴ to publish
 Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
 May be prevented now. The princes, France and Bur-
 gundy,
 Great rivals in our youngest daughters' love,
 Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
 And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,
 (Since now⁵ we will divest us, both of rule,
 Interest of territory, cares of state,)
 Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
 That we our largest bounty may extend

⁷ — *express our darker purpose.*] *Darker*, for more secret; not for indirect, oblique. WARBURTON.

This word may admit a further explication. *We shall express our darker purpose*: that is, we have already made known in some measure our design of parting the kingdom; we will now discover what has not been told before, the reasons by which we shall regulate the partition. This interpretation will justify or palliate the exordial dialogue. JOHNSON.

⁸ *The map there.*] So the quartos. The folio reads—*Give me the map there.* MALONE.

⁹ — *and 'tis our fast intent*—] *Fast* is the reading of the first folio, and, I think, the true reading. JOHNSON.

Our *fast intent* is our determined resolution. The quartos have—our *first intent.* MALONE.

¹ — *from our age*;] The quartos read—*of our state.* STEEVENS.

² *Conferring them on younger strengths*;] is the reading of the folio; the quartos read—*Confirming them on younger years.* STEEVENS.

³ — *while we, &c.*] From *while we*, down to *prevented now*, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *constant will*—] seems a confirmation of *fast intent.* JOHNSON.

Constant is *firm, determined.* *Constant will* is the *certa voluntas* of Virgil. The same epithet is used with the same meaning in the *Merchant of Venice*:

“ ——— else nothing in the world

“ Could turn so much the constitution

“ Of any constant man.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *Since now, &c.*] These two lines are omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

Where

Where merit doth most challenge it⁶.—Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life⁷, with grace, health, beauty, honour:
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you⁸.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do⁹? Love, and be silent.

[*Aside.*

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd¹,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issue

⁶ *Where merit doth most challenge it.*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads less intelligibly:

Where nature doth with merit challenge. MALONE.

⁷ Gon. Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the matter,—

No less than life,] So, in Holinshed: “—he first asked Gonorilla the eldest, how well she loved him; who calling his gods to record, protested that *she loved him more than her own life*, which by right and reason should be most deere unto him. With which answer the father being well pleased, turned to the second, and demanded of him how well she loved him; who answered (confirming his sayings with great othes,) that she loved him more than tongue could expresse, and farre above all other creatures of the world.

Then called he his youngest daughter Cordeilla before him, and asked him, what account she made of him; unto whom she made this answer as followeth: Knowing the great love and fatherlie zeale that you have alwaies borne towards me, (for the which I maie not answere you otherwise than I thinke and as my conscience leadeth me,) I protest unto you that I have loved you ever, and will continuallie (while I live) love you as my natural father. And if you would more understand of the love I bear you, ascertain your selfe, that so much as you have so much you are worth, and so much I love you, and no more.” MALONE.

⁸ *Beyond all manner of so much—*] Beyond all assignable quantity. I love you beyond limits, and cannot say it is *so much*, for how much soever I should name, it would yet be more. JOHNSON.

⁹ —do?] So the quarto; the folio has *speak*. JOHNSON.

¹ —and with champains rich'd,

With plenteous rivers—] These words are omitted in the quartos. To *rich* is an obsolete verb. It is used by Tho. Drant in his translation of Horace's *Epistles*, 1567:

“To *rich* his country, let his worts lyke flowing water fall.”

SYDENH.

Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak².

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister³,
And prize me at her worth⁴. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short,—that I profess⁵
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses⁶;
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia!

[*Aside.*

And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer⁷ than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity⁸, and pleasure,

² — *Speak.*] Thus the quartos. This word is not in the folio.

MALONE.

³ *I am made, &c.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads, *Sir, I am made of the self-same metal that my sister is.* STEEVENS.

⁴ *And prize me at her worth.*] I believe this passage should rather be pointed thus:

And prize me at her worth, in my true heart

I find, she names, &c.

That is, *And so may you prize me at her worth, as in my true heart I find, that she names, &c.* TAYLOR.

⁵ *Only she comes too short,—that I profess, &c.*] Only she falls short of my affection to you, in that, i. e. inasmuch as, I profess myself, &c.

Thus the folio. The quartos read:

Only she came short, that I profess, &c.

Dr. Johnson is of opinion that the construction is, “I find that she names my deed of love; I find that I profess,” &c.

Since I wrote the above, I have found that the passage struck Mr. Mason in the same light as it did me. MALONE.

⁶ *Which the most precious square of sense possesses;*] Perhaps *square* means *only compass, comprehension.* JOHNSON.

So, in a *Parænesis to the Prince*, by Lord Sterline, 1604:

“The square of reason, and the mind's clear eye.” STEEVENS.

I believe that Shakspeare uses *square* for the full complement of all the
f n . EDWARDS.

⁷ *More richer—*] Thus the quartos. The folio has—*More ponderous.*

MALONE.

⁸ *No less in space, validity,—*] *Validity*, for worth, value; not for integrity, or good title. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607; “The countenance of your friend is of less value than his counsel, yet both of very small *validity*.”

STEEVENS.

Than

Than that confirm'd ⁹ on Goneril.—Now, our joy ¹,
Although the last, not least ²; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interest'd ³; what can you say, to draw ⁴
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing ⁵?

Cor. Nothing ⁵.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia ⁶? mend your speech a
little,

Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,

⁹ — *confirm'd*—] The folio reads, *conferr'd*. STEEVENS.

¹ — *Now, our joy*,] Here the true reading is picked out of two copies. Butcher's quarto reads:

— *But now our joy*,
Although the last, not least in our dear love,
What can you say to win a third, &c.

The folio:

— *Now our joy*,
Although our last, *and* least; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interest'd. *What can you say*, &c. JOHNSON.

² *Although the last, not least*, &c.] So, in the old anonymous play, King Lear speaking to Mumford:

" — to thee last of all;
" Not greeted last, 'cause thy desert was small. STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, written before 1593:

" The third and last, not least, in our account." MALONE.

³ *Strive to be interest'd*;] So, in the Preface to Drayton's *Polyolbion*:
" — there is scarce any of the nobilitie, or gentry of this land, but he
is some way or other by blood *interest'd* therein."

To *interest* and to *intercede*; are not, perhaps, different spellings of the
same verb, but are two distinct words though of the same import; the
one being derived from the Latin, the other from the French *interceder*.

STEEVENS.

⁴ — *to draw*—] The quarto reads—what can you say, *to win*.

STEEVENS.

⁵ These two speeches are wanting in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁶ *How, how*, Cordelia?] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*Go to*,
go to. STEEVENS.

They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed⁷,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty :
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all⁸.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart⁹?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender¹?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so,—Thy truth then be thy dower :
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun ;
The mysteries of Hecate², and the night ;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be ;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me

⁷ — *Haply, when I shall wed, &c.*] So, in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587, Cordila says :

“ — Nature so doth bind and me compell

“ To love you as I ought, my father, well ;

“ Yet shortly I may chance, if fortune will,

“ To find in heart to bear another more good will :

“ Thus much I said of nuptial loves that meant.” STEEVENS.

See also the quotation from Camden's *Remaines*, near the end of the first note on this play. MALONE.

⁸ *To love my father all.*] These words are restored from the first edition, without which the sense was not complete. POPE.

⁹ *But goes this with thy heart?*] Thus the quartos, and thus I have no doubt Shakspeare wrote, this kind of inversion occurring often in his plays, and in the contemporary writers. So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

“ — and make your house our Tower.”

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice* :

“ — That many may be meant

“ By the fool multitude.”

See the note on the latter passage in the APPENDIX.

The editor of the folio, not understanding this kind of phraseology, substituted the more common form—But goes *thy heart with this?* as in the next line he reads, Ay, my good lord, instead of—Ay, good my lord, the reading of the quartos, and the constant language of Shakspeare.

MALONE.

¹ *So young, and so untender?*] So, in Shakspeare's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Ah me, quoth Venus, young, and so unkind? ” MALONE.

² *The mysteries of Hecate,*] The quartos have *misfires*, the folio—*miseries*. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio, who likewise substituted *operations* in the next line for *operation*, the reading of the original copies. MALONE.

Hold

Hold thee, from this, for ever³. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation⁴ messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath:

I lov'd her most⁵, and thought to set my rest

On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—

[To Cordelia⁶.

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—Who stirs?

Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,

With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:

Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.

I do invest you jointly with my power,

Pre-eminence, and all the large effects

That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,

With reservation of an hundred knights,

By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode

Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain⁷

The name, and all the additions to a king⁸;

The sway, revenue, execution of the rest⁹,

Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,

This coronet part between you.

[giving the crown.

³ *Hold thee, from this,—*] i. e. from this time. STEEVENS.

⁴ *—his generation—*] i. e. his children. MALONE.

⁵ *I lov'd her most,*] So Holinshed:—"which daughters he greatly loved, but especially Cordilla, the youngest, farre above the two elder."

MALONE.

⁶ *To Cordelia.*] Rather, as the author of the *Revisal* observes, to *Kent*. For in the next words Lear says for France and Burgundy to offer Cordelia without a dowry. STEEVENS.

Surely such quick transitions or inconsistencies, which ever they are called, are perfectly suited to Lear's character. I have no doubt that the direction now given is right. Kent has hitherto said nothing that could extort even from the choleric king so harsh a sentence, having only interposed in the mildest manner; "*Good my liege,*"—Afterwards indeed, when he remonstrates with more freedom, and calls Lear a madman, the king exclaims—"Out of my sight!" MALONE.

⁷ *Only we still retain*] Thus the quarto. Folio: *we shall retain*.

MALONE.

⁸ *—all the additions to a king;*] All the titles belonging to a king.

MALONE.

⁹ *—execution of the rest,*] The execution of the rest is, I suppose, all the other business. JOHNSON.

Kent. Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,

As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old man?

'Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak',
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's
bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
And, in thy best consideration, check
'This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
'Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness².

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
'To wage against thine enemies³: nor fear to lose it,
'Thy safety being the motive.

Lear.

* *Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,*] I have given this passage according to the old folio, from which the modern editions have silently departed, for the sake of better numbers, with a degree of insincerity, which, if not sometimes detected and censured, must impair the credit of ancient books. One of the editors, and perhaps only one, knew how much mischief may be done by such clandestine alterations. The quarto agrees with the folio, except that for *reverse thy state*, it gives, *reverse thy doom*, and has *stoops*, instead of *falls to folly*. The meaning of *answer my life my judgment*, is, *Let my life be unfavorable for my judgment, or I will stake my life on my opinion*.—The reading which, without any right, has possessed all the modern copies is this:

—to plainness honour

Is bound, when majesty to folly falls.

Reverse thy state; with better judgment check

This hideous rashness; with my life I answer,

Thy youngest daughter, &c.

I am inclined to think that *reverse thy doom* was Shakspeare's first reading, as more apposite to the present occasion, and that he changed it afterwards to *reverse thy state*, which conduces more to the progress of the action. JOHNSON.

I have followed the quartos. *Reverse* was formerly used for *preserve*. So, in our poet's 52d Sonnet:

"Reverse them for my love, not for their rhymes." MALONE.

² *Reverbs*—] This is perhaps a word of the poet's own making, meaning the same as *reverberates*. STEVENS.

³ ——— a pawn

To wage against thine enemies;] i. e. I never regarded my life, as
my

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye⁴.

Lear. Now, by Apollo*,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant! [*laying his hand on his sword.*]

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear⁵.

Kent. Do; kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift⁶;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!

On thine allegiance hear me!—

Since thou hast fought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd pride⁷,
To come betwixt our sentence and our power⁸;
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)
Our potency made good⁹, take thy reward.

Five

my own, but merely as a thing of which I had the possession, not the property; and which was entrusted to me as a *pawn* or pledge, to be employed in waging war against your enemies.

To *wage against* is an expression used in a letter from Guik. Webbe to Robt. Willmot, prefixed to *Tantred and Guismund*, 1592: "—you shall not be able to *wage against* me in the charges growing upon this action."

STEEVENS.

⁴ *The true blank of thine eye.*] The *blank* is the white or exact mark at which the arrow is shot. See better, says Kent, and keep me always in your view. JOHNSON.

* — *by Apollo,*—] Bladud, Lear's father, according to Geoffrey of Monmouth, attempting to fly, fell on the temple of Apollo, and was killed. This circumstance our authour must have noticed, both in Holinshed's *Chronicle* and *The Mirrour for Magistrates*. MALONE.

⁵ *Dear sir, forbear.*] This speech is omitted in the quarto. STEEV.

⁶ — *thy gift.*] The quartos read—thy doom. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *strain'd pride,*] The oldest copy reads—*strayed* pride; that is, pride exorbitant; pride passing due bounds. JOHNSON.

⁸ *To come betwixt our sentence and our power;*] i. e. as Mr. Edwards observes, *our power to execute that sentence.* STEEVENS.

In Othello we have again nearly the same language:

"My spirit and my place have in them power

"To make this bitter to thee." MALONE.

⁹ *Our potency made good, &c.*] Thus Butter's quarto, of which the first Signature is B, and the folio. The other quarto, printed in the same year, has—*make good.* The meaning, I think, is, As a proof that I am not a mere threatener, that I have power as well as will to punish, take the due reward of thy demerits; hear thy sentence. The words *our potency*

Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world¹;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: Away! By Jupiter²,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Why, fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt
appear,

Freedom lives hence³, and banishment is here.—

'The gods to their dear shelter * take thee, maid,

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said⁴!—

And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[*to Cordelia.*
to Regan and Goneril.

teny made good are in the absolute case. I shall however subjoin Dr. Johnson's interpretation. MALONE.

As thou hast come with unreasonable pride between the sentence which I had passed, and the power by which I shall execute it, take thy reward in another sentence which shall make good, shall establish, shall maintain, that power.

Mr. Davies thinks, that our *potency made good*, relates only to our place.—Which our nature cannot bear, nor our place, without departure from the *potency* of that place. This is easy and clear.—Lear, who is characterized as hot, heady, and violent, is, with very just observation of life, made to entangle himself with vows, upon any sudden provocation to vow revenge, and then to plead the obligation of a vow in defence of implacability. JOHNSON.

¹ *To shield thee from diseases of the world;*] Thus the quarto. The folio has *diseases*. The alteration, I believe, was made by the editor, in consequence of his not knowing the meaning of the original word. *Diseases*, in old language, meant the slighter inconveniences, troubles, or distresses of the world. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I.

"And in that case I'll tell thee my *disease*."

Again, in *A Woman kill'd with kindness*, by T. Heywood, 1617:

"Fie, fie, that for my private business

"I should *disease* a friend, and be a trouble

"To the whole house."

The provision that Kent could make in five days, might in some measure guard him against the *diseases* of the world, but could not shield him from its *disasters*. MALONE.

² — *By Jupiter,*] Shakspeare makes his Lear too much a mythologist: he had Hecate and Apollo before. JOHNSON.

³ *Freedom lives hence,*—] So the folio: the quartos concur in reading—*Friendship* lives hence. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *dear shelter*—] The quarto's read—*protection*. STEEVENS.

⁵ *That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!*—] Thus the folio. The quartos read:

That *rightly* thinks, and hast most *justly* said. MALONE.

That

That good effects may spring from words of love.—

'Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;

He'll shape his old course ⁶ in a country new.

[Exit.

Re-enter GLOSTER; with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,

We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter; What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love ⁷?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so ⁸;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;
If aught within that little, seeming ⁹ substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Sir, will you, with those infirmities she owes ¹,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

⁶ *He'll shape his old course—*] He will follow his old maxims; he will continue to act upon the same principles. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *quest of love.*] *Quest of love is amorous expedition.* The term originated from Romance. A quest was the expedition in which a knight was engaged. This phrase is often to be met with in the *Fairy Queen*.

⁸ — *we did hold her so;*] We esteemed her worthy of that dowry, which, as you say, we promised to give her. MALONE.

⁹ — *seeming—*] is beautiful. JOHNSON.
Seeming rather means *specious*. So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* "—pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming mistress Page." Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

"—hence shall we see,

"If power change purpose, what our seemers be." STEEVENS.

¹ — *owes,*] i. e. is possessed of. STEEVENS.

Bur. Pardon me, royal fir;
Election makes not up on such conditions².

Lear. Then leave her, fir; for, by the power that made me,

I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king, [to France.

I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowledge hers.

Francs. This is most strange!
That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest³, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it⁴, or your fore-vouch'd affection

Fall'n.

² *Election makes not up on such conditions.*] To make up signifies to complete, to conclude; as, *they made up the bargain*; but in this sense it has, I think, always the subject noun after it. To make up, in familiar language, is neutrality, to come forward, to make advances, which, I think, is meant here. JOHNSON.

Election makes not up, I conceive, means, *Election comes not to a decision*; in the same sense as when we say, "I have made up my mind on that subject."

In *Cymbeline* this phrase is used, as here, for *finished, completed*:

"—— Being scarce made up,

"I mean, to man,"— &c.

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

"—— remain assur'd,

"That he's a made up villain."

In all these places the allusion is to a piece of work completed by a tradesman.

The passages just cited shew that the text is right, and that our poet did not write, as some have proposed to read,

Election makes not, *upon* such conditions. MALONE.

³ *Most best, most dearest,*] Thus the quartos. We have just had *more worthier*, and in a preceding passage *more richer*. The same phraseology is found often in these plays and in the contemporary writings. The folio reads—*The best, the dearest*. MALONE.

⁴ — such unnatural degree.

That *monsters it*,] This was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"But with such words that are but rooted in

"Your tongue."

Again,

Fall'n into taint⁵ : which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for I want that glib and oily art⁶,
To speak and purpose not ; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour :
But even for want of that, for which I am richer ;
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though, not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Again, *ibidem* :

“ — No, not with such friends,

“ That thought them sure of you.”

Three of the modern editors, however, in the passage before us, have substituted *As* for *That*. MALONE.

That monsters *it*,] This uncommon verb occurs again in *Coriolanus*, Act II. sc. ii :

“ To hear my nothings monster'd.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — or your fore-vouch'd affection

Fall'n into taint :] The reading is here formed out of two copies.
The quartos read :

— or you, for vouch'd affections

Fall'n into taint.

The folio :

— or your fore-vouch'd affection

Fall into taint.

The meaning of the passage as now printed is, I think, Either her offence *must be monstrous*, or, if she has not committed any such offence, the affection which you always professed to have for her *must be tainted and decayed*, and is now without reason alienated from her.

I once thought the reading of the quartos right, — or you, for vouch'd affections, &c. i. e. on account of the extravagant professions made by her sisters : but I did not recollect that France had not heard these. However, Shakspeare might himself have forgot this circumstance. The plural *affections* favours this interpretation.

Dr. Johnson thinks that the words, *you, for vouch'd affection*, fall into taint, mean, “ you must fall into reproach, disgrace or censure, in consequence of *having professed an affection which you did not feel*.”

The more obvious interpretation already given, appears to me to be supported by our author's words in another place :

“ When love begins to sicken and decay,” &c.

Or in old language signifying *before*. Dr. Johnson thought the meaning in the folio might possibly be, *Since her crime must be monstrous before your affection can be affected with hatred*. MALONE.

⁶ If for I want, &c.] If this be my offence, that I want the glib and oily art, &c. MALONE.

Lear.

Lear. Better thou

Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it no more but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects⁷, that stand
Aloof from the entire point⁸. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry⁹.

Bur. Royal Lear¹,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Dutchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou lovest here, a better where to find².

7 — *with respects*—] i. e. with cautious and prudential considerations.

Thus the quartos. The folio has—*regards*. MALONE.

8 — *from the entire point*.] Single, unmixed with other considerations. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is right. The meaning of the passage is, that his love wants something to mark its sincerity;

“Who seeks for aught in love but love alone!” STEEVENS.

9 *She is herself a dowry*.] The quartos read:

She is herself *and dower*. STEEVENS.

1 *Royal Lear*.] So, the quartos: the folio has—*Royal king*.

STEEVENS.

2 *Thou lovest here, &c.*] *Here* and *where* have the power of nouns.
Thou lovest this residence to find a better residence in another place.

JOHNSON.

Lear.

Lear. Thou hast her, France : let her be thine ; for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again :—Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* [*Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL,
ALBANY, GLOSTER, and *Attendants.*

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you : I know you what you are ;
And, like a sister, am most loth to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our father³ :
To your profess'd bosoms⁴ I commit him :
But yet, alas ! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Gen. Prescribe not us our duties⁵.

Reg. Let your study

Be, to content your lord ; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms : You have obedience scant'd,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted⁶.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning⁷ hides ;

Who

³ — *Use well our father :*] So the quartos. The folio reads—*Love* well. MALONE.

⁴ *To your profess'd bosoms—*] Thus the ancient copies. The modern editions, after Mr. Pape, read *professing*, and so we should certainly now write. MALONE.

Shakspeare often uses one participle for the other ;—*longing* for *longed* in the *Gentlemen of Verona*, and *all-obeying* for *all-obeyed* in *Antony and Cleopatra*. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Prescribe not us our duties.*] *Prescribe* was used formerly without to subjunctive. So, in *Maffinger's Picture* :

“ — Shall I *prescribe* you,

“ Or blame your fondness.” MALONE.

⁶ *And well are worth the want that you have wanted.*] You are well deserving of the want of dower that you are without. So, in the third part of *King Henry VI.* Act IV. sc. i : “ Though I *want* a kingdom,” i. e. though I am without a kingdom. Again, in *Stowe's Chronicle*, p. 137 : “ Anselm was expelled the realm, and *wanted* the whole profits of his bishoprick,” i. e. he did not receive the profits, &c. TOLLET.

Thus the folio. In the quartos the transcriber or compositor inadvertently repeated the word *worth*. They read :

And well are worth the *worth* that you have wanted.

This, however, may be explained by understanding the second *worth* in the sense of *wealth*. MALONE.

⁷ — *plaited cunning—*] i. e. *complicated, involved* cunning.

Who cover faults³, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt* FRANCE, and CORDELIA.

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition², but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit¹ together:

I once thought that the authour wrote *pleated*:—cunning *superinduced*, thinly spread over. So, in this play:

"——— *Plate* sin with gold.

"And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks."

But the word *unfold*, and the following lines in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*, shew, that *pleated*, or (as the quartos have it) *pleated*, is the true reading:

"For that he colour'd with his high estate,

"Hiding base sin in *pleats* of majesty." MALONE.

³ *Who cover faults, &c.*] The quartos read,

Who *covers* faults, at last *shame* them derides.

This I have replaced. The former editors read with the folio:

Who *covers* faults at last *with shame* derides. STEEVENS.

In this passage Cordelia is made to allude to a passage in scripture.—Prov. xxviii. 13. "He that *covereth* his sins, shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them, shall have mercy." HENLEY,

² —of long *engrafted* condition,] i. e. of *qualities* of mind, confirmed by long habit. So, in *Othello*: "—a woman of so gentle a *condition*!" MALONE.

¹ —*let us hit*—] So the old quarto. The folio, *let us sit*.

JOHNSON.

³ —*let us hit*—] i. e. agree. STEEVENS.

If our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gen. We must do something, and i' the heat³.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's Castle.

Enter EDMUND, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess⁴; to thy law
My services are bound: Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom⁵; and permit
The curiosity of nations⁶ to deprive me⁷,

For

³ — *I the heat.*] i. e. We must strike while the iron's hot.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Thou, nature, art my goddess;*] Edmund only speaks of *nature* in opposition to *custom*, and not (as Dr. Warburton supposes) to the existence of a *God*. Edmund means only, as he came not into the world as *custom* or *law* had prescribed, so he had nothing to do but to follow *nature* and her laws, which make no difference between legitimacy and illegitimacy, between the eldest and the youngest.

To contradict Dr. Warburton's assertion yet more strongly, Edmund concludes this very speech by an invocation to heaven:

"Now, gods, stand up for bastards!" STEEVENS.

Edmund calls *nature* his goddess, for the same reason that we call a bastard a *natural son*: one, who according to the law of nature, is the child of his father, but according to those of civil society is *nullius filius*.

MASON.

⁵ *Stand in the plague of custom;*] The meaning is plain, though oddly expressed. Wherefore should I acquiesce, submit tamely to the plagues and injustice of custom?

Shakspeare seems to mean by the *plague of custom*, Wherefore should I remain in a situation where I shall be plagued and tormented only in consequence of the contempt with which custom regards those who are not the issue of a lawful bed? STEEVENS.

⁶ *The curiosity of nations—*] *Curiosity*, in the time of Shakspeare, was a word that signified an *over-nice scrupulousness* in manners, dress, &c. In this sense it is used in *Timon*: "When thou wast (says Apemantus) in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much *curiosity*." Barrett in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets it, *piked diligence: something too curious, or too much affected*; and again in this play of *King Lear*, Shakspeare seems to use it in the same sense: "—which I have rather blamed as my own jealous *curiosity*."

STEEVENS.

Curiosity is used before in the present play, in this sense: "For equalities are so weighed, that *curiosity* in neither can make choice of either's moiety." Again, in *All's Well that ends well*:

"Frank

For that I am sure twelve or fourteen moon-shines
 Lag of a brother⁸? Why bastard? wherefore base?
 When my dimensions are as well compact,
 My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
 As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
 With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
 Who, in the lusty stealth of nature⁹, take
 More composition and fierce quality,
 Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
 Go to the creating of a whole tribe of fops,
 Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then,
 Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
 Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
 As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate!
 Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
 And my invention thrive, Edmund the base

"Frank nature, rather *curious* than in haste,
 Hath well compos'd thee."

IN THE ENGLISH DICTIONARY, or *Interpreter of hard Words*, by H. Cockeram, 8vo. 1655, *Curiosity* is defined—"More diligence than needs." MALONE.

By "the *curiosity* of nations" Edmund means the *nicety*, the *strictness* of civil institutions. So, when Hamlet is about to prove that the dust of Alexander might be employed to stop a bung-hole, Horatio says, "that were to consider the matter too *curiously*." MASON.

⁷ —to deprive me,] *To deprive* was, in our author's time, synonymous to *disfranchise*. The old dictionary renders *exbarbato* by this word: and Holinshed speaks of the *line of Henry* before deprived. Again, in Warner's *Allien's England*, 1602, Book III. ch. xvi.

"To you, if whom ye have *depriv'd* ye shall restore again."

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Lag of a brother?*] Edmund inveighs against the tyranny of custom, in two instances, with respect to younger brothers, and to bastards. In the former he must not be understood to mean himself, but the argument becomes general by implying more than is said, *Wherefore should I or any man*, HANMER.

⁹ *Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, &c.*] How much the lines following this, are in character, may be seen by that monstrous wish of Vanini, the Italian atheist, in his tract *De admirandis Naturæ, &c.* printed at Paris, 1616, the very year our poet died. *O utinam extra legitimum & connubialem thorum esset procreatus! Ita enim progenitores mei in venerem incaluisissent, ardentius, ac cumulativè affatimque generosa semina contulissent, à quibus ego formæ blanditiâ et elegantiam, robustus corporis vires, mentemque innobiliem consequutus fuisset. At quia conjugatorum sum soboles, his orbatum sum bonis.*" Had the book been published but ten or twenty years sooner, who would not have believed that Shakspeare alluded to this passage? But the divinity of his genius foretold, as it were, what such an atheist as Vanini would say, when he wrote upon such a subject.

WARBURTON.

Shall

Shall toe the legitimate¹. I grow; I prosper:—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power²!
Confin'd to exhibition³! All this done
Upon the gad⁴!—Edmund! How now? what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[*putting up the letter.*]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible dispatch of it
into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such
need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing, I
shall not need spectacles.

¹ *Shall toe the legitimate.*] The quartos read—shall *toob* legitimate. The folio—shall *to id* legitimate. The emendation was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer. To *toe* him, says Dr. Johnson, “is perhaps to kick him out: or, to *toe*, may be literally to supplant.” A passage in *Hamlet* adds some support to this reading: “—for the *toe* of the peasant comes so near to the heel of the courtier, that he galls his kybe.” In *Devonshire*, as Sir Joshua Reynolds observes to me, “to *toe* a thing up, is, to tear it up by the roots; in which sense the word is perhaps used here; for Edmund immediately adds—I *grow*, I *prosper*.”

Mr. Edwards proposed to read, shall *top* the legitimate. The verb to *top* is used in the last act of this play. Again, in *Macbeth*:

“——Not in the legions

“Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,

“To *top* Macbeth.” MALONE.

The succeeding expression, *I grow*, seems to favour the emendation proposed by Mr. Edwards. STEEVENS.

² —subscrib'd his power!] To *subscribe*, is, to transfer by signing or *subscribing* a writing of testimony. We now use the term, He *subscribed* forty pounds to the new building. JOHNSON.

To *subscribe* in Shakspeare is to *yield*, or *surrender*. So, afterwards:
“—You owe me no *subscription*.” Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“For Hector in his blaze of wrath *subscribes*

“To tender objects.” MALONE.

The folio reads—*prescribed*. STEEVENS.

³ —exhibition!] is *allowance*. The term is yet used in the universities. JOHNSON.

⁴ —All this done

Upon the gad!] To do upon the *gad*, is, to act by the sudden stimulation of caprice, as cattle run maddening when they are stung by the gad-fly. JOHNSON.

Edm.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me : it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read ; for so much as I have perused, I find not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir,

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue⁵.

Glo. [reads.] *This policy, and reverence of age⁶, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond⁷ bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny! who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him; you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar. —Humph — Conspiracy! — Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue,—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in? — When came this to you? Who brought it?*

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

⁵ — an essay or taste of my virtue.] Though *taste* may stand in this place, yet I believe we should read—*essay* or *test* of my virtue: they are both metallurgical terms, and properly joined. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ Bring me to the *test*.” JOHNSON.

Both the quartos and folio have *essay*, which may have been merely a mis-spelling of the word *assay*, which in Cawdrey's *Alphabetical Table*, 1604, is defined—“ a proof or trial.” But as *essay* is likewise defined by Bullokar in his *English Expositor*, 1616, “ a trial, I have made no change.

To *assay* not only signified to make trial of coin, but to *taste* before another; *prælibo*. In either sense the word might be used here.

MALONE.

⁶ *This policy, and reverence of age,—*] Butcher's quarto has, *this policy of age*; the folio, *this policy and reverence of age*. JOHNSON.

⁷ — idle and fond—] Weak and foolish. JOHNSON.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore founded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you⁸ violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour⁹, and to no other pretence of danger¹.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

*Edm.*² Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him³, I pray you: frame the business after your

⁸ —where, if you—] *Where* was formerly often used in the sense of *whereas*. MALONE.

⁹ —to your honour,] It has been already observed that this was the usual mode of address to a lord in Shakspeare's time. MALONE.

¹ —pretence—] *Pretence* is design, purpose. So, afterwards in this play:

Pretence and purpose of unkindness. JOHNSON.

² *Edm.*] From *Nor is, to heaven and earth!* are words omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

³ —wind me into him,] I once thought it should be read—you into him, but, perhaps, it is a familiar phrase, like *do me this*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Twelfth Night*: “—challenge me the duke's youth to fight with him.” Instances of this phraseology occur in the *Merchant of Venice*, *King Henry IV.* Part I. and in *Othello*. STEEVENS.

own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution⁴.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business⁵ as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

⁴ — *I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.*] I take the meaning to be this. *Do you frame the business*, who can act with less emotion; *I would unstate myself*; it would in me be a departure from the paternal character, *to be in a due resolution*, to be settled and composed on such an occasion. The words *would* and *should* are in old language often confounded. JOHNSON.

The same word occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will

Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to shew

"Against a sword."

To *unstate*, in both these instances, seems to have the same meaning. Edgar has been represented as wishing to possess his father's fortune, i. e. to *unstate* him; and therefore his father says he would *unstate* himself to be sufficiently resolved to punish him.

To *estate* is to *confer* a fortune. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"——his possessions

"We do *estate* and widow you withal." STEEVENS.

It seems to me, that *I would unstate myself* in this passage means simply, *I would give my estate* (including rank as well as fortune.)

TYRWHITT.

Gloster cannot bring himself thoroughly to believe what Edmund has told him of Edgar. He says, "Can he be such a monster?" He afterwards desires Edmund to sound his intentions, and then says, he would give all he possib^{le} to *be certain of the truth*; for that is the meaning of the words, *to be in a due resolution*. So, in *Orbello*:

"——To be once in doubt,

"Is—once to be *resolv'd*."

Here *resolv'd* means, to be certain of the fact. Again, in the *Maid's Tragedy*:

"——'tis not his crown

"Shall buy me to thy bed, now I *resolve*

"He has dishonour'd thee." MASON.

Though to *resolve* in Shakspeare's time certainly sometimes meant to *satisfy*, *declare*, or *inform*, I have never found the substantive *resolution* used in that sense: and even had the word ever borne that sense, the author could not have written—*to be in a due resolution*, but must have written, "*to attain a due resolution*." Who ever wish'd "*to be in due information*" on any point? MALONE.

⁵ — *convey the business*—] To *convey* is to *carry through*; in this place it is to *manage artfully*; we say of a juggler, that he has a clean *conveyance*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Mother Bombie*, by Lilly, 1599: "Two, they say, may keep counsel if one be away; but to *convey* knavery, two are too few, and four are too many." STEEVENS.

So, in lord Steeline's *Julius Cæsar*:

"A circumstance, or an indifferent thing,

"Doth oft mar all when not with care *convey'd*." MALONE.

Glo.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature ⁶ can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the frequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd between son and father. * This villain ⁷ of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time; Machinations, hollownests, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves! *—Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully:—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banish'd! his offence, honesty!—Strange! strange!

[*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and traitors ⁸, by spherical predominance; drunkards, lyars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star ⁹! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar.—

⁶ —the wisdom of nature—] That is, though natural philosophy can give account of eclipses, yet we feel their consequences. JOHNSON.

⁷ This villain—] All from asterisk to asterisk is omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

⁸ —and traitors,—] The modern editors read *treacherous*; but the reading of the first copies, which I have restored to the text, may be supported from most of the old contemporary writers. So, in *Doctor Dodypoll*, a comedy, 1600:

“How smooth the cunning *traitor* look'd upon it!”

Agün, in *Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

“—Hence, *trecker* as thou art!”

Chaucer, in his *Roman of the Rose*, mentions “the false *traitor*,” and Spenser often uses the same word. STEEVENS.

⁹ —of a star.] Both the quartos read—to the charge of stars.

STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes¹, like the catastrophe of the old comedy²: My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like 'Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi³.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

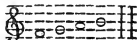
Edm. I promise you⁴, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily; * as of⁵ unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities;

¹ — and *pat he comes*,—] The quartos read,

— and *out he comes*. STEEVENS.

² — *like the catastrophe of the old comedy* &c.] I think this passage was intended to ridicule the very awkward conclusions of our old comedies, where the persons of the scene make their entry inartificially, and just when the poet wants them on the stage. WARNER.

³ — *O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.*] The commentators, not being musicians, have regarded this passage, perhaps as unintelligible nonsense, and therefore left it as they found it, without bestowing a single conjecture on its meaning and import. Shakspeare however shews by the context that he was well acquainted with the property of these syllables in solmisation, which imply a series of sounds so unnatural, that ancient musicians prohibited their use. The monkish writers on musick say, *mi contra fa est diabolus*: the interval *fa mi*, including a tritone, or sharp 4th, consisting of three tones without the intervention of a semi-tone, expressed in the modern scale by the letters F G A B, would form a musical phrase extremely disagreeable to the ear. Edmund, speaking of eclipses as portents and prodigies, compares the dislocation of events, the times being out of joint, to the unnatural and offensive sounds, *fa sol la mi*. BURNEY.



The words *fa, sol*, &c. are not in the quarto. The folio, and all the modern editions, read corruptly *me* instead of *mi*. Shakspeare has again introduced the gamut in *The Taming of the Shrew*. MALONE.

⁴ *I promise you*, &c.] The folio edition commonly differs from the first quarto, by augmentations or insertions, but in this place it varies by omission, and by the omission of something which naturally introduces the following dialogue. It is easy to remark, that in this speech, which ought, I think, to be inserted as it is in the text, Edmund, with the common craft of fortune-tellers, mingles the past and future, and tells of the future only what he already foreknows by confederacy, or can attain by probable conjecture. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *as of*—] All from this asterisk to the next, is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

divisions

divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts⁶, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you ⁷ been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come^{*}; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person⁸ it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear⁹. * I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will sitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother? *

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go arm'd; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.— [Exit Edgar.
A credulous father, and a brother noble,

⁶ — *dissipation of cohorts*,—] Thus the old copy. Dr. Johnson reads — *of courts*. STEEVENS.

⁷ *How long have you*—] This line I have restored from the two eldest quartos, and have regulated the following speech according to the same copies. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *that with the mischief of your person*—] This reading is in both copies; yet I believe the authour gave it, *that* but *with the mischief* of your person it would scarce allay. JOHNSON.

I do not see any need of alteration. He could not express the violence of his father's displeasure in stronger terms than by saying it was so great that it would scarcely be appeased by the destruction of his son.

MALONE.

⁹ *That's my fear*.] All between this and the next asterisk, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit.

[Exit.

S C E N E III.

*A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.**Enter GONERIL, and STEWARD.*

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of
his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle:—When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say, I am sick:—
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[Horns within.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:
If he dislike it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd². Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities,
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,

¹ *By day and night! he wrongs me;*] It has been suggested by Mr. Whalley that we ought to point differently:

By day and night, he wrongs me;
not considering the words as an adjuration. But that an adjuration was intended, appears, I think, from a passage in *King Henry V*. The king, speaking of Buckingham, (Act I. sc. ii.) says,

“—By day and night

“He's traitor to the height.”

It cannot be supposed that Henry meant to say that Buckingham is a traitor in the night as well as by day.

The regulation which has been followed in the text, is likewise supported by *Hamlet*, where we have again the same adjuration:

“O day and night! but this is wondrous strange.” MALONE.

² *Not to be over-rul'd, &c.*] This line, and the four following lines, are omitted in the folio. MALONE.

Old fools are babes again ; and must be us'd
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen abus'd³.
Remember what I have said.

Steav. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you ;
What grows of it, no matter ; advise your fellows so :
I would breed⁴ from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak :—I'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course :—Prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Hall in the same.

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse⁵, my good intent

May

³ *Old fools are babes again ; and must be us'd*

With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen abus'd.] The sense seems to be this : *Old men must be treated with checks*, when as *they are seen to be deceived with flatteries* : or, *when they are weak enough to be seen abused by flatteries*, they are then weak enough to be *used with checks*. There is a play of the words *used* and *abused*. To *abuse* is, in our authour, very frequently the same as to *deceive*. This construction is harsh and ungrammatical ; Shakspeare perhaps thought it vicious, and chose to throw away the lines rather than correct them, nor would now thank the officiousness of his editors, who restore what they do not understand. JOHNSON.

The objection to Dr. Johnson's interpretation is, that he supplies the word *with* or *by*, which are not found in the text : “ — when as they are seen to be deceived *with* flatteries,” or, “ when they are weak enough to be seen abused *by* flatteries,” &c. and in his mode of construction the word *with* preceding *checks*, cannot be understood before *flatteries*.

I think Mr. Tyrwhitt's interpretation the true one. MALONE.

The plain meaning, I believe, is—old fools must be used with checks, as flatteries must be check'd when they are made a bad use of.

TOLLET.

I understand this passage thus. *Old fools—must be used with checks, as well as flatteries, when they* [i. e. flatteries] *are seen to be abus'd.*

TYRWHITT.

⁴ *I would breed, &c.*] This line and the first four words of the next are found in the quarto, but omitted in the folio. MALONE.

⁵ *If but as well I other accents borrow,*

That can my speech diffuse,] We must suppose that Kent advances looking on his disguise. This circumstance very naturally leads to his speech, which, otherwise, would have no very apparent introduction. *If I can change my speech as well as I have changed my dress.* To diffuse

May carry through itself to that full issue
 For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,
 If thou can'st serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
 (So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
 Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready.
 [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now, what art thou?

ent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What would'st thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little⁶; to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish⁷.

Lear.

speech, signifies to *disorder* it, and so to *disguise* it; as in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act IV. sc. vii:

“——— rush at once

“With some *diffused* song.”—

Again, in the *Nice Valour*, &c. by Beaumont and Fletcher, Cupid says to the *Passionate Man*, who appears disordered in his dress: “—Go not so *diffusely*.” Again, in our authour's *King Henry V*: “—swearing, and stern looks, *diffus'd* attire.”

To *diffuse* speech may, however, mean to *speck broad*, with a clownish accent. STEEVENS.

Diffused certainly meant, in our authour's time, wild, irregular, heterogeneous. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617:

“I have seen an English gentleman so *defused* in his suits, his doublet being for the ware of Castile, his hose for Venice, his hat for France, his cloak for Germany, that hee seemed no way to be an Englishman but by the face.” MALONE.

⁶ — to converse with him that is wise, and says little;] To *converse* signifies immediately and properly to *keep company*, not to *discourse* or *talk*. His meaning is, that he chuses for his companions men of reserve and caution; men who are no tattlers nor tale-bearers. JOHNSON.

We still say in the same sense—he had criminal *conversation* with her,—meaning *commerce*. So, in *King Richard III*:

“——— parent open guilt omitted,

“I mean his *conversation* with Shore's wife.” MALONE.

⁷ — and to eat no fish.] In queen Elizabeth's time the Papists were esteemed, and with good reason, enemies to the government. Hence the proverbial phrase of, *He's an honest man, and eats no fish*; to signify he's a friend to the government and a Protestant. The eating fish, on a religious account, being then esteemed such a badge of popery, that when it was enjoin'd for a season by act of parliament, for the encouragement

of

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who would'st thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

Enter STEWARD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you,—

[*Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpole back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mungrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

of the fish-towns, it was thought necessary to declare the reason; hence it was called *Cecil's fast*. To this disgraceful badge of popery Fletcher alludes in his *Woman-bater*, who makes the courtesan say, when Lazzarillo, in search of the umbrano's head, was seized at her house by the intelligencers for a traitor: "Gentlemen, I am glad you have discovered him. He should not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds. And sure I did not like him, when he called for fish." And Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*: "I trust I am none of the wicked that eat fish a fridays."

WARBURTON.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness⁸ appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence⁹ and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither: Who am I, sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whore-fon dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of this, my lord¹; I beseech you, pardon me.

⁸ — of kindness—] These words are not in the quartos. MALONE.

⁹ — a very pretence—] *Pretence* in Shakspeare generally signifies *de-sign*. So, in a foregoing scene in this play: “—to no other *pretence* of danger.” Again, in *Holinshed*, p. 648: “the *pretensed* evill purpose of the queene.” STEEVENS.

¹ I am none of this, my lord; &c.] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

MALONE.

Lear

Lear. Do you bandy looks² with me, you rascal?

[*striking him.*]

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither; you base foot-ball player.

[*tripping up his heels.*]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to; Have you wisdom³? so.

[*pushes the Steward out.*]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[*giving Kent money.*]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too;—Here's my coxcomb.

[*giving Kent his cap.*]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly⁵: 'There, take my coxcomb⁶: Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs

² —bandy looks—] A metaphor from Tennis:

"Come in, take this *bandy* with the racket of patience."

Decker's Satiromastix.

Again:

"—buckle with them hand to hand,

"And *bandy* blows as thick as hailstones fall."

Wily Beguiled. STEEVENS.

"To *bandy* a ball," Cole defines, *clava pilam torquere*; "to *bandy* at tennis," *reticulo peltare*, Dict. 1679. MALONE.

³ Have you wisdom?] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—you have wisdom. MALONE.

⁴ Why, fool?] The folio reads—why, my boy? and gives this question to Lear. STEEVENS.

⁵ —thou'lt catch cold shortly:] i. e. be turned out of doors, and be exposed to the inclemency of the weather. FARMER.

⁶ —take my coxcomb:] Meaning his cap, called so, because on the top of the fool or jester's cap was sewed a piece of red cloth, resembling the comb of a cock. The word, afterwards, was used to denote a vain, conceited, meddling fellow. WARBURTON.

needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs', and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living⁸, I'd keep my coxcombs myself: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters⁹.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when lady, the brach¹, may stand by the fire and slink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

See Fig. XII. in the plate at the end of the first part of *K. Henry IV.* with Mr. Toller's explanation, who has since added, that Minshew, in his *Dictionary*, 1627, says, "Natural idiots and fools have, and still do accustom themselves to wear in their cappes cockes feathers, or a hat with a necke and head of a cocke on the top, and a bell thereon," &c.

STEEVENS.

⁷ —two coxcombs,] Two fools-caps, intended, as it seems, to mark double folly in the man that gives all to his daughters. JOHNSON.

⁸ —all my living,] *Living* in Shakspeare's time signified estate, or property. So, in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, by R. Greene, 1594:

"In Laxfield here my land and living lies." MALONE.

⁹ —beg another of thy daughters.] The fool means to say, that it is by *begging* only that the old king can obtain any thing from his daughters: even a badge of folly in having reduced himself to such a situation.

MALONE.

¹ —lady, the brach—] *Brach* is a bitch of the hunting kind. "Nec equidem hoc est *brach* maximus de cane fœminæ, quæ huiorem ex odore persequitur." Spelman. Gloss. in voce *Bracca*.

Dr. Letherland, on the margin of Dr. Warburton's edition, proposed *lady's brach*, i. e. *favour'd animal*. The third quarto has a much more un-mannerly reading, which I would not wish to establish: but all the other editions concur in reading *lady brach*. *Lady* is still a common name for a hound. So Hutsyur:

"I had rather hear lady, my brach, howl in Irish."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Poem to a Friend*, &c.

"Do all the tricks of a fair lady bitch."

In the old black letter *Booke of Hunting*, &c. no date, the list of dogs concludes thus:—"and small lady *pepies* that bere awai the fleas and divers small fautes." We might read—"when lady, the brach," &c.

STEEVENS.

Both the quartos of 1608 read—when Lady *the* brach. I have therefore printed—lady, *the* brach, grounding myself on the reading of the two copies, though erroneously exhibited, and on the passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *King Henry IV.* P. 1. The folio, and the late editions, read—when *the* lady brach, &c. MALONE.

Have

Have more than thou showest,
 Speak less than thou knowest,
 Lend less than thou owest²,
 Ride more than thou goest,
 Learn more than thou trowest³,
 Set less than thou trowest;
 Leave thy drink and thy whore,
 And keep in-a-door,
 And thou shalt have more
 Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool⁴.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer;
 you gave me nothing for't: Can you make no use of
 nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of
 nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land
 comes to; he will not believe a fool. [to Kent.]

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between
 a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad⁵, teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsel'd thee

To give away thy land,
 Come place him here by me,—
 Or do thou^{*} for him stand:
 The sweet and bitter fool
 Will presently appear;
 The one in motley here,
 The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that
 thou wast born with.

² *Lend less than thou owest,*] That is, *do not lend all that thou hast*.
 To *owe*, in old English, is *to possess*. If *owe* be taken for *to be in debt*,
 the more prudent precept would be:

Lend more than thou owest. JOHNSON.

³ *Learn more than thou trowest,*] To *trow*, is an old word which
 signifies to *believe*. The precept is admirable. WARBURTON.

⁴ *Lear. This is nothing, fool.*] Thus the quartos. In the folio these
 words are given to Kent. MALONE.

⁵ *No, lad,—*] This dialogue, from *No, lad, teach me*, down to, *Give
 me an egg*, was restored from the first edition by Mr. Theobald. It is
 omitted in the folio, perhaps for political reasons, as it seemed to censure
 monopolies. JOHNSON.

^{*} *Or do thou—*] The word *or*, which is not in the quartos, was sup-
 plied by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't⁶: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

*Fools had ne'er less grace in a year*⁷; [Singing.

*For wise men are grown foppish;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.*

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, firrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother⁸: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

⁶ —if I had a monopoly out, they would have a part on't:—] A satire on the gross abuses of monopolies at that time; and the corruption and avarice of the courtiers, who commonly went shares with the patentee. WARBURTON.

The modern editors, without authority, read—
— a monopoly on't,—

Monopolies were in Shakspere's time the common objects of satire.

In the books of the Stationers' Company, I meet with the following entry. "John Charlewoode, Oct. 1587: lycensed unto him by the whole content of the assistants, the *only* ymprinting of all manner of billes for piniers." Again, Nov. 6, 1615. The liberty of printing *all* billes for fencing was granted to Mr. Purfoot. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Fools had ne'er less grace in a year*;] There never was a time when fools were less in favour; and the reason is, that they were never so little wanted, for wise men now supply their place. Such, I think, is the meaning. JOHNSON.

— *less grace*—] So the folio. Both the quartos read—*less wit*.

STEEVENS.

In *Mother Bombie*, a comedy by Lily, 1594, we find, "I think gentlemen *had never less wit in a year*." I suspect therefore the original to be the true reading. MALONE.

⁸ — *when thou madest thy daughters thy mother*;] i. e. when you invested them with the authority of a mother. Thus the quartos. The folio reads, with less propriety,—*thy mothers*. MALONE.

Then

*Then they for sudden joy did weep^o, {Singing.
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.*

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, firrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet on¹? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure²: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [*to Gon.*] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum.

He

^o *Then they for sudden joy did weep, &c.*] So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*, by Heywood, 1630:

“When Tarquin first in court began,

“And was approved king,

“So men for sudden joy did weep,

“But I for sorrow sing.”

I cannot ascertain in what year T. Heywood first published this play, as the copy in 1630, which I have used, was the *fourth* impression.

STEEVENS.

¹ — *what makes that frontlet on?*] A *frontlet* was a forehead-cloth, used formerly by ladies at night to render that part smooth. *Lear*, I suppose, means to say, that Goneril's brow was as completely covered by a frown, as it would be by a frontlet.

So, in Lily's *Euphuus and his England*, 4to. 1580: “The next day I coming to the gallery where she was solitarily walking, with her *frowning-cloth*, as sicke lately of the füllens,” &c. MALONE.

² — *now thou art an O without a figure:*] The fool means to say, that *Lear*, “having pared his wit on both sides, and left nothing in the middle,” is become a mere cypher; which has no arithmetical value, unless

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of ail, shall want some.—

That's a *sheal'd peascod*³. [pointing to Lear.

Gen. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on⁴
By your allowance⁵; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.
So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling⁶.

Lear.

preceded or followed by some figure. In *The Winter's Tale* we have the same allusion, reversed:

" — and therefore, like a cypher,
" Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
" With one we—thack—you, many thousands more
" Standing before it." MALONE.

³ *That's a sheal'd peascod.*] i. e. Now a mere husk, which contains nothing. The outside of a king remains, but all the intrinsic parts of royalty are gone: he has nothing to give. JOHNSON.

The robing of Richard III's effigy in Westminster-abbey is wrought with *peasfods open*, and the *peas out*; perhaps in allusion to his being once in full possession of sovereignty, but soon reduced to an empty title. See Camden's *Remaines*, 1674, p. 453, edit. 1657, p. 340. TOLLET.

⁴ — *put it on*] i. e. promote, push it forward. So, in *Macbeth*:

" — the pow'rs above

" Put on their instruments." STEEVENS.

⁵ *By your allowance*;) By your approbation. MALONE.

⁶ — *darkling.*] This word is used by Marston and other writers of Shakespeare's age. MALONE.

Dr. Farmer concurs with me in thinking that the words—*So out went the candle*, &c. are a fragment of some old song. STEEVENS.

Shakespeare's fools are certainly copied from the life. The originals whom he copied were no doubt men of quick parts; lively and farcassick. Though they were licensed to say any thing, it was still necessary to prevent giving offence, that every thing they said should have a playful air; we may suppose therefore that they had a custom of taking off the edge of

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir, I would, you would make use of that good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught; and put away these dispositions, which of late transform you⁷ from what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee⁸.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why this is not Lear⁹: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargy'd.—Sleeping or waking?—Ha! sure 'tis not so¹.—Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's shadow²? I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters³.—

Fool.

of too sharp a speech by covering it hastily with the end of an old song, or any glib nonsense that came into the mind. I know no other way of accounting for the incoherent words with which Shakspeare often finishes this fool's speeches.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

In a very old dramattick piece, entitled *A very merry and pytbie comedy, called The longer thou livest the more fooles thou art*, printed about the year 1580, we find the following itige-direction: "Entreth Moros, counterfeiting a vaine gesture and a foolish countenance, synging the foote of many songs, as fooles were wont." MALONE.

⁷ —transform you—] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—transport you. STEEVENS.

⁸ —Whoop, Jug! &c.] There are in the fool's speeches several passages which seem to be proverbial allusions, perhaps not now to be understood. JOHNSON.

—Whoop, Jug, I love thee.] This, as I am informed, is a quotation from the burthen of an old song. STEEVENS.

Whoop Jug, I'll do thee no harm, occurs in *The Winter's Tale*.

MALONE.

⁹ —this is not Lear:] This passage appears to have been imitated by Ben Jonson in his *Sad Shepherd*.

"—this is not Marian!

"Nor am I Robin Hood! I pray you, ask her!

"Ask her, good shepherds! ask her all for me:

"Or rather ask yourselves, if she be she;

"Or I be I." STEEVENS.

¹ —sleeping, or waking!—Ha! sure 'tis not so.] Thus the quartos. The folio: Ha! waking? 'Tis not so. MALONE.

² —Lear's shadow?] The folio gives these words to the Fool.

STEEVENS.

³ —for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.] Mr. Tyrwhitt thought it difficult

"to conceive how the marks of sovereignty, of knowledge, and of reason,

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father⁴.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, sir;

This admiration is much o' the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise:
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,
'That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shews like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace*. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy: Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train⁵;

And

reason, should be of any use to persuade Lear that he had or had not any daughters."

Lear, it should be remembered, has not parted with all the marks of sovereignty. In the midst of his prodigality to his children, he reserved to himself the name and all the additions to a king.—Shakspeare often means more than he expresses. Lear has just asked whether he is a shadow. I wish, he adds, to be resolved on this point; for if I were to judge by the marks of sovereignty, and the consciousness of reason, I should be persuaded that I am not a shadow, but a man, a king, and a father. But this latter persuasion is false; for those whom I thought my daughters, are unnatural bags, and never proceeded from these loins.

As therefore I am not a father, so neither may I be an embodied being; I may yet be a shadow. However, let me be certain. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

All the late editions, without authority, read—by the marks of sovereignty, of knowledge, and of reason.—The words—I would learn that, &c. to—an obedient father, are omitted in the folio. MALONE.

⁴ Which they will make an obedient father.] Which is on this occasion used with two deviations from present language. It is referred, contrary to the rules of grammarians to the pronoun I, and is employed according to a mode now obsolete for whom, the accusative case of who.

STEEVENS.

* —a grac'd palace.—] A palace graced by the presence of a sovereign. WARBURTON.

⁵ A little to disquantity your train;] Mr. Pope for *A little* substituted—Of fifty, and supported his alteration by this note. "*A little* is the common reading; but it appears, from what Lear says in the next scene, that this number fifty was required to be cut off, which (as the editions stood) is no where specified by Gentil." MALONE.

11

And the remainder, that shall still depend⁶,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darknes and devils!—

Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter:

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents⁷,—O, fir, are you
come⁸?

Is it your will? [*to Alb.*] speak, fir.—Prepare my horses.
Ingratitude! thou marble-headed fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster⁹!

If Mr. Pope had examined the old copies as accurately as he pretended to have done, he would have found, in the *first folio*, that Lear had an *exit* marked for him after these words—

To have a thankless child.—Away, away.

and goes out, while Albany and Goneril have a short conference of two speeches; and then returns in a still greater passion, having been informed (as it should seem) of the express number, without:

What? *fifty* of my followers at a clap!

This renders all change needless; and *away, away*, being restored, prevents the repetition of *go, go, my people*; which, as the text stood before this regulation, concluded both that and the foregoing speech. Goneril, with great art, is made to avoid mentioning the limited number; and leaves her father to be informed of it by accident, which she knew would be the case as soon as he left her presence. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *still* depend,] *Depend*, for continue in service. WARBURTON.

⁷ Woe, *that too late repents*,—] This is the reading of the folio. Both the quartos—for *Woe*, have *We*, and that of which the first signature is B, reads—*We* that too late *repent's*—; i. e. *repent us*: which I suspect is the true reading. Shakspeare might have had *The Mirror for Magistrates*, in his thoughts:

“ They call'd him doting foole, all his requests debarr'd,

“ Demanding if with life he were not well content:

“ Then he too late his rigour did repent

“ 'Gainst me,—” *Story of Queen Cordila.* MALONE.

⁸ O, fir, are you come?] These words are not in the folio. MALONE.

⁹ *Than the sea-monster!*] Mr. Upton observes, that the sea-monster is the *Hippopotamus*, the hieroglyphical symbol of impiety and ingratitude. Sandys, in his travels, says—“ that he killeth his fire, and ravieth his own dam.” STEEVENS.

Alb.

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient¹.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [to Goneril]

My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support
Tha' worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia shew!
Which, like an engine², wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, [striking his head.
And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people³.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you⁴.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—Hear, nature, hear:
Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body⁵ never spring.

¹ *Pray, sir, be patient.*] The quartos omit this speech. STEEVENS.

² — *like an engine,*—] Mr. Edwards conjectures that by an engine is meant the rack. He is right. To *engine* is, in Chaucer, to strain upon the rack; and in the following passage from the *Three Lords of London*, 1590, *engine* seems to be used for the same instrument of torture:

“From Spain they come with *engine* and intent

“To slay, subdue, to triumph, and torment.”

Again, in the *Night-Walker*, by B. and Fletcher:

“Their souls shot through with adders, torn on engines.”

STEEVENS.

³ — *Go, go, my people.*] Perhaps these words ought to be regulated differently:

Go, go!—my people!

By Albany's answer it should seem that he had endeavoured to appease Lear's anger; and perhaps it was intended by the author that he should here be put back by the king with these words,—“Go, go;” and that Lear should then turn hastily from his son-in-law, and call his train:

“My people!” *Mes gens.* Fr. So, in a former part of this scene:

“You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble

“Make servants of their betters.”

Again, in *Orbello*, Act I. sc. i.

“Call up all my people.”

However the passage be understood, these latter words must bear this sense. The meaning of the whole, indeed, may be only—“Away, away, my followers!” MALONE.

⁴ *Of what hath mov'd you.*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *from her derogate body*—] Her shrunk and wasted body. See Billokar's *English Expositor*, 1616: “*Derogate.* To impair, diminish, or take away.” MALONE.

A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
 Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
 And be a thwart disnatur'd ⁶ torment to her!
 Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
 With cadent tears ⁷ fret channels in her cheeks;
 Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
 To laughter and contempt ⁸; that she may feel
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
 To have a thankless child!—Away, away! [Exit.]

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
 But let his disposition have that scope
 That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap?
 Within a fortnight!

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am agham'd
 That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:
[to Goneril.]

⁶ — *disnatur'd*—] *Disnatur'd* is wanting natural affection. So, Daniel in *Hymen's Triumph*, 1623:

“I am not so *disnatur'd* a man.” STEEVENS.

⁷ — *cadent tears*—] i. e. falling tears. Dr. Warburton would read *cadent*, STEEVENS.

It is a more severe imprecation to wish that tears by constant flowing may fret channels in the cheeks, which implies a long life of wretchedness, than to wish that those channels should be made by scalding tears, which does not mark the same continuation of misery.

The same thought occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*, where he says,

“Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,

“Their eyes o'er-galled with recourse of tears,”
 should prevent his going to the field. MASON.

⁸ *Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,*

To laughter and contempt;] “*Her mother's pains*” here signifies, not bodily sufferings, or the throes of child-birth, (with which this “*disnatur'd babe*” being unacquainted, it could not *deride* or *despise* them,) but *maternal cares*; the solicitude of a mother for the welfare of her child. So, in *King Richard III.*

“’Tis time to speak; my *pains* are quite forgot.”

Benefits mean *good offices*; her kind and *beneficent* attention to the education of her offspring, &c. Mr. Roderick has, in my opinion, explained both these words wrong. He is equally mistaken in supposing that the sex of this child is ascertained by the word *her*; which clearly relates, not to Goneril's issue, but to herself. “*Her mother's pains*” means—the pains which she (*Goneril*) takes as a mother. MALONE.

That

That these hot tears⁹, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon thee!
The untented woundings¹ of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Bewep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose²,
'To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so³:—Yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think.
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt⁴, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, KENT, and Attendants.]

Gen. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—

Gen. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*to the Fool.*

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take the
fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after.

[*Exit.*

⁹ *That these hot tears, &c.*] I will transcribe this passage from the first edition, that it may appear to those who are unacquainted with old books, what is the difficulty of revision, and what indulgence is due to those that endeavour to restore corrupted passages.—*That these hot tears, that break from me perforce, should make the worst blasts and fogs upon the untender woundings of a father's curse, pierce every sense about the old fond eyes, bewep this cause again, &c.* JOHNSON.

¹ *The untented woundings—*] *Untented* wounds, means wounds in their worst state, not having a *tent* in them to digest them; and may possibly signify here such as will not admit of having a tent put into them for that purpose. One of the quartos reads, *untender*. STEEVENS.

² *—that you lose.*] The quartos read—that you *make*. STEEVENS.

³ *Let it be so, &c.*] The reading is here gleaned up, part from the first, and part from the second edition. JOHNSON.

Let it be so is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

And *is it come to this* is omitted in the folio. *Yet have I left a daughter* is the reading of the quartos; the folio has, *I have another daughter*. MALONE.

⁴ *—thou shalt, I warrant thee.*] These words are omitted in the folio. MALONE.

Gen.

* *Gou.* This man hath had good counsel:—A hundred knights!

'Tis politick, and safe, to let him keep
At point⁶, a hundred knights. Yes, that on every dream,
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy⁷.—Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gou. Safer than trust too far:

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have shew'd the unsiftness*,—How now, Oswald⁸?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gou. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more⁹. Get you gone;
And hasten your return. [*Exit Stew.*] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attack'd¹ for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb.

⁵ *Gou.* All from this asterisk to the next, is omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *At point,*] I believe, means, completely armed, and consequently ready at appointment or command on the slightest notice. STEEVENS.

⁷ *And hold our lives in mercy.*] Thus the old copies. Mr. Pope who could not endure that the language of Shakspeare's age should not correspond in every instance with that of modern times, reads—at mercy; and the subsequent editors have adopted his innovation. MALONE.

⁸ — *How now, Oswald?*] The quartos read—*what Oswald, to!*

Osw. Here, Madam.

Gou. What, have you writ this letter, &c. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *compact it more.*] Unite one circumstance with another, so as to make a consistent account. JOHNSON.

More is here used as a dissyllable. MALONE.

¹ — *more attack'd*—] It is a common phrase now with parents and governesses: *I'll take you to task*, i. e. *I will reprove and correct you.* To be *at task*, therefore, is to be liable to reproof and correction.

JOHNSON.

Both

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well².

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well; the event.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Court before the same.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters: acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter: If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you³.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [Exit.]

Both the quartos instead of *at task*—read, *adapt*. A late editor of *King Lear*, says, that the first quarto reads—*attask'd*; but unless there be a third quarto which I have never seen or heard of, his assertion is erroneous. STEPHENS.

The quarto printed by N. Butter, 1608, of which the first signature is B, reads—*attask'd* for want of wisdom. The other quarto printed by the same printer in the same year, of which the first signature is A, reads—*adapt* for want of wisdom, &c. Three copies of the quarto first described, (which concur in reading *attask'd*;) and one copy of the other quarto, are now before me. The folio reads—*at task*.—The quartos have *praise* instead of *prais'd*. *Attask'd* I suppose, means, *charged; censured*. So, in *K. Henry IV*:

“How shew'd his *tasking*? seem'd it in contempt?”

In the notes on this play I shall hereafter call the quarto first mentioned, quarto B; the other, quarto A. MALONE.

² *Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.*] So, in our author's 103d Sonnet:

“Were it not sinful then, *striving to mend*,

“*To mar the subject that before was well?*” MALONE.

³ — *there before you.*] He seems to intend to go to his daughter, but it appears afterwards that he is going to the house of Gloster. JOHNSON.

The word *there* in this speech shews, that when the king says, “Go you before to *Gloster*,” he means the town of Gloster, which, as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed, Shakspeare chose to make the residence of the duke of Cornwall and Regan, in order to give a probability to their setting out late from thence, on a visit to the earl of Gloster, whose castle our poet conceived to be in the neighbourhood of that city. Out old English earls usually resid'd in the counties from whence they took their titles. Lear, not finding his son-in-law and his wife at home, follows them to the earl of Gloster's castle. MALONE.

Fool.

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what can'st thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou can'st tell, why one's nose stands i' the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong⁴:

Fool. Can'st tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou would'st make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce⁵!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old, before thou hadst been wife.

* *Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?*] So the quartos. The folio reads—What canst tell, boy? MALONE.

⁴ *I did her wrong:*] He is musing on Cordelia. JOHNSON.

⁵ *To take it again perforce!*] He is meditating on the resumption of his royalty. JOHNSON.

He is rather meditating on his daughter's having in so violent a manner deprived him of those privileges which before she had agreed to grant him. STEEVENS.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!
Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure,

Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A Court within the Castle of the earl of Gloster.

Enter EDMUND, and CURAN, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his dutchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments*?

Edm. Not I; 'Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business!

My father hath set guard to take my brother;

* — ear-kissing arguments? [*Ear-kissing arguments* means that they are yet in reality only *whisper'd ones*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Cur.*] This and the following speech, are omitted in one of the quartos. STEEVENS.

And

And I have one thing, of a queazy question⁷,
Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word;—descend:—Brother, I say;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night:—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste⁸,
And Regan with him; Have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany⁹?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me:—
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:—
Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you well,
Yield:—come before my father;—Light, ho, here!—
Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.—

[*Exit Edgar.*

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[*wounds his arm.*

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father! father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

⁷ — *queazy question*,] Something of a *suspicious, questionable, and uncertain nature*. This is, I think, the meaning. JOHNSON.

Queazy, I believe, rather means *delicate*, what requires to be handled nicely. So, Ben Jonson, in *Sejanus*:

“Those times are somewhat *queazy* to be touch'd.—

“Have you not seen or read part of his book?

Again, in *Much Ado about nothing*:

“Despight of his quick wit, and *queazy* stomach.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — *i' the haste*,] I should suppose we ought to read only in *haste*; *i' the* being repeated accidentally by the compositor. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *have you nothing said*

Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?] The meaning is, *have you said nothing upon the party formed by him against the duke of Albany?*

HANMER.

I cannot but think the line corrupted, and would read:

Against his party, for the duke of Albany? JOHNSON.

Edm.

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbl'ing of wicked charms, conjuring the moon¹
To stand his auspicious mistress:—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—[*Exit Servant.*] By
no means,—what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders² bend;
Speke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether gasted³ by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—Dispatch⁴.—The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch⁵ and patron, comes to-night:

¹ *Mumbl'ing of wicked charms, conjuring the moon*.—] This was a proper circumstance to urge to Gloucester; who appears, by what passed between him and his bastard son in a foregoing scene, to be very superstitious with regard to this matter. WARBURTON.

The quartos read, *warbling* instead of *mumbl'ing*. STEEVENS.
— *conjuring the moon*

To stand his auspicious mistress.—] So, in *All's well that ends well*:
“And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,

“As thy auspicious mistress.” MALONE.

² — *their thunders*.—] First quarto; the rest have it, *the thunder*.

JOHNSON.

³ — *gasted*.—] Frighted. JOHNSON.

So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at several Weapons*: “—either the sight of the lady has gasted him, or else he's drunk.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Not in this land shall he remain uncaught*;

And found—Dispatch.] The sense is interrupted. He shall be caught—and found, *he shall be punished*. Dispatch. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *arch*.—] i. e. Chief; a word now used only in composition, as *arch-angel*, *arch-duke*. So, in Heywood's *If you knew not me, you know nobody*, 1616:

“Poole, that *arch* for truth and honesty.” STEEVENS.

By

By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward ⁶ to the stake;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech ⁷
I threaten'd to discover him: He replied,
Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
*If I would stand against thee, would the reposal*⁸
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,
(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character⁹,) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs¹
To make thee seek it.

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain ²!
Would he deny his letter ³?—I never got him.

[*Trumpets within.*]

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes:—
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,

⁶ —murderous coward—] The first edition reads, *coward*. JOHNSON.
⁷ And found him pight to do it, with curst speech—] *Pight* is picked, fixed, settled. *Curst* is severe, harsh, vehemently angry. JOHNSON.

So, in the old morality of *Lusty Juventus*, 1561:

"Therefore my heart is surely pyght

"Of her alone to have a fight."

Thus, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"——— tents

"Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains." STEEVENS.

⁸ —would the reposal—] i. e. Would any opinion that men have reposed in thy trust, virtue, &c. WARBURTON.

The old quarto reads, *could the reposeure*. STEEVENS.

⁹ —though thou didst produce

My very character,)—] i. e. my very handwriting. MALONE.

¹ —pregnant and potential spurs—] Thus the quartos. Folio: *potentia spurs*. MALONE.

² Strong and fasten'd villain!] Thus the quartos. The folio reads —O strange and fasten'd villain. MALONE.

³ Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.] Thus the quartos. The folio omits the words—I never got him; and, instead of them, substitutes—*said he?* MALONE.

Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable⁴.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came hither,
(Which I can call but now,) I have heard strange news⁵.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam:

It is too bad, too bad.—

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that comfort⁶.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waste and spoil of his revenues⁷.

I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—

Edmund, I hear that you have shewn your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

⁴ — of my land—

To make thee capable.] i. e. capable of succeeding to my land, notwithstanding the legal bar of thy illegitimacy. So, in *The Life and Death of Will Summers, &c.* "The king next demanded of him, (he being a fool,) whether he were *capable* to inherit any land," &c.

STEEVENS.

⁵ — strange news.] Thus the quartos. Instead of these words the folio has—*strange news*. MALONE.

⁶ — of that comfort.] These words are not in the quartos. MALONE.

⁷ *To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.*] Thus quarto B. The other quarto reads—

To have these—and waste of this his revenues.

The folio:

To have the expence and waste of his revenues.

These in quarto A was, I suppose, a misprint for—the *use*. MALONE.

Glo. He did bewray his practice⁸; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth⁹ this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

Reg. Thus out of season; threading dark-ey'd night¹.
Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some poize²,
Wherein we must have use of your advice:—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home³; the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business⁴,
Which craves the instant use.

⁸ *He did bewray his practice*;] To *bewray* is to *reveal*, or *discover*. See Minshieu's Dict. 1617, in v. "To *bewraie*, or *disclose*, a Gath, bewrye. MALONE.

Practice is always used by Shakspeare for *insidious mischief*. The quartos read—*betray*. STEEVENS.

⁹ —*whose virtue and obedience doth*—] i. e. whose virtuous obedience. MALONE.

¹ —*threading dark-ey'd night*.] The quarto reads:—*threat'ning dark-ey'd night*. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare uses the former of these expressions in *Coriolanus*, Act III:

"They would not *thread* the gates." STEEVENS.

² —*of some poize*,] i. e. of some weight or moment. So, in *Othello*:

"—full of *poize* and difficulty,

"And fearful to be granted."

Thus the quarto B. The other quarto of 1608, and the folio, have *prize*. MALONE.

³ —*from our home*:] Not at home, but at some other place.

JOHNSON.

Thus the folio. The quarto B reads—which I *left* thought it fit to answer from our *home*. The other quarto:—which I *best* thought it fit to answer from our *band*. MALONE.

⁴ —*to our business*,] Thus the quartos. Folio:—to our *businesses*.

MALONE.

Glo.

Glo. I serve you, madam :
You graces are right welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Before Gloster's Castle.

Enter KENT and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend : Art of the house⁶ ?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses ?

Kent. I' the mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold⁷, I would make thee care for me.

Stew.

⁵ *Good dawning to thee, friend :*] So the folio. The quartos read—*good even.* *Dawning* is again used in *Cymbeline* as a substantive, for morning :

“ ——— that dawning

“ May bare the raven's eye.”

It is clear from various passages in this scene, that the morning is now just beginning to dawn, though the moon is still up, and though Kent early in the scene calls it still night. Towards the close of it, he wishes Gloster *good morrow*, as the latter goes out, and immediately after calls on the sun to shine, that he may read a letter. MALONE.

⁶ *— of the house ?*] So the quartos. Folio—*of this house.*

MALONE.

⁷ — *Lipsbury pinfold,*] The allusion which seems to be contained in this line I do not understand. In the violent eruption of reproaches which bursts from Kent in this dialogue, there are some epithets which the commentators have left unexpounded, and which I am not very able to make clear. Of a *three-suited knave* I know not the meaning, unless it be that he has different dresses for different occupations. *Lily-liver'd* is cowardly, *robust blooded* and *robust liver'd* are still in vulgar use. An *one-trunk-inheriting slave*, I take to be a weaver of old cast-off cloaths, an inheritor of torn breeches. JOHNSON.

I do not find the name of *Lipsbury* : it may be a cant phrase, with some corruption, taken from a place where the fines were arbitrary. *Three-suited* should, I believe, be *third-suited*, wearing cloaths at the third-hand. Edgar, in his pride, had *three-suits* only. FARMER.

Lipsbury pinfold may be a cant expression importing the same as *Leb's Pound*. So, in Massinger's *Duke of Milan* :

“ To marry her, and say he was the party

“ Found in *Leb's Pound*.”

A Pinfold

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound³, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave⁹; a whoreson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; *one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would't be a bawd, in way of good service, and

A *Pinfold* is a *pound*. Thus in Gascoigne's *Dan Bartholemew of Bathe*, 1587:

"In such a *pinfold* were his pleasures pent."

Three-suited knave might mean, in an age of ostentatious finery like that of Shakspeare, one who had no greater change of rayment than *three suits* would furnish him with; so, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*: "—wert a pitiful fellow, and hadst nothing but *three suits* of apparel:" or it may signify a fellow *thrice-sued* at law, who has *three suits* for debt standing out against him. A *one-trunk-inheriting slave* may be used to signify a fellow, the whole of whose possessions are confined to one *coffer*, and that too *inherited* from his father, who was no better provided, or had nothing more to bequeath to his *successor in poverty*; a *poor rogue hereditary*, as *Timon* calls *Apemantus*. A *worsted-stocking knave* is another reproach of the same kind. The stockings in England, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, (as I learn from Stubbs's *Anatomic of Abuses*, printed in 1595,) were remarkably expensive, and scarce any other kind than silk were worn, even (as this author says) by those who had not above forty shillings a year wages.—So, in *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Green sicknesses and serving-men light on you,

"With greasy breeches, and in woollen stockings."

Silk stockings were not made in England till 1560, the second year of queen Elizabeth's reign. Of this extravagance Drayton takes notice in the 16th song of his *Polysidion*:

"Which our plain fathers erst would have accounted sin,

"Before the costly coach and *filken stock* came in." STEEVENS.

This term of reproach also occurs in *the Phoenix*, by Middleton, 1607: "Mettreza Auriola keeps her love with half the cost that I am at; her friend can go afoot, like a good husband; walk in *worsted stockings*, and inquire for the sixpenny ordinary." MALONE.

* — *hundred pound*,—] A *hundred-pound gentleman* is a term of reproach used in Middleton's *Phoenix*, 1607. STEEVENS.

9 — *action-taking knave*;] That is, a fellow, who, if you beat him, would bring an action for the assault, instead of resenting it like a man of courage. MASON.

* — *a whoreson, glass-gazing—rogue*;] This epithet none of the commentators have explained; nor am I sure that I understand it. In *Timon of Athens* "the *glass-fac'd flatterer*" is mentioned, that is, says Dr. Johnson, "he that shews in his own look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron."—*Glass-gazing* may be licentiously used for one enamoured of himself; who gazes often at his own person in a glass. MALONE.

art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition¹.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? Is it two days ago, since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you²: Draw, you whorson cullionly barber-monger³, draw. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king: and take vanity the puppet's part⁴, against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your thanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave⁵, strike. [*beating him.*]

Stew. Help ho! murder! murder!

¹ — *addition.*] i. e. titles. The Statute 1 Hen. V. ch. v. which directs that in certain writs a description should be added to the name of the defendant, expressive of his estate, mystery, degree, &c. is called the statute of *Additions*. MALONE.

² *I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you.*] I suppose he means, that after having beaten the Steward sufficiently, and made his flesh as soft as moistened bread, he will lay him flat on the ground, like a sop in a pan, or a tankard. See the passage quoted from *Troilus and Cressida* in Act III. Scene I. n. 7. MALONE.

³ — *barber-monger.*] *Barber-monger* perhaps means one who consorts much with barbers. MALONE.

Barber-monger may mean, *dealer in the lower tradesmen*: a slur upon the steward, as taking fees for a recommendation to the business of the family. FARMER.

⁴ — *vanity the puppet's part.*] Alluding to the mysteries or allegorical shews, in which vanity, iniquity, and other vices, were personified.

JOHNSON.

S., in *Volpone*, or *The Fox*:

"Get you a cittern, Lady *Vanity*." STEEVENS.

The description is applicable only to the old *moralities*, between which and the *mysteries* there was an essential difference. ANONYMUS.

⁵ — *neat slave.*] You mere slave, you very slave. JOHNSON.

You neat slave, I believe, means no more than *you cynical rascal*, you who are an assemblage of *foppery and poverty*. Ben Jonson uses the same epithet in his *Portaster*:

"By thy leave, my *neat* scoundrel." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please; cc
I'll flesh you; come on, young master,

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corff. Keep peace, upon your lives;

He dies, that strikes again: What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour.
You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee⁶; a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,
At suit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—
My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this un-

⁶ — *nature disclaims in thee*;] So the quartos and the folio. The modern editors read, without authority:

— *nature disclaims her share in thee.*

The old reading is the true one. So, in *The Case is Alter'd*, by Ben Jonson, 1609:

“No, I *disclaim* in her, I spit at her.”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. III. chap. xvi:

“Not these, my lords, make me *disclaim* in it which all pursue.”

STEVENS.

[*Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!*—] Zed is here probably used as a term of contempt, because it is the last letter in the English alphabet, and as its place may be supplied by S, and the Roman alphabet has it not; neither is it read in any word originally Teutonic. In Barret's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, it is quite omitted, as the author affirms it to be rather a syllable than a letter. STEVENS.

This is taken from the grammarians of the time. Mulcaster says, “Z is much harder amongst us, and seldom seen:—S is become its lieutenant-general. It is lightlie expressed in English, saving in foren enfranchisements. FARMER.”

bolted villain ⁸ into mortar⁹, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
Which are too intrinsic¹ t' unloose²: smooth every passion³
That

⁸ — *this unbolted villain*—] i. e. unrefined by education, the bran yet in him. Metaphor from the bakehouse. WARBURTON.

⁹ — *into mortar*,] This expression was much in use in our author's time. So, Massinger, in his *New Way to pay old Debts*, Act I. sc. 1:

“ ——— I will help your memory,

“ And tread thee into mortar.” STEVENS.

Unbolted mortar is mortar made of unsifted lime, and therefore to break the lumps it is necessary to tread it by men in wooden shoes. This unbolted villain is therefore this coarse rascal. TOLLET.

¹ Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain

Which are too intrinsic¹ t' unloose²:] By these *holy cords* the poet means the natural union between parents and children. The metaphor is taken from the cords of the sanctuary; and the fomenters of family differences are compared to these sacrilegious rats. The expression is fine and noble.

WARBURTON.

The quartos read—*to intrench*. The folio—*intrince*. *Intrince*, for so it should be written, I suppose was used by Shakspeare for *intrinsecate*, a word which, as Theobald has observed, he has used in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ——— Come, mortal wretch,

“ With thy sharp teeth this knot *intrinsecate*

“ Of life at once untie.”

We have had already in this play *reverts* for *reverberatus*. Again, in *Hamlet*:

“ Season your admiration for a while

“ With an *attent ear*.”

The word *intrinsecate* was but newly introduced into our language, when this play was written. See the preface to Marston's *Scurvy of Villanie*, 1598: “I know he will vouchsafe it some of his new-minted epithets; as *real*, *intrinsecate*, *Delphicke*,” &c.

I doubt whether Dr. Warburton has not, as usual, seen more in this passage than the poet intended. In the quartos the word *holy* is not found, and I suspect it to be an interpolation made in the folio edition. We might perhaps better read, with the elder copy,

Like rats, oft bite *those* cords in twain, *which are*

Too, &c. MALONE.

² — *smooth every passion*—] So the old copies; for which Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors substituted *sooth*. The verb to *smooth* occurs frequently in our elder writers. So, in Greene's *Greatworth of Wit*, 1592:

“ For

That in the natures of their lords rebels ;
 Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods ;
 Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
 With every gale and vary of their masters³ ;
 Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—
 A plague upon your epileptick visage⁴ !
 Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool ?
 Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
 I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot⁵.

Corn. What art thou mad, old fellow ?

Glo. How fell you out ? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
 Than I and such a knave⁶.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave ? What's his of-
 fence ?

" For since he learn'd to use the poet's pen,

" He learn'd likewise with *smoothing* words to feign."

Again, in *Titus Andronicus* :

" Yield to his humour, *smooth*, and speak him fair."

Again, in our poet's *King Richard III* :

" Smile in men's faces, *smooth*, deceive, and cog." MALONE.

³ — *and turn their halcyon beaks*

With every gale and vary of their masters ;] The *halcyon* is the bird otherwise called the *king-fisher*. The vulgar opinion was, that this bird, if hung up, would *vary* with the wind, and by that means shew from what point it blew. So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633 :

" But how now stands the wind ?

" Into what corner peers my *halcyon's* bill ?"

Again, in Storer's *Life and Death of Tho. Wolsey, Cardinal*, a poem, 1599 :

" Or as a *halcyon* with her turning breast,

" Demonstrates wind from wind, and cast from west."

STEEVENS.

⁴ — *epileptick visage* !] The frightened countenance of a man ready to fall in a fit. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *Camelot*.] was the place where the romances say king Arthur kept his court in the West ; so this alludes to some proverbial speech in those romances. WARBURTON.

So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song III :

" Like *Camelot*, what place was ever yet renown'd ?

" Where, as at Carlion, oft he kept the table round."

STEEVENS.

In Somersetshire, near Camelot, are many large moors, where are bred great quantities of geese, so that many other places are from hence supplied with quills and feathers. HANMER.

⁶ *No contraries hold more antipathy,*

Than I and such a knave.] Hence Mr. Pope's expression :

" The strong antipathy of good to bad." TOLLET.

Kent. His countenance likes me not⁷.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature⁸: He cannot flatter, he!—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants⁹,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, or in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front',—

Corn. What mean'st thou by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend
So much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he, that be-

⁷ —likes me not.] i. e. pleases me not. So, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

“I did but cast an amorous eye, e'en now,

“Upon a pair of gloves that somewhat lik'd me.” STEEVENS.

⁸ —constrains the garb

Quite from his nature:] Forces his outside or his appearance to something totally different from his natural disposition. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Than twenty silly ducking observants*,] Silly means simple, or rustic. So, in *Cymbeline*, Act V. sc. iii: “There was a fourth man in a silly habit,” meaning Posthumus in the dress of a peasant. *Nicely* is *foolishly*. Niais, Fr. STEEVENS.

See p. 127, n. 2. *Nicely* is rather, I think, with the utmost exactness, with an attention to the most minute trifles. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“The letter was not nice, but full of charge.” MALONE.

¹ *On flickering Phœbus' front*,—] Dr. Johnson in his *Dictionary* says this word means to flutter. I meet with it in *The History of Clyemuth, Knight of the Golden Shield*, 1599:

“By flying force of flickering fame your grace shall understand.”

Sir Thomas North, in his translation of *Plutarch*, talks of the flickering enticements of Cleopatra.—Stanyhurst, in his translation of the fourth book of Virgil's *Æneid*, 1582, describes Iris

“From the sky down flickering,” &c.

Again, in the old play, entitled, *Faustus Tragedy*, 1633:

“With gaudy pennons flickering in the air.” STEEVENS.

guiled you, in a plain accent; was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it².

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any:

It pleas'd the king his master, very late;
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct³, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man, that
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool⁴.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave⁵, you reverent braggart,
We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, shew too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

² — *though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.*] Though I should win you, displeased as you now are, to like me so well as to entreat me to be a knave. JOHNSON.

³ *When he, conjunct,*] *Conjunct* is the reading of the old quartos; *compact*, of the folio. STEEVENS.

⁴ *None of these rogues, and cowards*

But Ajax is their fool.] i. e. a fool to them. These rogues and cowards talk in such a boasting strain, that if we were to credit their account of themselves, Ajax would appear a person of no prowess when compared with them. Since the first publication of this note in my SECOND APPENDIX to the *Supp. to Shakspeare*, 8vo. 1783, I have observed that our poet has elsewhere employed the same phraseology. So, in the *Taming of the Shrew*:

“Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.”

Again, in *King Henry VIII.*

“—now this mask

“Was cry'd incomparable, and the ensuing night

“Made it a fool and beggar.”

The phrase in this sense is yet used in low language. MALONE.

⁵ — *ancient knave,*] Two of the quartos read—*miscreant knave*, and one of them—*unreverent*, instead of *reverend*. STEEVENS.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks :—

As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg. 'Till noon ! till night, my lord ; and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will. [*Stocks brought out.*]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour⁶
Our sister speaks of :—Come, bring away the stocks⁷.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so :

* His fault⁸ is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't : your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and contemn'd⁹ wretches⁹,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with* : the king must take it ill,
That he's so slightly valu'd in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs¹.—Put in his legs.—

[*Kent is put in the stocks*².]

Come, my good lord ; away. [*Exeunt REG. and CORN.*]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend ; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd³ : I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir : I have watch'd, and travell'd
hard ;

⁶ —colour—] The quartos read, *nature*. STEEVENS.

⁷ —stocks.] This is not the first time that stocks had been introduced on the stage. In *Hick-scorner*, which was printed early in the reign of *K. Henry V. III.* Pity is put into them, and left there till he is freed by *Perseverance* and *Contemplation*. STEEVENS.

⁸ His fault—] All between the asterisks is omitted in the folio.

STEEVENS.

⁹ —and contemn'd⁹ wretches,] The quartos read—and *tennest* wretches. This conjectural emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens.

MALONE.

¹ For following her affairs, &c.] This line is not in the folio.

MALONE.

² I know not whether this circumstance of putting Kent in the stocks be not ridiculed in the punishment of Numps, in Ben Jonson's *Bartolomew-Fair*.

It should be remembered, that formerly in great houses, as still in some colleges, there were moveable stocks for the correction of the servants. FARMER.

³ Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd.] Metaphor from bowling.

WARBURTON.

Some

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken.

[*Exit.*

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common law*!
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles⁵,
But misery;—I know, 'tis from Cordelia⁶;

Who

* *Good king, that must approve the common law!*] That art now to exemplify the common proverb, *Thou out of, &c.* That changest better for worse. Hammer observes, that it is a proverbial saying, applied to those who are turned out of house and home to the open weather. It was perhaps first used of men dismissed from an hospital, or house of charity, such as was erected formerly in many places for travellers. Those houses had names properly enough alluded to by *heaven's benediction*. JOHNSON.

Kent was not thinking of the king's being *turned out of house and home to the open weather*, a misery which he has not yet experienced, but of his being likely to receive a worse reception from Regan than that which he had already experienced from his eldest daughter Goneril. Hammer therefore certainly misunderstood the passage.

A quotation from Holinshed's *Chronicle*, may prove the best comment on it. "This Augustine after his arrival converted the Saxons indeed from Paganisme, but, as the proverb sayth, bringing them *out of Goddes blessing into the warme sunne*, he also imbued them with no lesse hurtful superstition than they did know before."

See also Howell's Collection of English Proverbs in his Dictionary, 1660: "He goes out of God's blessing to the warm sun, viz. *from good to worse*." MALONE.

The *sun* alluded to, is in Heywood's *Dialogues on Proverbs*, book ii. chap. 5.

"In your renning from him to me, ye runne

"*Out of God's blessing into the warme sunne.*" TYRWHITT.

⁵ — *Nothing almost sees miracles,*] Thus the folio. The quartos read — *Nothing almost sees my wrack.* STEEVENS.

⁶ — *I know, 'tis from Cordelia, &c.*] This passage, which some of the editors have degraded as spurious, to the margin, and others have silently altered, I have faithfully printed according to the quarto, from which the folio differs only in punctuation. The passage is very obscure, if not corrupt. Perhaps it may be read thus:

— Cordelia—has been—Informed
Of my obscured course, and shall find time
From this enormous state-seeking, to give
Losses their remedies.—

Cordelia

Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
 Of my obscured course; and shall find time
 From this enormous state,—seeking to give
 Losses their remedies⁷:—All weary and o'er-watch'd,
 Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
 This shameful lodging.
 Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel!
[He sleeps.]

S C E N E III.

A Part of the Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
 And, by the happy hollow of a tree,

Escap'd

Cordelia is informed of our affairs, and when the *enormous* care of *seeking her fortune* will allow her time, she will employ it in remedying losses. This is harsh; perhaps something better may be found. I have at least supplied the genuine reading of the old copies. *Enormous* is unwonted, out of rule, out of the ordinary course of things. JOHNSON.

So Holinshed, p. 647: "The major perceiving this *enormous* doing," &c. STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— and shall find time

From this enormous state, seeking to give

Losses their remedies;—] I confess I do not understand this passage, unless it may be considered as *divided parts of Cordelia's letter*, which he is reading to himself by moonlight; it certainly conveys the sense of what she would have said. In reading a letter, it is natural enough to dwell on those circumstances in it that promise the change in our affairs which we most wish for; and Kent having read Cordelia's assurances that she will find a time to free the injured from the *enormous* misrule of Regan, is willing to go to sleep with that pleasing reflection uppermost in his mind. But this is mere conjecture. STEEVENS.

In the old copies these words are printed in the same character as the rest of the speech. I have adhered to them, not conceiving that they form any part of Cordelia's letter, or that any part of it is or can be read by Kent. He wishes for the rising of the sun, that he may read it. I suspect that two half lines have been lost between the words *state* and *seeking*. This *enormous state* means, I think, the confusion subsisting in the state, in consequence of the discord which had arisen between the dukes of Albany and Cornwall; of which Kent hopes Cordelia will avail herself. He says in a subsequent scene,

" ——— There is a division,

" Although as yet the face of it be cover'd

" With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall."

In the modern editions, after the words *under globe*, the following direction has been inserted: "*Looking up to the moon.*" Kent is surely
here

Escap'd the hunt. No port is free ; no place,
 That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
 Does not attend my taking. While I may scape,
 I will preserve myself : and am bethought
 To take the basest and most poorest shape,
 That ever penury, in contempt of man,
 Brought near to beast ; my face I'll grime with filth ;
 Blanket my loins ; elf all my hair in knots⁸ ;
 And with presented nakedness out-face
 The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
 The country gives me proof and precedent
 Of Bedlam beggars⁹, who, with roaring voices,
 Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
 Pins, wooden pricks¹, nails, sprigs of rosemary ;
 And with this horrible object, from low farms²,

here addressing, not the moon, but the sun, which he has mentioned in the preceding line, and for whose rising he is impatient, that he may read Cordelia's letter. He has just before said to Gloucester, "Give you good morrow!" The comfortable beams of the moon no poet, I believe, has mentioned. Those of the sun are again mentioned by Shakspeare in *Timon of Athens* :

"Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!" MALONE.

⁸ — elf all my hair in knots ;] Hair thus knotted, was vulgarly supposed to be the work of elves and fairies in the night. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

"—plats the manes of horses in the night,

"And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,

"Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes."

STEEVENS.

⁹ Of Bedlam beggars,] In the *Bell-man of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640, is the following account of one of these characters, under the title of an *Abraham Man*. "—he sweares he hath been in Bedlam, and will talke frantickely of purpose : you see pinnes stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his armes, which paine he gladly puts himselfe to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calles himselfe by the name of *Poore Tom*, and comming near any body cries out, *Poore Tom is a cold*. Of these *Abraham-men*, some be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their owne braines ; some will dance, others will doe nothing but either laugh or weepe : others are dogged, and so fullen both in loke and speech, that spying but a small company in a house, they boldly and bluntly enter, compelling the servants through feare to give them what they demand." To *sham Abraham*, a cant term, still in use among sailors and the vulgar, may have this origin. STEEVENS.

¹ — wooden pricks,] i. e. skewers. So, in *The Wyll of the Deuyll*, bl. l. no date. "I give to the butchers, &c. pricks enough to set up their thin meate, that it may appear thicke and well fedde."

STEEVENS.

² — low farms,] The quartos read, *low service*. STEEVENS.

Poor

Poor pelting villages³, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatick bans⁴, sometime with prayers,
Inforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood! poor Tom⁵!
That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am⁶. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Before Gloster's Castle⁷.

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from home.
And not send back my-messenger.

Gent.

³ Poor pelting villages,] *Pelting*, is, I believe, only an accidental depravation of *petty*. Shakspeare uses it in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* of small brooks. JOHNSON.

Beaumont and Fletcher often use the word in the same sense as Shakspeare. So, in *King and no King*, Act IV:

"This *pelting*, prating peace is good for nothing."

Spanish Curate, Act II. sc. ult.—"To learn the *pelting* law." Shakspeare's *Midsummer-Night's Dream*,—"every *pelting* river." *Measure for Measure*, Act II. sc. vii:

"And every *pelting* petty officer."

Again, in *Triluz and Cressida*, Hector says to Achilles:

"We have had *pelting* wars since you refus'd

"The Grecian cause."

From the first of the two last instances it appears not to be a corruption of *petty*, which is used the next word to it, but seems to be the same as *paltry*. STEEVENS.

⁴—lunatick bans,] To *ban*, is to curse. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

"Nay, if those *ban*, let me breathe curses forth." STEEVENS.

⁵—poor Turlygood! poor Tom!] We should read *Turlupin*. In the fourteenth century there was a new species of gypsies, called *Turlupins*, a fraternity of naked beggars, which ran up and down Europe. However, the church of Rome hath dignified them with the name of *heretics*, and actually burned some of them at Paris. But what sort of religionists they were, appears from Genebrard's account of them. "*Turlupin Cynicorum sectam suscitantes, de nuditate pudendorum, & publico coitu.*" Plainly, nothing but a band of *Tom-o'-Bedlams*. WARBURTON.

Hammer reads, *poor Turluru*. It is probable the word *Turlygood* was the common corrupt pronunciation. JOHNSON.

⁶—Edgar I nothing am.] As Edgar I am outlived, dead in law; I have no longer any political existence. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the meaning is, As poor Tom, I may exist: appearing as Edgar, I am lost. MALONE.

⁷ *Gloster's castle*.] It is not very clearly discovered why Lear comes hither. In the foregoing part he sent a letter to Gloster; but no hint

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How! mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord^s.

Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel garters⁹! Horses
are tied by the heads; dogs, and bears, by the neck;
monkies by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man is
over-lusty¹ at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks².

Lear.

is given of its contents. He seems to have gone to visit Gloucester while Cornwall and Regan might prepare to entertain him. JOHNSON.

It is plain, I think, that Lear comes to the earl of Gloucester's, in consequence of his having been at the duke of Cornwall's, and having heard there, that his son and daughter were gone to the earl of Gloucester's. His first words shew this: "*'Tis strange that they (Cornwall and Regan) should so depart from home, and not send back my messenger (Kent).*" It is clear also from Kent's speech in this scene, that he went directly from Lear to the duke of Cornwall's, and delivered his letters, but, instead of being sent back with any answer, was ordered to follow the duke and dutchess to the earl of Gloucester's. But what then is the meaning of Lear's order to Kent in the preceding Act, sc. v. *Go you before to Gloucester with these letters.*—The obvious meaning, and what will agree best with the course of the subsequent events, is, that the duke of Cornwall and his wife were then residing at Gloucester. Why Shakspeare should choose to suppose them at Gloucester, rather than at any other city, is a different question. Perhaps he might think, that Gloucester implied such a neighbourhood to the earl of Gloucester's castle, as his story required.

TYRWHITT.

⁸ No, my lord.] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *he wears cruel garters!*] I believe a quibble was here intended.

Cruel signifies *worsted*, of which stockings, garters, night-caps, &c. are made; and it is used in that sense in the comedy of *The Two angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"—— I'll warrant you, he'll have

"His *cruell* garters cross about the knee."

So, in the *Bird in a Cage*, 1633:

"I speak the prologue to our silk and *cruel*

"Gentlemen in the hangings."

Again, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

"Wearing of *silk*, why art thou still so *cruel*?" STEEVENS.

¹ — *over lusty*—] in this place has a double signification. *Lustiness* anciently meant *sauciness*. So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

"—— she'll snarl and bite,

"And take up Nero for his *lustiness*."

Again, in Sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*: "*Cassius' soldiers did shewe themselves verie stubborne and lustie in the campe,*" &c.

STEEVENS.

² — *then he wears wooden nether-stocks.*] *Nether-stocks* is the old word for *stockings*. *Breeches* were at that time called "*men's over-stocks,*"

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

*Lear*³. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay⁴.

Lear. They durst not do't;

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,
'To do upon respect such violent outrage':
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
'Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them;
Ere I was risen from the place that shew'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,

stockes," as I learn from Barrett's *Alwearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580. It appears from the following passage in the second part of *The Map of Mock Beggar Hall*, an ancient ballad, that the stockings were formerly sewed to the breeches:

" Their fathers went in homely frees,
" And good plain broadcloth breeches;
" Their stockings with the same agrees,
" Sew'd on with good strong stitches.

Stubbs, in his *Anatomic of Absites*, has a whole chapter on *The Diversities of Nether-Stockes worne in England*, 1595. Heywood among his *Epigrams*, 1562, has the following:

" Thy upper *stockes*, be they stuf with silke or flocks,
" Never become thee like a *necker paire of stockes*." STEEVENS.

³ *Lear.*] This and the next speech are omitted in the folio.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *By Juno, I swear, ay.*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁵ *To do upon respect such violent outrage:*] To violate the publick and venerable character of a messenger from the king. JOHNSON.

To do an outrage upon *respect*, does not, I believe, *primarily* mean, to behave outrageously to *persons* of a respectable character, (though that in substance is the sense of the words,) but rather, to be *grossly deficient* in *respect* to those who are entitled to it; considering *respect* as personified. So before in this scene:

" You shall do small *respect*, shew too bold malice
" Against the grace and person of my master,
" Stocking his messengers." MALONE.

Stew'd

Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
 From Goneril his mistress, salutations;
 Deliver'd letters, spight of intermission⁶,
 Which presently they read: on whose contents,
 They summon'd up their meiny⁷, straight took horse;
 Commanded me to follow, and attend
 The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
 And meeting here the other messenger,
 Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
 (Being the very fellow that of late
 Display'd so saucily against your highness,)
 Having more man than wit about me, drew⁸;
 He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:
 Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
 The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way⁹.

Fathers, that wear rags,
 Do make their children blind;

* *Deliver'd letters, spight of intermission.*] *Spight of intermission*, perhaps means in spight of, or without regarding, that message which intervened, and which was entitled to precedent attention.

Spight of intermission, however, may mean, in spight of being obliged to pause and take breath, after having panted forth the salutation from his mistress. In Cawdrey's *Alphabetical Table of hard words*, 1604, *intermission* is defined, "foreflowing; a pausing or breaking off." MALONE.

Spight of intermission is without pause, without suffering time to intervene. So, in *Macbeth*:

"——gentle heaven,

"Cut short all intermission," &c. STEEVENS.

⁷ *They summon'd up their meiny,*—] *Meiny*, i. e. people. POPE.

Mesne, a house, *Mesnie*, a family, Fr. So, in *Monsieur D'Oltre*, 1606:

"——— if she, or her sad meiny,

"Be towards sleep, I'll wake them." STEEVENS.

⁸ *Having more man than wit about me, drew*;) The personal pronoun which is found in a preceding line, is understood before the word *having*. The same licence is taken by our poet in other places. See Act IV. sc. ii. "—and amongst them fell'd him dead;" where *they* is understood. So, in Vol. XII.

"——which if granted,

"As he made semblance of his duty, would

"Have put his knife into him."

where *he* is understood before *would*. See also *Hamlet*, Act II. sc. ii. "—whereat griev'd,—sends out arrests."—The modern editors, following Sir Thomas Hanmer, read—I drew. MALONE.

⁹ *Winter's not gone yet, &c.*] If this be their behaviour, the king's troubles are not yet at an end. JOHNSON.

This speech is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

But

But fathers, that bear bags,
 Shall see their children kind.
 Fortune, that arrant whore,
 Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours ¹ for thy daughters, as thou can'st tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart ² !
Hysterica passio ! down, thou climbing sorrow,
 Thy element's below !—Where is this daughter ?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not ; stay here. [Exit.

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you speak of ?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train ?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool ?

¹ — *dolours*—] Quibble intended between *dolours* and *dollars*.

HANMER.

The same quibble had occurred in the *Tempest*, and in *Measure for Measure*. STEEVENS.

² — for *thy daughters*,] i. e. on account of thy daughters' ingratitude. In the first part of the sentence *dolours* is understood in its true sense ; in the latter part it is taken for *dollars*. The modern editors have adopted an alteration made by Mr. Theobald, —from instead of *for* ; and following the second folio, read—thy *dear* daughters. MALONE.

³ O, how this mother, &c.] *Lear* here affects to pass off the swelling of his heart ready to burst with grief and indignation, for the disease called the *Mother*, or *Hysterica Passio*, which, in our author's time, was not thought peculiar to women only. In Harfnet's *Declaration of Peevish Impostures*, Richard Mauny, Gent. one of the pretended demoniacs, describes, p. 263, that the first night that he came to Denham, the seat of Mr. Peckham, where these impostures were managed, he was somewhat evil at ease, and he grew worse and worse with an old disease that he had, and which the priests persuaded him was from the possession of the devil, viz. "The disease, I spake of was a spice of the *Mother*, wherewith I had been troubled . . . before my going into Fraunce : whether I doe rightly term it the *Mother* or no, I knowe not . . . When I was sicke of this disease in Fraunce, a Scottish doctor of physick then in Paris, called it, as I remember, *Vertiginum capitis*. It riseth . . . of a winde in the bottome of the belly, and proceeding with a great swelling, causeth a very painfull collicke in the stomack, and an extraordinary giddines in the head."

It is at least very probable, that Shakspeare would not have thought of making *Lear* affect to have the *Hysterick Passion*, or *Mother*, if this passage in Harfnet's pamphlet had not suggested it to him, when he was selecting the other particulars from it, in order to furnish out his character of Tom of Bedlam, to whom this demoniacal gibberish is admirably adapted. PIERCY.

Fool.

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter*, All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking+. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel', give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.

* *We'll set thee to school to an ant, &c.*] "Go to the ant, thou slug-gard (says Solomon) learn her ways, and be wise; which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest." By this allusion more is meant than is expressed. If, says the Fool, you had been school'd by the ant, you would have known that the king's train, like that sagacious animal, prefer the summer of prosperity to the colder season of adversity, from which no profit can be derived; and desert him, whose "mellow hangings" have been shaken down, and who by "one winter's brush" has been left "open and bare for every storm that blows." MALONE.

+ *All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking.*] The word *twenty* refers to the *noses* of the *blind men*, and not to the men in general. STEEVENS.

Mankind, says the Fool, may be divided into those who can see and those who are blind. All men, but blind men, though they follow their noses, are led by their eyes; and this class of mankind, seeing the king ruined, have all deserted him: with respect to the other class, the blind, who have nothing but their noses to guide them, they also fly equally from a king whose fortunes are declining; for of the noses of twenty blind men there is not one but can smell him, who "being muddy'd in fortune's mood, smells somewhat strongly of her displeasure." You need not therefore be surpris'd at Lear's coming with so small a train.

The quartos read—among a hundred. MALONE.

5 — *When a wise man gives thee, &c.*] One cannot too much commend the caution which our moral poet uses, on all occasions, to prevent his sentiments from being perversely taken. So here, having given an ironical precept in commendation of perfidy and base desertion of the unfortunate, for fear it should be understood seriously, though delivered by his buffoon or jester, he has the precaution to add this beautiful corrective, full of fine sense:—"I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it." WARBURTON.

But.

But I will tarry ; the fool will stay,
 And let the wise man fly ⁶ :
 The knave turns fool, that runs away ;
 The fool to knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool ?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me ? They are sick ? they are
 weary ?

They have travell'd hard to-night ? Mere fetches ;
 The images of revolt and flying off !
 Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,
 You know the firy quality of the duke ;
 How unremoveable and fix'd he is
 In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance ! plague ! death ! confusion !—
 Firy ? what quality ? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
 I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well ? my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them ! Dost thou understand me, man ?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall ; the dear
 father

Would with his daughter speak, command her service ;
 Are they inform'd of this ? My breath and blood ⁸ !—
 Firy ? the firy duke ?—Tell the hot duke, that—⁹

⁶ *But I will tarry ; the fool will stay,*

And let, &c.] I think this passage erroneous, though both the co-
 piers concur. The sense will be mended if we read :

But I will tarry ; the fool will stay,
 And let the wise man fly ;
 The fool turns knave, that runs away ;
 The knave no fool,—

That I will stay with the king is a proof th t I am a fool ; the wise men
 are deserting him. There is knavery in this desertion, but there is no
 folly. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Glo. Well, &c.]* This, with the following speech, is omitted in the
 quartos. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Are they inform'd of this, &c.]* This line is not in the quartos.

MALONE.

⁹ — *Tell the hot duke, that—]* The quartos read—Tell the hot duke,
 that *Lear*— STEEVENS.

No, but not yet :—may be, he is not well :
 Infirmary doth still neglect all office,
 Whereto our health is bound ; we are not ourselves,
 When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
 To suffer with the body : I'll forbear ;
 And am fallen out with my more headier will,
 To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
 For the sound man.—Death on my state ! wherefore

*[*looking on Kent.*

Should he sit here ? This act persuades me,
 That this remotion ¹ of the duke and her
 Is practice only ². Give me my servant forth :
 Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,
 Now, presently : bid them come forth and hear me,
 Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
 Till it cry, *Sleep to death.*

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart !—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney ³ did to the eels,
 when

¹ —*this remotion*—] from their own house to that of the earl of Gloucester. MALONE.

² *Is practice only.*] *Practice* is in Shakspeare, and other old writers, used commonly in an ill sense for *unlawful artifice*. JOHNSON.

³ —*the cockney*—] It is not easy to determine the exact power of this term of contempt, which, as the editor of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer observes, might have been originally borrowed from the kitchen. From the ancient ballad of the *Turnament of Tottenham*, published by Dr. Percy in his second volume of *Ancient Poetry*, p. 24, it should seem to signify a *cook* :

“ At that feast were they served in rich array ;

“ Every five and five had a *cockney*.”

i. e. a *cook*, or *scullion*, to attend them.

Shakspeare, however, in *Twelfth Night*, makes his Clown say, I am afraid this great lubber the world, will prove a *cockney*. In this place it seems to have a signification not unlike that which it bears at present ; and, indeed, Chaucer in his *Reeve's Tale*, ver. 4205, appears to employ it with such a meaning :

“ And when this jape is told another day,

“ I shall be haden a *dasse* or a *cockney*.”

See the notes on the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, Vol. IV. p. 253, where the reader will meet with all the information to be had on this subject. STEEVENS.

In the following lines in the *Scurge of Folly*, by J. Davies of Hereford, printed about 1611, *cockney* certainly does not mean either a *scullion*, or a *citizen* : and I doubt whether the word has that meaning in the *Turnament of Tottenham* :

when she put them i' the paste alive⁴; she rapp'd 'em⁵ o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, *Down, wantons, down*: 'Twas her brother, that, in pure kindness to his horse, butter'd his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace! [*Kent is set at liberty.*]

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason I have to think so: if thou should'st not be glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, Sepulch'ring an adultress⁶.—O, are you free? [*to Kent.* Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan, Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here⁷,—

[*points to his heart.*]

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe, Of how deprav'd a quality—⁸ O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope, You less know how to value her desert, Than she to scant her duty⁹.

Lear.

"He that comes every day shall have a cock-nay,

"And he that comes but now and then, shall have a fat hen.

"But cocks that to hens come but now and then,

"Shall have a cock-nay, not the fat hen."

Mr. Whalley, I find, has made the same observation. *MALONE*.

⁴ — *the eels, when she put them i' the paste*—] Hinting that the eel and *Lear* are in the same danger. *JOHNSON*.

⁵ — *she rapp'd 'em*—] So the quartos. The folio reads—*she knockt 'em*. *MALONE*.

⁶ — *sepulch'ring, &c.*] This word is accented in the same manner by *Fairfax* and *Milton*:

"As if his work should his sepulchre be." *C. i. st. 25.*

"And so sepulch'r'd in such pomp dost lie."

Milton on Shakespeare, line xv. *STEEVENS*.

⁷ — *she hath tied*

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,] Alluding to the fable of *Prometheus*. *WARBURTON*.

⁸ *Of how deprav'd a quality*—] Thus the quartos. The folio reads:
With how deprav'd a quality— *JOHNSON*.

⁹ — *I have hope,*

You less know how to value her desert,

Than she to scant her duty.] The word *scant* in this passage, as *Dr. Johnson* has observed, is directly contrary to the sense intended. *Shakespeare* without doubt intended to make *Regan* say, *I have hope that she*
scant

Lear. Say, how is that*?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation; If, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine; you should be rul'd, and led

fact will rather turn out, that you know not how to appropriate her merit, than that she knows how to scant, or be deficient in, her duty. But that he has expressed this sentiment inaccurately, will, I think, clearly appear from inverting the sentence, without changing a word. "I have hope (says Regan) that she knows *more* [or *better*] how to scant her duty, than you know how to value her desert."—i. e. I have hope, that she is *more perfect*, more an adept, (if the expression may be allowed) in the *non-performance* of her duty, than you are perfect, or accurate, in the estimation of her merit.

In *The Winter's Tale* we meet with an inaccuracy of the same kind:

"——— I ne'er heard yet,

"That any of these bolder vices *wanted*

"*Left* impudence to gainsay what they did,

"Than to perform it first."

where, as Dr. Johnson has justly observed, "*wanted* should be *bad*, or *left* should be *more*."—Again, in *Cymbeline*: "—be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without *left* quality." Here also *left* should certainly be *more*.

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"Who *cannot waste* the thought how monstrous

"It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain

"To kill the gracious Duncan?"

Here unquestionably for *cannot* the poet should have written *can*.

If Lear is *left* knowing in the valuation of Goneril's desert, than she is in the scanting of her duty, then she knows *better* how to *scant* or be deficient in her duty, than he knows how to appreciate her desert. Will any one maintain, that Regan meant to express a hope that this would prove the case?

Shakspeare perplexed himself by placing the word *left* before *know*; for if he had written, "I have hope that you rather know how to make her *desert left* than it is, (to under-rate it in your estimation) than that she at all knows how to scant her duty," all would have been clear; but, by placing *left* before *know*, this meaning is destroyed.

Those who imagine that this passage is accurately expressed as it now stands, deceive themselves by this fallacy: in paraphrasing it, they always take the word *left* out of its place, and connect it, or some other synonymous word, with the word *desert*. MALONE.

* Say, &c.] This, as well as the following speech, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becomes the house¹:

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;

Age is unnecessary²: on my knees I beg, [kneeling.

That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unfightly tricks:

Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan:

She hath abated me of half my train;

¹ *Do you but mark how this becomes the house:*] i. e. the order of families, duties of relation. WARBURTON.

In *The Tempest* we have again nearly the same sentiment:

"But O how oddly will it sound that I

"Must ask my child forgiveness?" MALONE.

Dr. Warburton's explanation may be supported by the following passage in *Milton on Divorce*, book ii. ch. 12. "—the restraint hereof, who is not too thick-sighted, may see how hurtful, how destructive, it is to the house, the church, and commonwealth!" TOLLET.

The old reading may likewise receive additional support from the following passage in the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598:

"Come up to supper; it will become the house wonderful well."

Mr. Toller has since furnished me with the following extract from Sir Thomas Smith's *Commonwealth of England*, 4to. 1601. chap. 11. which has much the same expression, and explains it. "They two together [man and wife] ruleth the house. The house I call here, the man, the woman, their children, their servants, bond and free," &c.

STEEVENS.

Again, in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*; "The gentleman's wife one day could not refrain (beholding a stagges head set up in the gentleman's house) from breaking into a laughter before his face, saying how that head became the house very well." HENDERSON.

² *Age is unnecessary:*] i. e. Old age has few wants. JOHNSON.

This usage of the word *unnecessary* is quite without example; and I believe my learned coadjutor has rather improved than explained the meaning of his author, who seems to have designed to say no more than that it seems *unnecessary* to children that the lives of their parents should be prolonged. *Age is unnecessary*, may mean, *old people are useless*. So, in *The Old Law*, by Massinger:

"—your law extend not to desert,

"But to unnecessary years; and, my lord,

"His are not such." STEEVENS.

Unnecessary in Lear's speech, I believe, means—in want of necessities, unable to procure them. TYRWHITT.

Look'd black upon me³; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, fir, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride⁴!

Reg. O the blest gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on⁵.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;
Thy tender-hefted nature⁶ shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,

³ *Look'd black upon me;*] To look black, may easily be explained to look cloudy or gloomy. See Milton:

"So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell

"Grew darker at their frown."—JOHNSON.

So, Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 1157: "—The bishops thereat repined, and looked black." TOLLET.

⁴ *To fall and blast her pride!*] Thus the quarto: the folio reads not so well, *to fall and blister*. JOHNSON.

Fall is, I think, used here as an active verb, signifying to humble or pull down. *Ye fen-suck'd fogs, drawn from the earth by the powerful action of the sun, infect her beauty, so as to fall and blast*, i. e. humble and destroy, her pride. Shakspeare in other places uses *fall* in an active sense. So, in *Orbello*:

"Each drop she falls will prove a crocodile."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"—make him fall

"His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends."

In the old play of *King Lear* our poet found,

"I ever thought that pride would have a fall." MALONE.

⁵ —*when the rash mood is on.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read only, —*when the rash mood*—perhaps leaving the sentence purposely unfinished. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Thy tender-hefted nature*—] *Hefted* seems to mean the same as *beaved*. *Tender-hefted*, i. e. whose bosom is agitated by tender passions. The formation of such a participle, I believe, cannot be grammatically accounted for. Shakspeare uses *hefts* for *beavings* in *The Winter's Tale*, Act II. Both the quartos however read, "tender-hefted nature;" which may mean a nature which is governed by gentle dispositions. *Heft* is an old word signifying *command*. So, in *The Wars of Cyrus*, &c. 1594:

"Must yield to heft of others that be free."

Hefted is the reading of the folio. STEEVENS.

To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes⁷,
 And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
 Against my coming in: thou better know'st
 The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
 Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
 Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
 Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

[*Trumpet within.*]

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves her letter,
 That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
 Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows:—
 Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good
 hope
 Thou did'st not know of't.—Who comes here? O hea-
 vens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
 Allow obedience⁸, if yourselves are old,

Make

⁷ —to scant my sizes,] To contract my allowances or proportions settled. JOHNSON.

A *fixer* is one of the lowest rank of students at Cambridge, and lives on a stated allowance.

Sizes are certain portions of bread, beer, or other victuals, which in public societies are set down to the account of particular persons: a word still used in colleges. So, in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

"You are one of the devil's fellow-commoners; one that *fixeth* the devil's butteries." STEEVENS.

See a *fixe* in Minshew's *Dictionary*. TOLLET.

⁸ If you do love old men, if your sweet sway

Allow obedience,—] Mr. Upton has proved by irresistible authority, that to *allow* signifies not only to *permit*, but to *approve*, and has deservedly replaced the old reading, which Dr. Warburton had changed into *allowance obedience*, not recollecting the scripture expression, *The Lord alloweth the righteous*, Psalm xi. ver. 6. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Fellic*,

Make it your cause ; send down, and take my part !—
 Art not ashamed to look upon this beard ?— [to Gon.
 O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand ?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir ? How have I offended ?
 All's not offence, that indiscretion finds⁹,
 And dotage terms, so.

Lear. O, fides, you are too tough !
 Will you yet hold ?—How came my man i' the stocks ?

Corn. I set him there, sir : but his own disorders
 Deserv'd much less advancement¹.

Lear. You ! did you ?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so²
 If, till the expiration of your month,
 You will return and sojourn with my sister,
 Dismissing half your train, come then to me ;
 I am now from home, and out of that provision
 Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd ?
 No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
 To wage against the enmity o' the air ;
 To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—

Follie, 1617 : " I allow those pleasing poems of Guazzo, which begin,"
 &c. Again, Sir Tho. North's translation of *Plutarch*, concerning the
 reception with which the death of Cæsar met : " they neither greatly
 reprov'd, nor *allow'd* the fact." Dr. Warburton might have found the
 emendation which he proposed, in Tate's alteration of *King Lear*, which
 was first published in 1687. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *that indiscretion finds*,] *Finds* is here used in the same sense as
 when a jury is said to *find* a bill, to which it is an allusion. Our author
 again uses the same word in the same sense in *Hamlet*, Act V. sc. i :

" Why 'tis found so." EDWARDS.

To *find* is little more than to *think*. The French use their word
trouver in the same sense, and we still say I *find* time tedious, or I *find*
 company troublesome, without thinking on a jury. STEEVENS.

¹ — *much less advancement*.] The word *advancement* is ironically used
 for conspicuousness of punishment ; as we now say, a man is advanced to the
 pillory. We should read :

— but his own disorders

Deserv'd much *more* advancement. JOHNSON.

By *less advancement* is meant, a still worse or more disgraceful situation ;
 a situation not so reputable. PERRY.

Cornwall certainly means, that Kent's disorders had entitled him to even
 a post of less honour than the stocks. STEEVENS.

² I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.] The meaning is, since
 you are weak, be content to think yourself weak. JOHNSON.

Necessity's sharp pinch³ !—Return with her ?
 Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
 Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
 To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
 To keep base life⁴ afoot ;—Return with her ?
 Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter⁵
 To this detested groom. [looking on the Steward.

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. Now I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad ;
 I will not trouble thee, my child ; farewell :
 We'll no more meet, no more see one another :—
 But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter ;
 Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
 Which I must needs call mine : thou art a boil⁶,
 A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle⁷,
 In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee ;
 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it :
 I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
 Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove :
 Mend, when thou canst ; be better, at thy leisure :
 I can be patient : I can stay with Regan,
 I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, sir ;
 I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
 For your fit welcome : Give ear, sir, to my sister ;

³ No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
 To wage against the enmity o' the air ;
 To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—

Necessity's sharp pinch !] 'To wage' is often used absolutely without the word *war* after it, and yet signifies to *make war*, as before in this play :

My life I never held but as a pawn
 To wage against thine enemies.

The words *necessity's sharp pinch* I appear to be the reflection of Lear on the wretched sort of existence he had described in the preceding lines. STEEVENS.

⁴ —base life—] i. e. in a servile state. JOHNSON.

⁵ —and sumpter—] *Sumpter* is a horse that carries necessaries on a journey. STEEVENS.

⁶ —thou art a boil, &c.] The word in the old copies is written *byle*, and all the modern editors have too strictly followed them. The mistake arose from the word *boil* being often pronounced as if written, *bile*. In the folio, we find in *Coriolanus* the same false spelling as here :

" ——— Byles [boils] and plagues

" Plaster you o'er !" MALONE.

⁷ —embossed carbuncle,] *Embossed* is *swelling, protuberant*.

JOHNSON.

For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken now ?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir : What, fifty followers ?
Is it not well ? What should you need of more ?
Yea, or so many ? sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number ? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity ? 'Tis hard ; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine ?

Reg. Why not, my lord ? If then they chanc'd to slack
you,

We could control them : If you will come to me,
(For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty ; to no more
Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries ;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number : What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan ? said you so ?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord ; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked⁸ ; not being the worst,
Stands in some rank of praise :—I'll go with thee ;

[to Goneril.

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord ;

What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,

⁸ *Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked ;*] A similar thought occurs in *Cymbeline*, Act V.

“ ——— it is I

“ That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,

“ By being worse than they.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

“ Then thou look'dst like a villain ; now, methinks,

“ Thy favour's good enough.”

The proper pointing of this passage was suggested by Mr. Tyrwhitt.

MALONE.

To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need; our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!^{*}
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man⁹,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not¹; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:—

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws²,
Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exit* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, and Fool]

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm heard at a distance.*]

* —patience, patience, I need!] I believe the word *patience* was repeated inadvertently by the compositor. MALONE.

⁹ —*poor old man,*] The quarto has, *poor old fellow.* JOHNSON.

¹ —*I will do such things,—*

What they are, yet I know not;]

—*magnum est quodcunque paravi,*

Quid sit, adhuc dubito. Ovid. Met. lib. vi.

—*haud quid sit scio,*

Sed grande quiddam est. Senecæ Thyestes.

Let such as are unwilling to allow that copiers of nature must occasionally use the same thoughts and expressions, remember, that of both these authors there were early translations. STEEVENS.

² —*into a hundred thousand flaws,*] A *flaw* signifying a crack or other similar imperfection, our authour, with his accustomed licence, uses the word here for a *small broken particle.* So again, in the fifth act:

“ — But his *flaw'd* heart

“ Burst smilingly.” MALONE.

Reg.

Reg. This house is little; the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; he hath put himself from
rest³,

And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse⁴? but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle⁵; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themselves procure,
Must be their school-masters: Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to*, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night;
My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm. [*Exeunt.*]

³ — he hath put himself from rest,] The personal pronoun was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. *He hath* was formerly contracted thus; *H'ath*; and hence perhaps the mistake. The same error has, I think, happened in *Measure for Measure*. MALONE.

⁴ *Whither is he going?*

Glo. He calls to horse;] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Do sorely ruffle,—*] Thus the folio. The quartos read, *Do sorely ruffel*, i. e. *rustle*. STEEVENS.

Ruffle is certainly the true reading. A *ruffler* in our authour's time was a noisy, boisterous swaggerer. MALONE.

* —incense him to,—] To *incense* is here, as in other places, to incite. MALONE.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Heath.

A storm is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter KENT, and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you? Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element⁶:

Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main⁷,
That things might change, or cease: tears his white
hair⁸;

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch⁹,

The

⁶ — *the fretful element*:] i. e. the air. Thus the quartos; for which the editor of the folio substituted *elements*. MALONE.

⁷ *Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main*,] The *main* seems to signify here the *main land*, the *continent*. So, in *Bacon's War with Spain*: "In 1589, we turned challengers, and invaded the *main* of Spain."

This interpretation sets the two objects of Lear's desire in proper opposition to each other. He wishes for the destruction of the world, either by the winds blowing the land into the waters, or raising the waters so as to overwhelm the land. STEEVENS.

So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" ————— The bounded waters

" Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,

" And make a sop of all this solid globe."

The *main* is again used for the *land*, in *Hamlet*:

" Goes it against the *main* of Poland, sir?" MALONE.

⁸ — *tears his white hair*;] The six following verses were omitted in all the late editions: I have replaced them from the first, for they are certainly Shakspeare's. POPE.

The first folio ends the speech at *change or cease*, and begins again at Kent's question, *But who is with him?* The whole speech is forcible, but too long for the occasion, and properly retrenched. JOHNSON.

⁹ *This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch*,] *Cub-drawn* has been explained to signify *drawn by nature to its young*; whereas it means,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my art¹,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have (as who have not², that their great stars
Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less;
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen³,
Either in snuffs and packings⁴ of the dukes;
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne

means, whose dugs are drawn dry by its young. For no animals leave their dens by night but for prey. So that the meaning is, "that even hunger, and the support of its young, would not force the bear to leave his den in such a night." WARBURTON.

Shakspeare has the same image in *As you like it* :

"A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,

"Lay couching—"

Again, *Ibidem* :

"Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness." STEEVENS.

¹ — upon the warrant of my art,] On the strength of that art or skill, which teaches us "to find the mind's construction in the face." The passage in *Macbeth* from which I have drawn this paraphrase, in which the word *art* is again employed in the same sense, confirms the reading of the quartos. The folio reads—upon the warrant of my note : i. e. says Dr. Johnson, "my observation of your character." MALONE.

² Who have (as who have not,—) The eight subsequent verses were degraded by Mr. Pope, as unintelligible, and to no purpose. For my part, I see nothing in them but what is very easy to be understood; and the lines seem absolutely necessary to clear up the motives upon which France prepared his invasion: nor without them is the sense of the context complete. THEOBALD.

The quartos omit these lines. STEEVENS.

³ — what hath been seen,] What follows, are the circumstances in the state of the kingdom, of which he supposes the spies gave France the intelligence. STEEVENS.

⁴ Either in snuffs or packings—] *Snuffs* are dislikes, and *packings* underhand contrivances. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I. "Took it in snuff;" and in Stanyhurst's *Virgil*, 1582 :

"With two gods packing one woman silly to cozen."

We still talk of *packing* juries, and Antony says of Cleopatra, that she has "*pack'd* cards with Cæsar." STEEVENS.

Against the old kind king ; or something deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings⁵ ;—
[But, true it is⁶, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom ; who already,
Wife in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports⁷, and are at point
To show their open banner.—Now to you :

⁵ — are but furnishings ;] *Furnishings* are what we now call colours, external pretences. JOHNSON.

A *furnish* anciently signified a *sample*. So, in the Preface to Greene's *Groat-worth of Wit*, 1621 : "To lend the world a *furnish* of wit, she lays her own to pawn." STEEVENS.

⁶ But true it is, &c.] In the old editions are the five following lines which I have inserted in the text, which seem necessary to the plot, as a preparatory to the arrival of the French army with Cordelia in Act IV. How both these, and a whole scene between Kent and this gentleman in the fourth act, came to be left out in all the later editions, I cannot tell ; they depend upon each other, and very much contribute to clear that incident. POPE.

This speech, as it now stands, is collected from two editions : the eight lines, degraded by Mr. Pope, are found in the folio, not in the quarto ; the following lines inclosed in crotchets are in the quarto, not in the folio. So that if the speech be read with omission of the former, it will stand according to the first edition ; and if the former are read, and the lines that follow them omitted, it will then stand according to the second. The speech is now tedious, because it is formed by a coalition of both. The second edition is generally best, and was probably nearest to Shakspeare's last copy, but in this passage the first is preferable ; for in the folio, the messenger is sent, he knows not why, he knows not whither. I suppose Shakspeare thought his plot opened rather too early, and made the alteration to veil the event from the audience ; but trusting too much to himself, and full of a single purpose, he did not accommodate his new lines to the rest of the scene.

Scattered meaos divided, unsettled, disunited. JOHNSON.

⁷ — have secret feet

In *some of our best ports*,] These lines, as has been observed, are not in the folio. Quarto A reads—*secret fee* ; quarto B—*secret feet*. I have adopted the latter reading, which I suppose was used in the sense of *secret footing*, and is strongly confirmed by a passage in this act : "These injuries the king now bears, will be revenged home ; there is part of a power already *footed* : we must incline to the king." Again, in *Coriolanus* :

" — Why, thou Mars, I'll tell thee,

" We have a power on *foot*." MALONE.

One of the quartos (for there are two that differ from each other, though printed in the same year, and for the same printer) reads *secret feet*. Perhaps the author wrote *secret foot*, i. e. footing. So, in a following scene :

" — what confederacy have you with the traitors

" Late *footed* in the kingdom ?" STEEVENS.

If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding ;

And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.]

Gent. I will talk farther with you..

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains : If you shall see Cordelia,
(As fear not but you shall*,) shew her this ring ;
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm !
I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand : Have you no more to say ?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet ;
That, when we have found the king, (in which your pain.
That way ; I'll this⁹ ;) he that first lights on him,
Holla the other. [Exeunt severally.

S C E N E II.

Another part of the heath. Storm still.

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks⁹ ! rage !
blow !

You

* (*As fear not but you shall,*) Thus quarto B and the folio. Quarto
A—*As doubt not but you shall.* MALONE.

⁹ —*the king, (in which your pain
That way ; I'll this ;) he that first, &c.]* Thus the folio. The
late reading :

— for which you take

That way, I this, —

was not genuine. The quartos read :

That when we have found the king,

He this way, you that, he that first lights.

On him, hallow the other. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks !*] Thus the quartos. The folio
has—*winds.* The poet, as Mr. Mason has observed in a note on *The
Tempest*, was here thinking of the common representation of the winds,
which

You cataracts, and hurricanos, spout
 Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
 You sulphurous and thought-executing fires¹,
 Vaunt-couriers² to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
 Singe my white head! And thou all-shaking thunder,
 Strike flat³ the thick rotundity o' the world!
 Crack nature's moulds⁴, all germens spill at once⁵,
 That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water⁶ in a dry house is
 better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle,

which he might have found in many books of his own time. So again,
 as the same gentleman has observed, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias check

"Outswell the cholick of puff'd Aquilon."

We find the same allusion in Kempe's *Nine daies wonder*, &c. quarto,
 1600: "— he swells presently, like one of the four winds."

MALONE.

¹ — *thought-executing*—] Doing execution with rapidity equal to
 thought. JOHNSON.

² *Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts*,] *Avant couriers*, Fr.
 This phrase is not unfamiliar to other writers of Shakspeare's time. It
 originally meant the foremost scouts of an army. So, in Jarvis Mark-
 ham's *English Arcadia*, 1607: "as soon as the first *vancurrer* encoun-
 tered him face to face." Again, in *The Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613:

"Might to my death but the *vaunt-currer* prove." STEEVENS.

In *The Tempest* "Jove's lightnings" are termed more familiarly,

"—— the *precursors*

"O' the dreadful thunder-claps—." MALONE.

³ *Strike flat*, &c.] The quarto reads—*Smite flat*. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Crack nature's moulds*, all germens spill at once.] Crack nature's
 mould, and spill all the seeds of matter, that are hoarded within it. Our
 author not only uses the same thought again, but the word that ascertains
 my explication, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,

"And mar the seeds within." THEOBALD.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"—— and the sum

"Of nature's germens tumble altogether." STEEVENS.

⁵ — *spill at once*,] *To spill* is to destroy. So, in Gower *De Con-
 fessione Amantis*, lib. iv. fol. 67:

"So as I shall myself spill." STEEVENS.

⁶ — *court holy-water*—] Ray, among his proverbial phrases, p. 184,
 mentions *court holy-water* to mean *fair words*. The French have the
 same phrase. *Eau benite de cour*; fair empty words.—Chambrault's
Dictionary. STEEVENS.

Cotgrave in his Dict. 1611, defines *Eau benite de cour*, "*court bolie
 water*: compliments, faire words, flattering speeches," &c. See also
 Florio's Italian Dict. 1598: "*Mantellizare*, To flatter, to claw,—to
 give one *court bolie-water*." MALONE.

in,

in, and ask thy daughters blessing; here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! spout, rain! Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters: I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness, I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children, You owe me no subscription*; why then let fall Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave, A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:— But yet I call you servile ministers, That have with two pernicious daughters join'd Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul?!

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in, has a good head-piece.

*The cod-piece that will bouse,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;—
So beggars marry many.⁸
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe†,
And turn his sleep to wake.*

—for there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will say nothing⁹.

* *You owe me no subscription;*] *Subscription for obedience.*

WARBURTON.

See p. 185, n. 2. MALONE.

So, in Rowley's *Search for Money*, 1609, p. 17: "— which rebellious man now seeing, (or rather indeed too obedient to him) inclines to all his hefts, yields no subscription, nor will he be commanded by any other power." REED.

† — 'tis foul!] Shameful; dishonourable. JOHNSON.

⁸ *So beggars marry many.*] i. e. A beggar marries a wife and lice.

JOHNSON.

† — cry woe,] i. e. be grieved, or pained. So, in *K. Richard III.*

"You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter." MALONE.

⁹ *No, I will be the pattern of all patience,*

I will say nothing.] So Perillus, in the old anonymous play, speaking of *Leir*:

"But he, the myrrour of mild patience,

"Puts up all wrongs, and never gives reply." STEEVENS.

Kent.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece¹; that's, a wife man, and a fool².

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here³? things that love night, Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies Gallow the very wanderers of the dark⁴, And make them keep their caves: Since I was man, Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder, Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry The affliction, nor the fear⁵.

Lear. Let the great gods, That keep this dreadful pother⁶ o'er our heads, Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch, That hast within thee undivulged crimes, Unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand; Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake, That under covert and convenient seeming⁷ Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts, Rive your concealing continents⁸, and cry

These

¹ — grace, and a cod-piece;] In Shakspeare's time "the king's grace" was the usual expression. In the latter phrase, the speaker perhaps alludes to an old notion concerning fools. MALONE.

² — and a cod-piece; that's, a wife man and a fool.] Alluding perhaps to the saying of a contemporary wit; that there is no discretion below the girdle. STEEVENS.

³ — are you here?—] The quartos read—*fit you here?* STEEVENS.

⁴ Gallow the very wanderers of the dark.] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"—'stonish'd as night-wanderers are." MALONE.

Gallow, a west-country word, signifies to scare or frighten. WARB.

So, the Somersetshire proverb: "The thunder do gally the beans."

Beans are vulgarly supposed to shoot up faster after thunder-storms.

STEEVENS.

⁵ — fear.] So the folio: the later editions read, with the quartos, *force* for *fear*, less elegantly. JOHNSON.

⁶ — this dreadful pother—] Thus one of the quartos and the folio. The other quarto reads *thund'ring*.

The reading in the text, however, is an expression common to others. So, in the *Scornful Lady* of B. and Fletcher:

"—faln out with their meat, and kept a pudder." STEEVENS.

⁷ That under covert and convenient seeming,] *Convenient* needs not be understood in any other than its usual and proper sense; *accommodate* to the present purpose; *suitable* to a design. *Convenient seeming* is appearance such as may promote his purpose to destroy. JOHNSON.

⁸ — concealing continents,—] *Continent* stands for that which contains or incloses. JOHNSON.

Thus

These dreadful summoners grace⁹.—I am a man¹,
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed²!

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;
Repose you there: while I to this hard house,
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in,) return, and force
Their scantied courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—

Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.

Thus in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“Heart, once be stronger than thy continent!”

Again, in Chapman's translation of the Xlith Book of Homer's *Odyssey*:

“I told our pilot that past other men

“He most must bear firm spirits, since he sway'd

“The continent that all our spirits convey'd,” &c.

The quartos read, *concealed centers.* STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— and cry

These dreadful summoners grace.] *Summoners* are here the officers that summon offenders before a proper tribunal. STEEVENS.

I find the same expression in a treatise published long before this play was written: “—they seem to brag most of the strange events which follow for the most part after blazing starres, as if they were the *summoners* of God to call princes to the seat of judgment.” *Defensive against the poison of supposed prophecies*, 1581. MALONE.

¹ *I am a man,*] Oedipus, in Sophocles, represents himself in the same light. Oedip. Colon. v. 258.

——— τὰν ἰσχυρὰ μὲν

Πρωτόδοτ' ἐστὶ μάλλον ἢ δευράδοτα. TYRWHITT.

² *Alack, bare-headed!*] Kent's faithful attendance on the old king, as well as that of Perillus, in the old play which preceded Shakspeare's, is founded on an historical fact. Lear, says Geoffrey of Monmouth, “when he betook himself to his youngest daughter in Gaul, waited before the city where she resided, while he sent a messenger to inform her of the misery he was fallen into, and to desire her relief to a father that suffered both hunger and nakedness. Cordella was startled at the news, and wept bitterly, and with tears asked him, how many men her father had with him. The messenger answered he had none but *one man*, who had been his armour-bearer, and was staying with him without the town.”

MALONE.

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee³.

Fool. *He that has a little tiny wit,—
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit;
For the rain it raineth every day.*

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this
hovel. [Exit LEAR and KENT.]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtesan⁴.—I'll
speak a prophecy ere I go:

When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors⁵;
No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' suitors⁶;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cut-purses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion⁷.
Then comes the time, who lives to see it,
That going shall be us'd with feet⁸.

This

³ *That's sorry yet, &c.*] The old quartos read,

That sorrows yet for thee. STEEVENS.

⁴ *This is a brave night, &c.*] This speech is not in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

⁵ *When nobles are their tailors' tutors;*] i. e. invent fashions for them.

WARBURTON.

⁶ *No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' suitors;*] The disease to which
wenches' suitors are particularly exposed, was called in Shakspeare's time
the *branning* or *burning*. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Then shall the realm of Albion*

Come to great confusion.] These lines are taken from Chaucer. Put-
tenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, quotes them as follows:

"When faith fails in priestes laws,

"And lords hests are holden for laws,

"And robbery is tane for purchase,

"And letchery for solace,

"Then shall the realm of Albion

"Be brought to great confusion." STEEVENS.

⁸ *Then comes the time, &c.*] This couplet Dr. Warburton transposed,
and placed after the fourth line of this prophecy. The four lines, "*When*
priests," &c. according to his notion, are "a satirical description of the
present manners, as future;" and the six lines from "*When every case*
—10

This prophecy Merlin shall make ; for I live before his time. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing : When I desir'd their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house ; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural !

Glo. Go to ; say you nothing : There is division between the dukes ; and a worse matter than that : I have received a letter this night ;—'tis dangerous to be spoken ;—I have lock'd the letter in my closet : these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home ; there is part of a power already footed : we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him : go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived : If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threaten'd me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund ; pray you, be careful. [Exit.

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke instantly know ; and of that letter too :—
This seems a fair deserving ; and must draw me
That which my father loses ; no less than all :
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.

—to churches build," "a satirical description of future manners, which the corruption of the present would prevent from ever happening." His conception of the first four lines is, I think, just : but instead of his far-fetched conceit relative to the other six lines, I should rather call them an *ironical*, as the preceding are a satirical, description of the time in which our poet lived. The transposition recommended by this critic and adopted in the late editions, is in my opinion as unnecessary, as it is unwarrantable. MALONE.

SCENE IV.

A part of the heath, with a howl.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter :
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm still.*]

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart ?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own : Good my lord, enter.

Lear. 'Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious
storm

Invades us to the skin : so 'tis to thee :
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt⁹. 'Thou'dst shun a bear :
But if thy slight lay toward the raging sea¹,
'Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's
free,

The body's delicate : the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude !
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't ?—But I will punish home :—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out !—Pour on ; I will endure² :—
In such a night as this ! O Regan, Goneril !—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you all³,—

⁹ *But where the greater malady is fix'd,*

The lesser is scarce felt.] So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. I. c. vi.

“ He lesser pangs can bear who hath endur'd the chief.”

STEEVENS.

¹ — *raging sea,*] Such is the reading of that which appears to be the elder of the two quartos. The other, with the folio, reads,—*rowing sea.* STEEVENS.

² — *In such a night*

To shut me out !—Pour on ; I will endure :—] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

³ *Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you all,—*] I have already observed that the words, *father, brother, rather*, and many of a similar sound, were sometimes used by Shakspeare as monosyllables. The editor of the folio, supposing the metre to be defective, omitted the word *you*, which is found in the quartos. MALONE.

O, that

O, that way madness lies ; let me shun that ;
No more of that,—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself ; seek thine own ease ;
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in :—
In, boy ; go first⁴.—[*to the Fool.*] You houseless po-
verty,—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—

[*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness⁵, defend you
From seasons such as these ? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this ! Take physic, pomp ;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel ;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heavens more just⁶.

Edg. [*within.*] Fathom and half⁷, fathom and half !
Poor Tom ! [*The Fool runs out from the house.*]

⁴ *In, boy ; go first.*] These two lines were added in the authour's revision, and are only in the folio. They are very judiciously intended to represent that humility, or tenderness, or neglect of forms, which affliction forces on the mind. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *loop'd and window'd raggedness,*] So, in the *Amorous War*, 1648 :

“ — spare me a doublet which

“ Hath linings in't, and no glass windows.”

This allusion is as old as the time of *Plautus*, in one of whose plays it is found.

Again, in the comedy already quoted :

“ — this jerkin

“ Is wholly made of doors.” STEEVENS.

Loop'd is full of small apertures, such as were made in ancient castles, for firing ordnance or spying the enemy. These were wider without than within, and were called *loops* or *loop-holes* : which Coles in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders by the word *fenestella*. MALONE.

⁶ — *Take physic, pomp !*

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel ;

That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,

And shew the heavens more just.] A kindred thought occurs in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre* :

“ O let those cities that of plenty's cup

“ And her prosperities so largely taste,

“ With their superfluous riots,—hear these tears ;

“ The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.” MALONE.

⁷ *Fathom, &c.*] This speech of Edgar is omitted in the quartos. He gives the sign used by those who are sounding the depth at sea. STEEV.

Fool.

Fool. Come not in here, puncle, here's a spirit.
Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?
Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee⁸.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters⁹? And
art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul
fiend hath led through fire and through flame¹, through
ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath
laid knives under his pillow², and halters in his pew; set
ratbane

⁸ *Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.*] Thus the quartos. The editor of the folio 1623, I suppose, thinking the passage nonsense, omitted the word *cold*. This is not the only instance of unwarrantable alterations made even in that valuable copy. That the quartos are right, appears from the Induction to *the Taming of the Shrew*, where the same words occur. They were intended as a ridicule on two lines in *The Spanish Tragedy*. MALONE.

⁹ *Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads, *Diest thou give all to thy daughters?* STEEVENS.

¹ — *led through fire and through flame,*] Alluding to the *ignis fatuus*, supposed to be lights kindled by mischievous beings to lead travellers into destruction. JOHNSON.

² — *laid knives under his pillow,*] He recounts the temptations by which he was prompted to suicide; the opportunities of destroying himself, which often occurred to him in his melancholy moods. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare found this charge against the fiend, with many others of the same nature, in Harfenet's *Declaration*, and has used the very words of it. The book was printed in 1603. See Dr. Warburton's note, Act IV. sc. i.

Infernal spirits are always represented as urging the wretched to self-destruction. So, in Dr. Faustus, 1604:

"Swords, poisons, halters, and envenom'd steel,

"Are laid before me to dispatch myself." STEEVENS.

The passage in Harfenet's book which Shakspeare had in view is this:

"This Examinant further sayth, that one Alexander, an apothecarie, having brought with him from London to Denham on a time a new *halter*, and two blades of *knives*, did leave the same upon the gallerie floore, in her maisters house.—A great search was made in the house to know how the said halter and knife-blades came thither,—till Ma. Mainy in his next
fit

ratbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse over four-inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor:—Bless thy five wits³! Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking⁴! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,—and there again, and there.

[*Storm still.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—

Could'st thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

fit said, it was reported that the devil layd them in the gallerie, that some of these that were possessed, might either hang themselves with the halter, or kill themselves with the blades."

The kind of temptation which the fiend is described as holding out to the unfortunate, might also have been suggested by the story of Cordila, in *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1575, where DESPAIRE visits her in prison, and shews her various instruments by which she may rid herself of life:

- " And there withall she spred her garments lap assyde,
- " Under the which a thousand things I sawe with eyes;
- " Both knives, sharpe swordes, poynadoes all bedyde
- " With blood, and poynsons prest, which she could well devise."

MALONE.

³ — *bless thy five wits!*] So the five senses were called by our old writers. Thus in the very ancient interlude of *The Fyve Elements*, one of the characters is *Sensual Appetite*, who with great simplicity thus introduces himself to the audience:

- " I am callyd sensual apetyte,
- " All creatures in me delyte,
- " I comforte the wyttes fyve;
- " The tastyng smellyng and herynge
- " I refreshe the syght and felyng
- " To all creaturs alyve."

Sig. B. liij. PERCY.

So again, in *Every Man*, a Morality:

- " Every man, thou arte made, thou hast thy wyttes fyve."

Again, in *Hycke Scorne*:

- " I have spent amys my w wyttes." STEEVENS.

Shakspeare, however, in his 141st Sonnet seems to have considered the *five wits*, as distinct from *the senses*:

- " But my *five wits*, nor my *five senses* can
- " Dissuade one so dith heart from serving thee." MALONE.

⁴ — *taking!*] To take is to blast, or strike with malignant influence:

- " — strike her young bones,
- " Ye taking airs, with lameness!" JOHNSON.

Lear.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Ant. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters⁵.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock's-hill⁶;—

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: Obey thy parents;
keep thy word justly⁷; swear not; commit not with man's
sworn spouse⁸; set not thy sweet heart on proud array:
'Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that
curl'd my hair⁹; wore gloves in my cap¹, served the
lust

⁵ — *pelican daughters.*] The young pelican is fabled to suck the mother's blood. JOHNSON.

So, in Decker's *Harvest Where*, 1630, second part: "Shall a silly bird pick her own breast, to nourish her young ones? the pelican does it, and shall not I?" STEEVENS.

⁶ *Pillicock sat, &c.*] I once thought this a word of Shakspeare's formation; but the reader may find it explained in Minshew's Dict. p. 365, Article, 3299-2.—*Killico* is one of the devils mentioned in Harfenet's *Declaration*. The folio reads—*Pillicock-hill*. I have followed the quartos.

MALONE.

⁷ — *keep thy word justly;*] Both the quartos, and the folio, have *words*. The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

⁸ *Commit not, &c.*] The word *commit* is used in this sense by Middleton, in *Women beware Women*:

"His weight is deadly who commits with strumpets."

STEEVENS.

⁹ — *proud in heart and mind, that curl'd my hair; &c.*] "Then Ma. Maily, by the instigation of the first of the seven [*spirits*], began to set his hands unto his side, curled his hair, and used such gestures, as Ma. Edmunds [the exorcist] presently affirmed that that spirit was *Pride*. Herewith he began to curse and banne, saying, What a poxe do I heere? I will stay no longer amongst a company of rascal priests, but goe to the court, and brave it amongst my fellows, the noblemen there assembled." Harfenet's *Declaration*, &c. 1603.

"—shortly after they [the seven spirits] were all cast forth, and in such manner as Ma. Edmunds directed them, which was, that every devil should

lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the Turk: False of heart, light of ear², bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness³, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets⁴, thy

should depart in some certaine forme representing either a beast or some other creature, that had the resemblance of that sinne whereof he was the chief author: whereupon the spirit of pride departed in the forme of a peacock; the spirit of *steb* in the likeness of an asse; the spirit of envie in the similitude of a dog; the spirit of *gluttony* in the forme of a wolfe, and the other devils had also in their departure their particular likenesses agreeable to their natures." Ibid. MALONE.

¹ — *wore gloves in my cap*,—] i. e. His mistress's favours: which was the fashion of that time. So, in the play called *Camasse*: "Thy men turned to women, thy soldiers to lovers, gloves worn in velvet caps, instead of plumes in graven helmets." WAREBURTON.

It was anciently the custom to wear gloves in the hat on three distinct occasions, viz. as the favour of a mistress, the memorial of a friend, and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy. Prince Henry boasts that he will pluck a glove from the commonest creature, and fix it in his helmet; and Tucca says to sir Quintilian, in *Decker's Satiricall*: "—Thou shalt wear her glove in thy worshipful hat, like to a leather brooch:" and Pandora in Lilly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

"—he that first presents me with his head,

"Shall wear my glove in favour of the deed."

Portia, in her assumed character, asks Bassanio for his gloves, which she says she will wear for his sake: and King Henry V. gives the pretended glove of Alençon to Fluellen, which afterwards occasions his quarrel with the English soldier. STEEVENS.

² — *light of ear*,] *Credulous of evil*, ready to receive malicious reports. JOHNSON.

³ — *Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, &c.*] The Jesuits pretended to cast the seven deadly sins out of Mainz in the shape of those animals that represented them; and before each was cast out, Mainz by gestures acted that particular sin; curling his hair to shew pride, vomiting for gluttony, gaping and snoring for *steb*, &c.—Hartenet's book, pp. 279, 280, &c. To this probably our author alludes.

STEEVENS.

⁴ — *thy hand out of plackets*,] It appeareth from the following passage in *Any thing for a quiet life*, a silly comedy, that *placket* doth not signify the petticoat in general, but only the aperture therein: "—between which is discovered the open part, which is now called the *placket*." Bayly in his *Dictionary*, giveth the same account of the word.

Yet

thy pen from lenders' books⁵, and defy the foul fiend.—
Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says
suum; mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy,
fessa; let him trot by⁶. [Storm still.

Lear. Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal

as

Yet peradventure, our poet hath some deeper meaning in the *Winter's Tale*, where Autolycus saith—"You might have pinch'd a *placket*, it was senseless." AMNER.

Peradventure a *placket* signified neither a petticoat nor any part of one; but a *stomacher*. See the word *Terace* in Florio's Italian Dict. 1598: "The breist or bulke of a man.—Also a *placket* or *stomacher*."—The word seems to be used in the same sense in *The Wandering Whore*, &c. a comedy, 1663: "If I meet a cull in Morefields, I can give him leave to dive in my *placket*." T. C.

⁵ *Thy pen from lenders' books*.] So, in *All Fools*, a comedy by Chapman, 1605:

"If I but write my name in mercers' books,

"I am sure to have at six months end

"A rascal at my elbow with his mace," &c. STEVENS.

⁶ *Says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, fessa; let him trot by*.] The quartos read—the cold wind; hay, no on ny, Dolphin my boy, my boy, cease, let him trot by. The folio:—the cold wind: sayes suum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my boy, boy *Sessy*, let him trot by. The text is formed from the two copies. I have printed *Sessy*, instead of *Sissy*, because the same cant word occurs in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*: "Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the world slide: *Sessia*." MALONE.

Hey no nonny is the burthen of a ballad in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, (said to be written by Shakspeare in conjunction with Fletcher) and was probably common to many others. The folio introduces it into one of *Ophebia's* songs.—

Dolphin, my boy, my boy,

Cease, let him trot by;

It seemeth not that such a foe

From me or you would fly.

This is a stanza from a very old ballad written on some battle fought in France, during which the king, unwilling to put the suspected valour of his son the *Dauptin*, i. e. *Dolphin*, (so called and spelt at those times) to the trial, is represented as desirous to restrain him from any attempt to establish an opinion of his courage on an adversary who wears the least appearance of strength; and at last assists in propping up a dead body against a tree for him to try his manhood upon. Therefore as different champions are supposed crossing the field, the king always discovers some objection

as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings:—Come; unbutton here?—

[tearing off his cloaths.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart⁸; a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet⁹: he begins at

jection to his attacking each of them, and repeats these two lines as every fresh personage is introduced:

Dolphin, my boy, my boy, &c.

The song I have never seen, but had this account from an old gentleman, who was only able to repeat part of it, and died before I could have supposed the discovery would have been of the least importance to me.—As for the words, *says saum, mun*, they are only to be found in the first folio, and were probably added by the players, who, together with the compositors, were likely enough to corrupt what they did not understand, or to add more of their own to what they already concluded to be nonsense.

STEEVENS.

Cokes cries out in *Bartolomew Fair*:

"God's my life!—He shall be *Dauphin my boy*!" *FARMER.*

It is observable that the two songs to which Mr. Steevens refers for the burden of *Hey no nonny*, are both sung by girls distracted from disappointed love. The meaning of the burden may be inferred from what follows: Drayton's *Shepherd's Garland*, 1593, 4to.

"Who ever heard thy pipe and pleasing viue,

"And doth but heare this scurrill minstrelcy,

"These *nonnos* of filthie ribauldry,

"That doth not muse."

Again, in White's *Wit of a Woman*:

"—these dauncers sometimes do teach them trickes above trenchmore, yea and sometimes such lavolias, that they mount so high, that you may see their *hey nonny, nonny, nonny, nonny, no.*" *HENLEY.*

[Come; unbutton here.] Thus the folio. One of the quartos reads: *Come on, be true.* STEEVENS.

⁸ — *an old lecher's heart*;] This image appears to have been imitated by B. and Fletcher in the *Humorous Lieutenant*:

"—— an old man's loose desire

"Is like the glow-worm's light the apes so wonder'd at;

"Which when they gather'd sticks, and laid upon't,

"And blew and blew, turn'd tail, and went out presently."

STEEVENS.

⁹ — *Flibbertigibbet*;] We are not much acquainted with this fiend. Latimer in his sermons mentions him; and Heywood, among his sixte hundred of *Epigrams*, edit. 1576, has the following, *Of calling one Flebergibbet*:

"Thou *Flebergibbet, Flebergibbet*, thou wretch!

"Wottest thou whereto last part of that word doth stretch?

"Leave: that word, or I'll baste thee with a libet;

"Of all words I hate words that end with gibet."

STEEVENS.

¹⁰ *Frateretto*,

at curfew, and walks till the first cock* ; he gives the web and the pin¹, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip ; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold ;

He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold² ;

Bid

" *Fiateretto, Fliberdigibet, Hoberdidance, Tocobatto*, were four devils of the round or morrice These four had forty assistants under them, as themselves doe confesse." *Harfenet*, p. 49. PERCY.

* — *he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock ;*] It is an old tradition that spirits were relieved from the confinement in which they were held during the day, at the time of curfew, that is, at the close of day, and were permitted to wander at large till the first cock-crowing. Hence in *The Tempest* they are said to "rejoice to hear the solemn curfew." See *Hamlet*, A& 1. sc. 1 :

" — and at his [the cock's] warning,

" Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,

" The extravagant and erring spirit hies

" To his confine."

Again, sc. v.

" I am thy father's spirit,

" Doom'd for a certain time to walk the night,

" And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,—" MALONE.

¹ — *web and the pin,—*] Diseases of the eye. JOHNSON.

² *Saint Withold footed thrice the wold*

He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold ;] In the old quarto the corruption is such as may deserve to be noted. "Swithaide footed thrice the olde anclthu night moore and her nine fold bid her, O light and her tooch pight and arint thee, with arint thee." JOHNSON.

Her *nine fold* seems to be put (for the sake of the rime) instead of her *nine foals*. I cannot find this adventure in the common legend of St. Vitalis, who, I suppose, is here called St. Withold. TYRWHITT.

Shakspeare might have met with St. Withold in the old spurious play of *King John*, where this saint is invoked by a Franciscan friar. The *wold* I suppose to be the true reading. So, in the *Coventry Collection of Mysteries*, Mus. Brit. Vesp. D. viii. p. 93, Herod says to one of his officers :

" Seyward bolde, walke thou on wolde,

" And wysely behold all abowte," &c. STEEVENS.

The ancient reading is *the olds* : which is pompously corrected by Mr. Theobald, with the help of his friend Mr. Bishop, to the *wolds* : in fact it is the same word. Spelman writes, *Burton upon olds* : the provincial pronunciation is still the *oles* : and that probably was the vulgar orthography. Let us read then,

St. Withold footed thrice the oles,

He met the night-mare, and her nine foles," &c. FARMER.

Both the quarto and the folio have *old*, not *olds*. *Old* was merely the word *wold* misspelled, from following the sound. There are a hundred instances of the same kind in the old copies of these plays.

For

*Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, Aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!*
Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, with a torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water*; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for falllets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipp'd from tything to tything³, and stock'd, punish'd, and imprison'd⁴; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

For what purpose the Incubus is enjoined to *plight her troth*, will appear from a passage in Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584; which Shakspeare appears to have had in view: "—howbeit, there are magical cures for it, [the *night-mare* or *incubus*,] as for example:

"S. George, S. George, our ladies knight,

"He walk'd by day, so did he by night,

"Until such time as he hir found:

"He hir beat and he hir bound,

"Until hir troth *she* to him plight

"She would not come to hir [r. *bim*] that night."

Her *nine fold* are her *nine familiars*. *Aroint thee!* [*Dii te averruncet!*] has been already explained. MALONE.

Wold is a word still in use in the North of England; signifying a kind of down near the sea. A large tract of country in the East-Riding of Yorkshire is called the *Wolds*. COLMAN.

* — *the wall-newt, and the water*;] i. e. the water-newt. This was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. "He was a wise man and a merry," was the common language. So Falstaff says to Shallow, "he is your serving-man, and your husband," i. e. husband-man. MALONE.

³ — *whipp'd from tything to tything*,] A *tything* is a division of a place, a district; the same in the country, as a ward in the city. In the Saxon times every hundred was divided into *tythings*. Edgar alludes to the acts of Queen Elizabeth and James I. against rogues and vagabonds, &c. In the Stat. 39. Eliz. ch. 4. it is enacted that every vagabond, &c. shall be publicly *whipped* and sent from parish to parish. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *and stock'd, punish'd, and imprison'd*;] So the folio. The quartos read perhaps rightly:—and *stock-punish'd*, and imprison'd. MALONE.

*But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year⁵.*

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin; peace⁶, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman⁷;

Modo he's call'd, and *Mahu*⁸.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher:—
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. My good lord, take his offer;
Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban⁹:—
What is your study?

⁵ *But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*] This distich is part of a description given in the old metrical romance of *Sir Bevis*, of the hardships suffered by *Bevis* when confined for seven years in a dungeon:

"Rattes and myce and such smal dere

"Was his meate that seven yere." Sig. F. iij. PERCY.

⁶ — *Peace, Smolkin; peace,*—] "The names of other punie spirits cast out of Trayford were these: *Hilco, Smolkin, Hillio,*" &c. *Harfenet*, p. 47. PERCY.

⁷ *The prince of darkness is a gentleman;*] This is spoken in repentment of what *Gloster* had just said—"Has your grace no better company?"

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.*] So, in *Harfenet's Declaration*, *Maho* was the chief devil that had possession of *Sarah Williams*; but another of the possessed, named *Richard Mainy*, was molested by a still more considerable fiend called *Modu*. See the book already mentioned, p. 263, where the said *Richard Mainy* deposes: "Furthermore it is pretended . . . that there remaineth still in mee the prince of all other devils, whose name should be *Modu*;" he is elsewhere called, "the prince *Modu*:" So, p. 269, "When the said priests had dispatched their business at *Hackney*, (where they had been exorcising *Sarah Williams*) they then returned towards mee, upon pretence to cast the great prince *Modu* . . . out of mee." STEEVENS.

⁹ — *learned Theban:*] Ben Jonson in his *Masque of Pan's Anniversary*, has introduced a *Tinker* whom he calls a *learned Theban*, perhaps in ridicule of this passage. STEEVENS.

Edg.

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin to unsettle¹.

Glo. Canst thou blame him?

His daughters seek his death :—Ah, that good Kent !—

He said it would be thus :—Poor banish'd man !—

Thou say'st, the king grows mad ; I'll tell thee, friend,

I am almost mad myself : I had a son,

Now out-law'd from my blood ; he fought my life,

But lately, very late ; I lov'd him, friend,—

No father his son dearer : true to tell thee, [Storm still.

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this !

I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy,

Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, in, to the hovel : keep thee
warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him ;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, sooth him ; let him take the
fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on ; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words ; hush.

¹ *His wits begin to unsettle.*] On this occasion I cannot prevail on myself to omit the following excellent remark of Mr. Horace Walpole, inserted in the postscript to his *Mysterious Mother*. He observes, that “when *Belvidera* talks of

Lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of amber,
she is not mad, but light-headed. When madness has taken possession of a person, such character ceases to be fit for the stage, or at least should appear there but for a short time ; it being the business of the stage to exhibit passions, not distempers. The finest picture ever drawn, of a head discomposed by misfortune, is that of *King Lear*. His thoughts dwell on the ingratitude of his daughters, and every sentence that falls from his wildness, excites reflection and pity. Had frenzy entirely seized him, our compassion would abate : we should conclude that he no longer felt unhappiness. Shakspeare wrote as a philosopher, Otway as a poet.”

STEEVENS.

*Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came²,
His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL, and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit³, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

² *Child Rowland to the dark tower came,*] The word *child* (however it came to have this sense) is often applied to *Knights*, &c. in old historical songs and romances; of this, innumerable instances occur in the *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. See particularly in Vol I. f. iv. v. 97, where in a description of a battle between two knights, we find these lines:

“The Eldridge knight, he prick'd his steed;

“Syr Cawline bold abode:

“Then either shock his trusty spear,

“And the timber these two *children* bare

“So soon in sunder fode.”

See in the same volumes the ballads concerning the *child of Elle*, *child waters*, *child Maurice*, [Vol. III. f. xx.] &c. The same idiom occurs in *Spenser's Faery Queen*, where the famous knight sir Tristram is frequently called *Child Tristram*. See B. V. c. ii. st. 3. B. VI. c. ii. st. 36. *ibid.* c. viii. st. 15. PERCY.

Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Woman's Prize*, refer also to this:

“—— a mere hobby-horse

“She made the *Child Rowland*.”

In *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, or *Galriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596, part of these lines repeated by Edgar is quoted: “—— a pedant, who will find matter inough to dilate a whole daye of the first invention of

“—— Fy, fa, fum,

“I smell the blood of an Englishman.”

Both the quartos read: —to the dark *town* come. STEEVENS.

³ — *but a provoking merit,*] Cornwall, I suppose, means the merit of Edmund, which, being noticed by Gloster, provoked or instigated Edgar to seek his father's death. Dr. Warburton conceived that the merit spoken of was that of Edgar. But how is this consistent with the rest of the sentence? MALONE.

Edm.

Eam. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the dutcheffs.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting * the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

A Chamber in a Farm-house, adjoining the Castle.

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience:—The gods reward your kindness!

[*Exit GLOSTER.*]

Edg. Frateretto calls me⁵; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

* —*comforting*—] He uses the word in the juridical sense for *supporting, helping*, according to its derivation; *salvia comfortat nervos.* —*Schol. Sal.* JOHNSON.

⁵ Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler, &c.] See p. 266, n. 9.

Mr. Upton observes that Rabelais, B. II. c. 30. says that Nero was a sinner in hell, and Trajan an angler.

Nero is introduced in the present play above 800 years before he was born. MALONE.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me⁶, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

*Fool*⁷. No; he's a yecoman, that has a gentleman to his son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon them:—

*Edg*⁸. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health⁹, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight:—
Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer¹:— [*to Edg.*
Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [*To the Fool.*—Now, you the
foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—Wantest thou
eyes² at trial, madam³?

*Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me*⁴:—

Fool. *Her boat bath a leak,*

And

⁶ *Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me,*—] And before in the same act, sc. iii.
“Cry to it, *nuncle.*” Why does the fool call the old king, *nuncle*?
But we have the same appellation in *The Pilgrim*, by Fletcher:

“Farewell, *nuncle.*” Act IV. sc. i.

And in the next scene, alluding to Shakspeare,

“What mops and mowes it makes!” WHALLEY.

⁷ *Fool.*] This speech is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Edgar.*] This and the next thirteen speeches (which Dr. Johnson had enclosed in crotchets) are only in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *a horse's health,*] A horse is above all other animals subject to diseases. JOHNSON.

¹ — *most learned justicer;*—] The old copies read—*justice.* The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

² *Wantest, &c.*] I am not confident that I understand the meaning of this desultory speech. When Edgar says, *Look, where he stands and glares!* he seems to be speaking in the character of a madman, who thinks he sees the fiend. *Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?* is a question which appears to be addressed to the visionary Conril, or some other abandon'd female, and may signify, *Do you want to attract admiration, even while you stand at the bar of justice?* Mr. Seyward proposes to read, *wanton'st*, instead of *wantest*. STEEVENS.

³ *At trial, madam?*] It may be observed that Edgar, being supposed to be found by chance, and therefore to have no knowledge of the rest, connects not his ideas with those of Lear, but pursues his own train of delirious or fantastick thought. To these words, *At trial, madam?* I think therefore that the name of Lear should be put. The precess of the dialogue will support this conjecture. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me:*] Both the quartos and the folio have—*o'er the broome.* The correction was made by Mr. Steevens.

MALONE.

A3

And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale⁵. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly⁶ for two white herring⁷. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent.

As there is no other relation between *broom* and a *boat*, we may better read,
Come o'er the *brook*, Bessy, to me. JOHNSON.

At the beginning of *A very merry and pythie commedie, called, The longer thou livest, the more Foole thou art, &c.* Imprinted at London by Wylliam How, &c. black letter, no date, "Entreth *Mores*, counterfeiting a vaine gesture and a foolish countenance, synging the foote of many songs, as fooles were wont;" among them is this passage, which Dr. Johnson has very justly suspected of corruption.

"Com over the *bourne*, Bessë,

"My little pretie Bessë,

"Com over the *bourne*, Bessë, to me."

This song was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in the year 1564.

A *bourne* in the north signifies a *rivulet* or *brook*. Hence the names of many of our villages terminate in *burn*, as *Milburn*, *Sherburn*, &c. The former quotation, together with the following instances, at once confirm the justness of Dr. Johnson's remark, and support the reading. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 1:

"The *bouras*, the brooks, the becks, the rills, the rivulets."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. vi:

"My little boat can safely passe this perilous *bourne*."

To this I may add, that *bourne*, a boundary, is from the French *borne*. *Bourne*, or (as it ought to be spelt) *burn*, a rivulet, is from the German *burn*, or *born*, a well. STEEVENS.

There is a peculiar propriety in this address, that has not, I believe, been hitherto observed. *Bessy* and poor *Tom*, it seems, usually travelled together. The authour of *The Court of Conscience, or Dick Whippers Sessions*, 1607, describing *beggars*, *idle rogues*, and *counterfeit madmen*, thus speaks of these associates:

"Another sort there is among you; they

"Do rage with furie as if they were so frantique

"They knew not what they did, but every day

"Make sport with stick and flowers like an antique;

"Stowt roge and harlot counterfeited gomme;

"One calls herself poor *Bessë*, the other *Tom*."

⁵ The old song of which Mr. Steevens has given a part, consisted of nine lines, but they are not worth insertion. MALONE.

⁶ — in the voice of a nightingale.] Another deponent in Harsnet's book (p. 225,) says, that the mistress of the house kept a *nightingale* in a cage, which being one night killed, and conveyed away into the garden, it was pretended the devil had killed it in spite. Perhaps this passage suggested to Shakspeare the circumstance of Tom's being haunted in the voice of a nightingale. PERCY.

⁷ — Hopdance cries in Tom's belly—] In Harsnet's book, p. 194; 195, Sarah Williams (one of the pretended demoniacs) deposeseth,

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first:—Bring in the evidence.
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;— [*To Edgar.*
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the Fool.*
Bench by his side:—You are of the commission,
Sit you too. [*To Kent.*

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my
oath before this honourable assembly, she kick'd the poor
king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress; Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

"—that if at any time she did belch, as often times she did by reason
that shee was troubled with a wind in her stomacke, the priests would
say at such times, that then the spirit began to rise in her . . . and
that the wind was the devil." And, "as she saith, if they heard any
croaking in her belly . . . then they would make a wonderful matter of
that." *Heberdizance* is mentioned before in Dr. Percy's note.

STEEVENS.

"One time shee remembereth, that shee having the said croaking in
her belly, they said it was the devil that was about the bed, that spake
with the voice of a toad." *Ibidem.* MALONE.

"—white berring.] *White berrings* are pickled herrings. See the
Northumberland Housebold Book, p. 8. STEEVENS.

"*Sleepest, or wak'st, &c.*] This seems to be a stanza of some pas-
toral song. A shepherd is desired to pipe, and the request is enforced
by a promise, that though his sheep be in the corn, i. e. committing a
trespass by his negligence, implied in the question, *Sleepest thou or*
wak'st? yet a single tune upon his pipe shall secure them from the
pound. JOHNSON.

Minikin was anciently a term of endearment. So, in the interlude
of the *Repentance of Marie Magdalaine*, 1567, the *Vice* says, "What
mynikin carnal concupiscence!" Barrett, in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple*
Dictionary, 1580, interprets *feat*, by "proper, well-fashioned, *minikin*,
handsome."

In the *Interlude of the Four Elements*, &c. printed by Rastell, 1519,
Ignorance sings a song composed of the scraps of several others. Among
them is the following line, on which Shakspeare may have designed a
parody:

"Sleepyest thou, wakyest thou, Geffry Coke." STEEVENS.

* *Pur!*] This may be only an imitation of the noise made by a cat.
Purre is, however, one of the devils mentioned in Harfnet's book, p. 50.

MALONE.

Fool.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool⁹.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there!

Arms, arms, sword, fix!—Corruption in the place!

False justicer¹, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Afide.*]

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me².

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them:—Avaunt, you
curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white³,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, grey-hound, mungrel grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brache, or lym⁴;
Or bobtail tike⁵, or trundle-tail⁶;

⁹ *Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.*] This is a proverbial expression. STEEVENS.

¹ *False justicer,*] i. e. minister of justice. See p. 143, n. 3. MALONE.

² — *see they bark at me.*] The hint for this circumstance might have been taken from the pretended madness of one of the brothers in the translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, 1595:

“Here's an old mastiff bitch stands barking at me,” &c.

STEEVENS.

³ *Be thy mouth or black or white,*] To have the roof of the mouth black is in some dogs a proof that their breed is genuine. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *brache, or lym, &c.*] The old copies have—*brache* or *lym*. The emendation was made by Sir Thomas Hamner. A *brache* signified a particular kind of hound, and also a bitch. A *lym* or *lime*, was a blood-hound. See Minshew's Dict. in v. MALONE.

In Ben Jonson's *Bartolomew Fair*, Quarlous says,—“all the *lime*-hounds of the city should have drawn after you by the scent.”—A *limmer* or *leamer*, a dog of the chase, was so called from the *leam* or leash in which he was held till he was let slip. I have this information from *Caius de Canibus Britannicis*. So, in the book of *Ancient Tenures*, by T. B. 1679, the words, “*canes domini regis lefas*,” are translated “Leash hounds, such as draw after a hurt deer in a *leash*, or *liam*.”

Among the presents sent from James I. to the king and queen of Spain were, “A couple of *lyme-boundes* of singular qualities.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ — *bobtail tike*—] *Tijk* is the Runic word for a little, or worthless dog:

“Are Mr. Robinson's dogs turn'd *tikes* with a wanton?”

Witches of Lancaster, 1634. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *trundle-tail*;] This sort of dog is mentioned in *A Woman killed with Kindness*, 1617:

“—your dogs are *trundle-tails* and curs.” STEEVENS.

Tom will make them ⁷ weep and wail :

For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. *Seffa*⁸. Come, march to wakes and fairs,
and market towns :—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry⁹.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds
about her heart : Is there any cause in nature, that makes
these hard hearts ?—You, sir, I entertain you for one of
my hundred ; only, I do not like the fashion of your gar-
ments : you will say, they are Persian attire¹ ; but let them
be changed. [to Edgar.

⁷ *Tom will make them—*] Thus the quartos. Folio—will make him.

MALONE.

⁸ *Do de, de de. Seffa. Come, &c.*] The quartos read—*loudla, doudla*,
come, &c. The folio as in the text, except that the word *Seffa* is spelt
sefe. I have printed it as before. See p. 264, n. 6. MALONE.

Seffy I take to be the French word *cesser* pronounced *cessy*, which was,
I suppose, like some others in common use among us. It is an interjec-
tion enforcing cessation of any action, like, *be quiet, have done*. It seems
to have been gradually corrupted into *so, so*. JOHNSON.

This word is wanting in the quarto : In the folio it is printed *sefe*.
It is difficult in this place to say what is meant by it. It should be
remembered, that just before, Edgar had been calling on *Seffy* to come
to him ; and he may now with equal propriety invite *Seffy* (perhaps a
female name corrupted from *Cecilia*) to attend him to *wakes and fairs*.
Nor is it impossible but that this may be a part of an old song, and
originally stood thus :

Sissy, come march to wakes,

And fairs, and market towns.—

So, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, an ancient collection of satires, no date :

“ My heart's deare blood, sweet *Sisse* is my carouse.”

There is another line in the character of Edgar which I am very confi-
dent I have seen in an old ballad, viz.

Through the sharp haw-thorn blows the cold wind. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *thy horn is dry*.] A *horn* is at this day employed in many places
in the country as a cup for drinking, but anciently the use of it was much
more general. *Thy horn is dry*, appears to be a proverbial expression,
introduced when a man has nothing further to offer, when he has said all
he had to say. *Such a one's pipe out* is a phrase current in Ireland on the
same occasion.

I suppose Edgar to speak these words *aside*. Being quite weary of his
Tom o' Bedlam's part, and finding himself unable to support it any longer,
he says privately, “ — I can no more : all my materials for sustaining the
character of Poor Tom are now exhausted ;” *my horn is dry* : i. e. has
nothing more in it ; and accordingly we have no more of his dissembled
madness till he meets his father in the next act, when he resumes it for
a speech or two, but not without expressing the same dislike of it that he
expresses here, “ — I cannot daub it further.” STEEVENS.

¹ — *you will say, they are Persian attire* ;] Alluding perhaps to Clytus
refusing the Persian robes offered him by Alexander. STEEVENS.

Kent.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here², and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: So, so, so: We'll go to supper i' the morning: So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon*.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms;
I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready; lay him in't;
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up³;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

[*Kent.* Oppressed nature sleeps⁴:
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses⁵,

Which,

² — lie here—] i. e. on the cushions to which he points. He had before said,

“ Will you lie down, and rest upon the cushions ? ” MALONE.

* And I'll go to bed at noon.] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

³ Take up, take up;] One of the quartos reads—Take up the king, &c. the other—Take up to keep, &c. STEEVENS.

⁴ Oppressed nature sleeps:—] These two concluding speeches by Kent and Edgar, and which by no means ought to have been cut off, I have restored from the old quarto. The soliloquy of Edgar is extremely fine; and the sentiments of it are drawn equally from nature and the subject. Besides, with regard to the stage, it is absolutely necessary: for as Edgar is not designed, in the constitution of the play, to attend the king to Dover; how absurd would it look for a character of his importance to quit the scene without one word said, or the least intimation what we are to expect from him? THEOBALD.

The lines inserted from the quarto are in crotchets. The omission of them in the folio is certainly faulty: yet I believe the folio is printed from Shakspeare's last revision, carelessly and hastily performed, with more thought of shortening the scenes, than of continuing the action.

⁵ — balm'd thy broken senses,] The quarto from whence this speech is taken, reads—thy broken *senses*. *Senses* is the conjectural emendation of Theobald. STEEVENS.

Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind. [To the Fool.

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt KENT, GLO. and the Fool, bearing off the king.*

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;
Leaving free things⁶, and happy shows, behind:
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erstep,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship⁷.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that, which makes me bend, makes the king bow;
He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away:
Mark the high noises⁸; and thyself bewray⁹,

A passage in *Macbeth* adds support to Theobald's emendation:

“ — the innocent sleep,
“ *Balm of hurt minds,—*”

I had great doubts concerning the propriety of admitting Theobald's emendation into the text, though it is extremely plausible, and was adopted by all the subsequent editors. The following passage in *Twelfth Night* sufficiently supports the reading of the old copy: “Nay, patience; or we break the *fineries* of our plot.” MALONE.

⁶ — *free things*,] States clear from distress. JOHNSON.

⁷ But then the mind much sufferance doth o'er-step,

[When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

“ And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage.”

Again, in *Roméo and Juliet*:

“ Or, if four *woe* delights in *fellowship*—.”

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.—*Inter. Audi.* MALONE.

⁸ Mark the high noises;] Attend to the great events that are approaching, and make thyself known when that *false opinion* now prevailing against thee shall, in consequence of *just proof* of thy integrity, revoke its erroneous sentence, and recall thee to honour and reconciliation. JOHNSON.

The *high noises* are perhaps the calamities and quarrels of those in a higher station than Edgar, of which he has been just speaking. The words, however, may allude to the proclamation which had been made for bringing in Edgar:

“ I heard myself proclaim'd,

“ And by the happy hollow of a tree,

“ Escap'd the hunt.” MALONE.

⁹ — and thyself bewray,] *Bewray* which at present has only a dirty meaning, anciently signified to *betray*, to *discover*. In this sense it is used by Spenser; and in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

“ Well, to the king Andrugio now will hye,

“ Hap lyfe, hap death, his safety to *bewray*.” STEEVENS.

When

When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee¹,
 In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
 What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king!
 Lurk, Lürk.]

[Exit.

SCENE VII.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; shew him this letter:—the army of France is landed:—Seek out the villain Gloster. [*Exeunt some of the servants.*

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation²; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us³. Farewel, dear sister;—farewel, my lord of Gloster⁴.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence: Some five or six and thirty of his knights,

¹ — *whose wrong thought defiles thee,*] The quartos, where alone this speech is found, read—*whose wrong thoughts defile thee*. The rhyme shews that the correction, which was made by Mr. Theobald, is right.

MALONE.

² — *a most festinate preparation;*] Here we have the same error in the first folio, which has happened in many other places; the *u* employed instead of an *n*. It reads—*festinate*. The quartos *festinant*. MALONE.

³ — *and intelligent betwixt us.*] So, in a former scene:

“ — spies and speculations

“ *Intelligent of our state.* STEEVENS.

Thus the folio. The quartos read—*swift and intelligence betwixt us*: the poet might have written—*swift in intelligence*—. MALONE.

⁴ — *my lord of Gloster.*] Meaning Edmund, newly invested with his father's titles. The Steward, speaking immediately after, mentions the old earl by the same title. JOHNSON.

Hot

Hot questrifts after him⁵, met him at gate;
 Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
 Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boast
 To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewel, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt GONERIL, and EDMUND.*]

Corn. Edmund, farewel.—Go, seek the traitor Gloster,
 Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:

[*Exeunt other Servants.*]

Though well we may not pass upon his life
 Without the form of justice; yet our power
 Shall do a courtesy to our wrath⁶, which men
 May blame, but not control. Who's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms⁷.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my friends, con-
 sider

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends,

Corn. Bind him, I say, [*Servants bind him.*]

⁵ *Hot questrifts after him,*—] A *questrift* is one who goes in search
 or *quest* of another. Mr. Pope and Sir T. Hammer read—*questers*.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Though well we may not pass upon his life,*
 ———— *yet our power*

Shall do a courtesy to our wrath,—] *To do a courtesy* is to gratify, to
 comply with. *To pass*, is to pass a judicial sentence. JOHNSON.

The original of the expression, *to pass on any one*, may be traced from
Magna Charta:

“—*nec super eum ibimus, nisi per legale iudicium parium suo-
 rum.*”

It is common to most of our early writers. So, in *If this be not a good
 Play, the Devil is in it*, 1612: “A jury of brokers, impanel'd and
 deeply sworn to *pass* on all villains in hell.” STEEVENS.

⁷ — *corky arms.*] Dry, wither'd, husky arms. JOHNSON.

As Shakespeare appears from other passages of this play to have had in
 his eye *Bishop Harsenet's Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures*, &c.
 1603, 4to, it is probable, that this very expressive, but peculiar epithet,
corky, was suggested to him by a passage in that very curious pamphlet.
 “It would pose all the cunning exorcists, that are this day to be found,
 to teach an old corkie woman to writhe, tumble, curvet, and fetch her
 morrice gamboles, as Martha Bressier (one of the possessed mentioned in
 the pamphlet) did.” PERCY.

Reg.

Reg. Hard, hard:—O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none*.

Corn. To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou shalt find— [Regan plucks his beard.

Glo. By the kind gods⁸, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,

Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host;

With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours⁹

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd¹, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick king?
Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Wast thou not charg'd at peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

* *I am none.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—I am true.

⁸ *By the kind gods,*] People always invoke their deities as they would have them shew themselves at particular times in their favour; and he accordingly calls those *kind gods* whom he would wish to find so on this occasion. He does so yet a second time in this scene. Our own liturgy will sufficiently evince the truth of my supposition. STEEVENS.

Cordelia uses also the same invocation in the fourth Act:

“—O, you kind gods,

“Cure this great breach in his abused nature!” MASON.

⁹ —*my hospitable favours*—] *Favours* means the same as *features*, i. e. the different parts of which a face is composed. So, in Drayton's epistle from *Matilda to King John*:

“Within the compass of man's face we see,

“How many sorts of several favours be.”

Again, in *David & Bethsabe*, 1599:

“To daunt the favours of his lovely face.” STEEVENS.

¹ *Be simple-answer'd,*] The old quarto reads, *Be simple answerer*. Either is good sense: *simple* means *plain*. STEEVENS.

Glo.

Glo. I am ty'd to the stake*, and I must stand the course².

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs³.
'The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,
He hop'd the heavens to rain⁴,
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time⁵,
'Thou should'st it have said, *Good porter, turn the key*;
All cruels else subscrib'd⁶:—But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never:—Fellows, hold the chair:—

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot⁷.

[*Gloster is held down in his chair, while Cornwall plucks out one of his eyes, and sets his foot on it.*]

* *I am ty'd to the stake,*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"They have chain'd me to a stake; I cannot fly,

"But, bear-like, I must stand the course." STEEVENS.

² — *the course.*] The running of the dogs upon me. JOHNSON.

³ — *stick boarish fangs.*] The quartos read—*raff* boarish fangs. This verb occurs in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. li:

"And shields did share, and mailles did *raff*, and helmes did hew."

To *raff* is the old hunting term for the stroke made by a wild boar with his fangs. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *to rain.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—to *rage*. STEEV.

⁵ — *that stern time,*] Thus the folio. Both the quartos read—that *dearn* time. *Dearn* is a north-country word, signifying *lonely*, solitary, melancholy, far from neighbours. So, in the *Valiant Scot*:

"Of all the joys the *dearne* and dismal end."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. i:

"They heard a rueful voice that *dearly* cride." STEEVENS.

⁶ — *subscrib'd*:] Yielded, submitted to the necessity of the occasion.

JOHNSON.

⁷ *Upon these eyes, &c.*] In *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, 1594, one of the sons of *Bajazet* pulls out the eyes of an aga on the stage, and says,

"Yes, thou shalt live, but never see that day,

"Wanting the tapers that should give thee light."

[*Pulls out his eyes.*]

Immediately after, his hands are cut off. I have introduced this passage to shew that Shakspeare's drama was not more sanguinary than that of his contemporaries. STEEVENS.

In Marston's *Antonie's Revenge*, 1602, Picro's tongue is torn out on the stage. MALONE.

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help :—O cruel ! O ye gods !

Reg. One side will mock another ; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord :
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child ;
But better service have I never done,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog ?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel : What do you mean ?

Corn. My villain ! *[draws, and runs at him.]*

Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of
anger.

[draws. They fight. Cornwall is wounded.]

Reg. Give me thy sword.—*[to another Serv.]* A peasant
stand up thus !

[snatches a sword, comes behind, and stabs him.]

Serv. O, I am slain !—My lord, yet have you one eye
left

To see some mischief on him :—O ! *[dies.]*

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it :—Out, vile jelly !
Where is thy lustre now ?

[Tears out Gloucester's other eye, and throws it on the ground.]

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Ed-
mund ?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain !

Thou call'st on him that hates thee : it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us⁹ ;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies !

Then Edgar was abus'd.—

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him !

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord ? How look you ?

⁸ *My villain !* Villain is here perhaps used in its original sense of one in servitude. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *the overture of thy treasons*— *Overture* is here used for an opening or discovery. It was he who first laid thy treasons open to us. COLES in his Dict. 1679, renders *Overture*, by *apertior apertura*. An *overt act* of treason, is the technical phrase. MALONE.

Corn.

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt :—Follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain ;—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace :
Untimely comes this hurt : Give me your arm.

[*Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN ;—Servants unbind
GLOSTER, and lead him out.*]

1. *Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do¹,
If this man come to good.

2. *Serv.* If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death²,
Women will all turn monsters.

1. *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would ; his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

2. *Serv.* Go thou ; I'll fetch some flax³, and whites of
eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him !
[*Exeunt severally.*]

¹ *I'll never care what wickedness I do.*] This short dialogue I have inserted from the old quarto, because I think it full of nature. Servants could hardly see such a barbarity committed on their master, without pity ; and the vengeance that they presume must overtake the actors of it, is a sentiment and doctrine well worthy of the stage.

THEOBALD.

It is not necessary to suppose them the servants of Gloster ; for Cornwall was opposed to extremity by his own servant. JOHNSON.

² — *meet the old course of death,*] That is, *die a natural death.*

MALONE.

³ — *some flax, &c.*] This passage is ridiculed by Ben Jonson, in *The Case is alter'd*, 1609 :

“ — go get a white of an egg, and a little flax, and close the breaches of the head, it is the most conduible thing that can be.” STREVS.
The Case is alter'd was written before the end of the year 1599 ; but Ben Jonson might have inserted this sneer at our authour, between the time of *King Lear's* appearance, and the publication of his own play in 1609. MALONE.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Heath.**Enter EDGAR.*

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd⁴,
 Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
 The lowest, and moſt dejected thing of fortune,
 Stands ſtill in eſperance, lives not in fear⁵:
 The lamentable change is from the beſt;
 The worſt returns to laughter. Welcome then⁶,
 Thou unſubſtantial air, that I embrace!
 The wretch, that thou haſt blown unto the worſt,
 Owes nothing to thy blaſts.—But who comes here?—

⁴ *Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd, &c.*] The meaning is, 'Tis better to be thus contemn'd, and known to yourſelf to be contemn'd. Or perhaps there is an error, which may be rectified thus:

Yet better thus *unknown* to be contemn'd.

When a man diveſts himſelf of his real character, he feels no pain from contempt, becauſe he ſuppoſes it incurred only by a voluntary diſguiſe which he can throw off at pleaſure. I do not think any correction neceſſary. JOHNSON.

I cannot help thinking that this paſſage ſhould be written thus:

Yet better thus *unknown* to be contemn'd,

Than ſtill contemn'd and flatter'd to be *worſe*.

The loweſt, &c.

The quarto edition has no ſtop after *flatter'd*. The firſt folio, which has a comma there, has a colon at the end of the line.

The expreſſion in this ſpeech—*owes nothing to thy blaſts*—(in a more learned writer) might ſeem to be copied from Virgil, *Æn.* xi. 51:

"*Nos juvenem exanimum, et nil jam cœleſtibus ullis*

"*Debentem, vano moſſi comitamur bonore.*" TYRWHITT.

I think with Mr. Tyrwhitt that Dr. Johnson's conjecture is well founded, and that the poet wrote—*unknown*. MALONE.

The meaning of Edgar's ſpeech ſeems to be this. Yet it is better to be thus, in this fixed and acknowledged contemptible ſtate, than, living in affluence, to be flattered and deſpiſed at the ſame time. He who is placed in the worſt and loweſt ſtate, has this advantage; he lives in hope, and not in fear, of a reverse of fortune. The lamentable change is from affluence to beggary. He laughs at the idea of changing for the worſe, who is already as low as poſſible. SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

⁵ —*lives not in fear*:] So, in Milton's *Par. Reg.* B. iii.

"For where no hope is left, is left no fear." STEEVENS.

⁶ —*Welcome then*,] The next two lines and a half are omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter GLOSTER, led by an old man.

My father, poorly led*?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age⁷.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant,
and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen,
Our mean secures us⁸; and our meer defects
Prove our commodities.—Ah, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!

* — *poorly led!*] Thus quarto A, and the folio. For *poorly led* quarto B has—*fasti, cyd.* MALONE.

⁷ ———— *O world!*

But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,

Life would not yield to age.] O world! if reverses of fortune and changes such as I now see and feel, from ease and affluence to poverty and misery, did not shew us the little value of life, we should never submit with any kind of resignation to the weight of years, and its necessary consequence, infirmity and death. MALONE.

⁸ *Our mean secures us; &c.*] *Mean* is here a substantive, and signifies a middle state, as Dr. Warburton rightly interprets it. So again, in the *Merchant of Venice*: "It is no mean happiness therefore to be seated in the mean." See more instances in Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary*.

STEEVENS.

Both the quartos and the folio read—our *means* secure us. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. I am not sure that it is necessary. In Shakspeare's age writers often thought it necessary to use a plural, when the subject spoken of related to more persons than one. So in the last act of this play, "O, our *lives'* sweetness!" not, "O, our *life's* sweetness." Again, in Act IV:

"————— O, you mighty gods,

"This world I do renounce, and, in your *fighths*," &c.

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"To worry lambs, and lap their gentle bloods."

Means therefore might have been here used as the plural of *mean*, or moderate condition. Gloster's meaning is, that in a moderate condition or middle state of life, we are secure from those temptations to which the more prosperous and affluent are exposed; and our very wants prove in this respect an advantage. MALONE.

Might

Might I but live to see thee in my touch⁹,
I'd say, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [*Afide.*] O gods! Who is't can say, *I am at the worst*?

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Afide.*] And worse I may be yet: The worst is not,

So long as we can say, *This is the worst*¹.

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;

Which made me think a man a worm: My son

Came then into my mind; and yet my mind

Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more
since:

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;

They kill us for their sport^{*}.

Edg. How should this be?—

Bad is the trade, that must play the fool to sorrow,

Ang'ring itself and others. [*Afide.*]—Bless thee, master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my sake,

Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,

I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;

⁹ — *to see thee in my touch.*] So, in another scene, I see it feelingly.

STEEVENS.

¹ — *Who is't can say, I am at the worst?*

————— *the worst is not,*

So long as we can say, This is the worst.] i. e. While we live; for while we yet continue to have a sense of feeling, something worse than the present may still happen. What occasioned this reflection was his rashly saying in the beginning of this scene,

“————— To be worst,

“The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune, &c.

“The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,” &c.

WARBURTON.

^{*} *As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;*

They kill us for their sport.] *Dii nos quasi pilas homines habent.*—
Plaut. Captiv. Prol. i. 22. STEEVENS.

The quartos read—*They bit us for their sport.* MALONE.

And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind:

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parrel that I have,
Come on't what will. [Exit.

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub it further^{*}.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [Aside.] And yet I must.

—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path.
Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: Bless
the good man from the foul fiend†! [Five fiends have
been in poor Tom at once²; of lust, as *Obidicut*; *Hob-
bididance*, prince of dumbness: *Mabu*, of stealing; *Modo*,
of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mow-
ing³; who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-
women⁴. So, bless thee, master!]

Glo.

* — *I cannot daub it—*] i. e. Disguise. WARBURTON.

So, in *King Richard III.*:

“So smooth he *daub'd* his vice with shew of virtue.”

The quartos read, *I cannot dance it further.* STEEVENS.

† *Bless the good man from the foul fiend!*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads:

Bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! MALONE.

² *Five fiends, &c.*] The rest of this speech is omitted in the folio. In *Harfener's Book*, already quoted, p. 278, we have an extract from the account published by the exorcists themselves, viz. “By commaundement of the exorcist . . . the devil in Ma. Mainy confessed his name to be *Modu*, and that he had besides himself *seven other spirits*, and all of them captains, and of great fame.” “Then Edmundes (the exorcist) began againe with great earnestness, and all the company cried out, &c. . . so as both that wicked prince *Modu* and his company, might be cast out.” This passage will account for *five fiends having been in poor Tom at once.* PERCY.

³ *Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing;*] “If she have a little helpe of the mother, epilepsie, or cramp, to teach her role her eyes, wric her mouth, gnash her teeth, starte with her body, hold her armes and handes stiffe, make antlike faces, grinne, *mow and mop* like an ape,—then no doubt—the *young girle* is owle-blasted and *possessed.*” *Harfener's Declaration*, p. 136. MALONE.

⁴ — *possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women.*—] Shakspeare has made Edgar, in his feigned distraction, frequently allude to a vile im- posture

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's
plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,

Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!

Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man⁵,

That slaves your ordinance⁶, that will not see,

Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;

So distribution should undo excess,

And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo.

posture of some English jesuits, at that time much the subject of conversation; the history of it having been just then composed with great art and vigour of stile and composition by Dr. S. Harfenet, afterwards archbishop of York, by order of the privy-council, in a work intitled, *A Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures to withdraw the hearts of her Majesty's Subjects from their Allegiance, &c. practised by Edmunds, alias Weston, a Jesuit, and divers Romish Priests his wicked Associates*: printed 1603. The imposture was in substance this. While the Spaniards were preparing their armada against England, the jesuits were here busy at work to promote it, by making converts: one method they employed was to dispossess pretended demoniacs, by which artifice they made several hundred converts amongst the common people. The principal scene of this farce was laid in the family of one Mr. Edmund Peckham, a Roman-catholic, where Marwood, a servant of Anthony Babington's, (who was afterwards executed for treason) Trayford, an attendant upon Mr. Peckham, and Sarah and Friswood Williams, and Anne Smith, three chambermaids in that family, came into the priest's hands for cure. But the discipline of the patients was so long and severe, and the priests so elate and careless with their success, that the plot was discovered on the confession of the parties concerned, and the contrivers of it deservedly punished. The five devils here mentioned, are the names of five of those who were made to act in this farce upon the chamber-maids and waiting-women; and they were generally so ridiculously nick-named, that Harfenet has one chapter on the strange names of their devils; *lest*, says he, *meeting them otherwise by chance, you mistake them for the names of sappers or jugglers.* WARBURTON.

The passage in crotchets is omitted in the folio, because I suppose as the story was forgotten, the jest was lost. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Let the superfluous, &c.*] Lear has before uttered the same sentiment, which indeed cannot be too strongly impressed, though it may be too often repeated. JOHNSON.

Superfluous is here used for one living in abundance. WARBURTON.

⁶ *That slaves your ordinance,*] The language of Shakspeare is very licentious, and his words have often meanings remote from the proper and original use. To *slave* or *beslave* another is to *treat him with terms of indignity*: in a kindred sense, to *slave the ordinance*, may be, to *slight or ridicule it.* JOHNSON.

To *slave an ordinance*, is to treat it as a *slave*, to make it subject to us, instead of acting in obedience to 'it. So, in Heywood's *Braxen's Age*, 1613:

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep⁷ :
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me : from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm ;
Poor Tom shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E I I.

Before the duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter GONERIL, and EDMUND ; Steward meeting them.

Gon. Welcome, my lord : I marvel, our mild husband⁸
Not met us on the way :—Now, where's your master ?

Stew. Madam, within ; but never man so chang'd :
I told him of the army that was landed ;
He smil'd at it. I told him, you were coming ;
His answer was, *The worse* : of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me fot ;

" — none

" Could *slave* him like the Lydian Omphale."

Again, in *A New Way to pay old Debts*, by Mallinger :

" — that *slaves* me to his will." STEEVENS.

Heywood, in his *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637, uses this verb
in the same sense :

" What shall I do ; my love I will not *slave*

" To an old king, though he my love should crave."

Again, in Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604 :

" O powerful blood, how dost thou *slave* their soul !"

That *slaves* your ordinance, is the reading of the folio. Both the
quartos have—That *stands* your ordinance ; perhaps for *withstands*.
Stands, however, may be right :—that *abides* your ordinance. The
poet might have intended to mark the criminality of the *lust-dictated man*
only in the subsequent words, *that will not see, because he doth not*
feel. MALONE.

⁷ *Looks fearfully in the confined deep :*] So the folio. The quartos
read—*Looks firmly*. Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors for *in*
real m. like no need of change. Shakspeare considered the sea as a
mirror. To look in a glass, is yet our colloquial phraseology.

MALONE.

⁸ — *our mild husband*—] It must be remembered that Albany, the
husband of Goneril, disliked, in the end of the first act, the scheme of
oppression and ingratitude. JOHNSON.

And

And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out :—
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him ;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further. [to Edmund.
It is the cowardly terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake : he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer : Our wishes, on the way,
May prove effects *. Back, Edmund, to my brother ;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers :
I must change arms † at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us : ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this ; spare speech ;
[giving a favour.

Decline your head : this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air ‡ ;—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloucester ! [Exit Edmund.
O, the difference of man, and man † !
To thee a woman's services are due ;
My fool usurps my bed ‡.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord. [Exit Steward.

* — our wishes, on the way,

May prove effects.] She means, I think, The wishes, which we
expressed to each other on our way hither, may be completed, and
prove effectual to the destruction of my husband. On her entrance
she said,

" ——— I marvel our mild husband

" Not met us on the way."

Again, more appositely, in *King Richard III.*

" Thou know'st our reasons, urg'd upon the way."

See also Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598 : "*Umbrella*. A kind of
round thing like a round skreen, that gentlemen use in Italie in time of
summer,—to keep the sunne from them, when they are riding by the
way." MALONE.

† — I must change arms, &c.] Thus the quartos. The folio reads
—change names. STEEVENS.

‡ Decline your head : this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air ;] She bids him decline his
head, that she might give him a kiss, (the steward being present,) and
that it might appear only to him as a whisper. STEEVENS.

‡ O, the difference of man and man !] Omitted in the quartos. STEEV.
Some epithet to difference was probably omitted in the folio. MALONE.

‡ My fool usurps my bed.] The quarto of which the first signature
is A, reads—My fool usurps my head. Some of the copies of quarto B,
have—My fool usurps my body ; others—A fool usurps my bed. The
folio reads—My fool usurps my body. MALONE.

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle⁴.

Alb. O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
blows in your face.—I fear your disposition⁵:

That nature, which contemns its origin,

Can not be border'd certain in itself⁶;

She that herself will sliver and disbranch⁷

From her material sap⁸, perforce must wither,

And

⁴ *I have been worth the whistle.*] This expression is a reproach to Albany for having neglected her; *though you disregard me thus, I have been worth the whistle, I have found one that thinks me worth calling.*

JOHNSON.

This expression is a proverbial one. Heywood in one of his dialogues, consisting entirely of proverbs, says:

“It is a poor dog that is not worth the whistling.”

Goneril's meaning seems to be—*There was a time when you would have thought me worth the calling to you*; reproaching him for not having summon'd her to consult with on the present critical occasion.

STEEVENS.

I think Mr. Steevens's interpretation the true one. MALONE.

⁵ — *I fear your disposition:*] These words, and the lines that follow to *monsters of the deep*, are found in the quartos, but are improperly omitted in the folio. They are necessary, as Mr. Pope has observed, “to explain the reasons of the detestation which Albany here expresses to his wife.” MALONE.

⁶ *That nature, which contemns its origin,*

Cannot be border'd certain in itself;] The sense is, That nature which is arrived to such a pitch of unnatural degeneracy, as to condemn its origin, cannot from thenceforth be *restrained within any certain bounds*, but is prepared to break out into the most monstrous excesses every way, as occasion or temptation may offer. HEATH.

⁷ *She that herself will sliver and disbranch,*] To *sliver* signifies to tear off or disbranch. So, in *Macbeth*:

“——— slips of yew,

“*Sliver'd* in the moon's eclipse.” WARBURTON.

⁸ *She that herself will sliver and disbranch*

From her material sap,] She who breaks the bonds of filial duty, and becomes wholly alienated from her father, must wither and perish, like a branch separated from that *sap* which supplies it with nourishment, and gives life to the *matter* of which it is composed. So, in *A Brief Chronicle concernynge the examinacyon and death of Syr Johan Oldcastle*, 1544: “Then sayd the lorde Cobham, and spredde his armes abroad: This is a verye crosse, yea and so moche better than your crosse of wode, in that yt was created of God: yet will I not feke to have yt worshipped. Then sayd the byshop of London, Syr, ye wote wele that he dyed on a *watergall crosse*.”

Mr. Theobald

And come to deadly use².

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
Filths favour but themselves. What have you done?
Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick¹,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you maddened.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited?
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences²,
It will come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep³.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!

That bear't a cake for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st⁴,
Fools do those villains pity⁵, who are punish'd

Ere

Mr. Theobald reads *maternal*, and Dr. Johnson thinks that the true reading. Syr John Froissart's *Chronicle* (as Dr. Warburton has observed) in the title-page of the English translation printed in 1525, is said to be *translated out of French into our material English tongue by John Bourtchier*. And I have found *material* (from *water*) used in some other old books for *maternal*, but neglected to note the instances. I think, however, that the word is here used in its ordinary sense. *Maternal* lap (or any synonymous words,) would introduce a mixed and confused metaphor. *Material* lap is strictly correct. 'From the word *herself* to the end, the branch was the figurative object of the poet's thought. MALONE.

² *And come to deadly use.*] Alluding to the use that witches and enchanters are said to make of wither'd branches in their charms. A fine insinuation in the speaker, that she was ready for the most unnatural mischief, and a preparative of the poet to her plotting with the bastard against her husband's life. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton might have supported his interpretation by the passage in *Marberb*, quoted in n. 7. MALONE.

¹ — *would lick.*] This line, which had been omitted by all my predecessors, I have restored from the quartos. STEEVENS.

² — *these vile offences.*] In some of the impressions of quarto B, we find—*this* vile offences; in others, and in quarto A,—*the* vile. This was certainly a misprint for *these*. MALONE.

³ *Like monsters of the deep.*] Fishes are the only animals that are known to prey upon their own species. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *that not know'st*, &c.] The rest of this speech is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Fools do those villains pity*, &c.] She means, that *none but* fools would pity those villains, who are prevented from executing their malicious

Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
 France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
 With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
 Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,
Alack! wby does he so?

Alb. See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend⁶
 So horrid, as in woman.

Gen. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing⁷, for shame,
 Be-monster not thy feature⁸. Were it my fitness
 To let these hands obey my blood,
 They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
 Thy flesh and bones:—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
 A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gen. Marry, your manhood now!—

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mes. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's dead;
 Slain by his servant, going to put out
 The other eye of Gloucester.

Alb. Gloucester's eyes!

licious designs, and punished for their evil intention. It is not clear whether this fiend means her father, or the king of France. If these words were intended to have a retrospect to Albany's speech, which the word *fiery* might lead us to suppose, Lear must be in her contemplation; if they are considered as connected with what follows—*Where's thy drum, &c.* the other interpretation must be adopted. The latter appears to me the true one; and perhaps the punctuation of the quarto, in which there is only a comma after the word *mischief*, ought to have been preferred.

MALONE.

⁶ *Proper deformity, &c.*] i. e. Diabolic qualities appear not so horrid in the devil to whom they belong, as in woman who unnaturally assumes them. WARBURTON.

⁷ *Thou changed, and self-cover'd thing,*—] By *self-cover'd* the author meant, thou, that hast *disguised* nature by wickedness; thou that hast *hid* the woman under the fiend. JOHNSON.

By *thou self-cover'd thing*, the poet, I think, means, thou who hast put a *covering on thyself*, which nature did not give thee. The covering which Albany means, is, the semblance and appearance of a fiend. MALONE.

⁸ *Be-monster not thy feature.*] *Feature* in Shakspeare's age meant the general cast of countenance, and often beauty. Bullokar, in his *Expofitor*, 1616, explains it by the words, “handfomeness, comeliness, beautie.” MALONE.

Mes.

Mef. A fervant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead* :
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shews you are above,
You justicers⁹, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?

Mef. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well¹;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: Another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*]

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?

Mef. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mef. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mef. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against
him;

And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou shew'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou knowest. [*Exeunt.*]

* — and amongst them fell'd him dead:] i. e. *they* (Cornwall and his other servants) amongst them fell'd him dead. MALONE.

⁹ *You justicers,*] Most of the old copies have *justices*; but it was certainly a misprint. The word *justicer* is used in two other places in this play; and though printed rightly in the folio, is corrupted in the quarto in the same manner as here. Some copies of quarto B read rightly—*justifiers*, in the line before us. MALONE.

¹ *One way I like this well;*] Goneril's plan was to poison her sister, to marry Edmund, to murder Albany, and to get possession of the whole kingdom. As the death of Cornwall facilitated the last part of this scheme, she was pleased at it; but disliked it as it put it in the power of her sister to marry Edmund. MASON.

[S C E N E I I I *.

*The French Camp, near Dover.**Enter KENT, and a Gentleman †.*

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of; which
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most requir'd and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, fir⁴; she took them, read them in my presence;

And now and then an ample tear thrill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to rage: patience and sorrow strove[‡]
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears

* *Scene III.*] This scene, left out in all the common books, is restored from the old edition; it being manifestly of Shakspeare's writing, and necessary to continue the story of Cordelia, whose behaviour is here most beautifully painted. POPE.

This scene seems to have been left out only to shorten the play, and is necessary to continue the action. It is extant only in the quarto, being omitted in the first folio. I have therefore put it between crotchets.

JOHNSON.

† — *a Gentleman.*] The gentleman whom he sent in the foregoing act with letters to Cordelia. JOHNSON.

‡ *Ay, fir;*] The quartos read—*I say.* The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

§ *Patience and sorrow strove—*] The quartos for *strove* have *streame*. Mr. Pope made the correction. MALONE.

Were like a better May⁶: Those happy smiles⁷,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know

What

* ——— her smiles and tears

Were like a better May:] Both the quartos read—a better way; which being perfectly unintelligible, I have adopted part of the emendation introduced by Dr. Warburton, who reads—*better May*. The late editions have given—a better day, a reading which first appeared in a note of Mr. Theobald's. A better day, however it be understood, is, in my opinion, inconsistent with the context. If a better day means either a good day, or the best day, it cannot represent Cordelia's smiles and tears; for neither the one or the other necessarily implies rain, without which, there is nothing to correspond with her tears; nor can a rainy day, occasionally brightened by sunshine, with any propriety be called a good or the best day. We are compelled therefore to make some other change.

A better May, on the other hand, whether we understand by it, a good May, or a better May than ordinary, corresponds exactly with the preceding image; for in every May rain may be expected, and in a good, or a better May than ordinary, the sunshine, like Cordelia's smiles, will predominate. With respect to the corrupt reading, I have no great faith in the inversion of the *ex* at the press, and rather think the error arose in some other way.

Mr. Steevens has quoted a passage from Sydney's *Arcadia*, which Shakespeare may have had in view. Perhaps the following passage in the same book, p. 163, edit. 1593, bears a still nearer resemblance to that before us: "And with that the prettily smiled, which mingled with her tears, one could not tell whether it were a mourning pleasure, or a delightful sorrow; but like when a few April drops are scattered by a gentle zephyrus among fine-colour'd flowers." MALONE.

The thought is taken from Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 244. "Her tears came dropping down like rain in sunshine." Cordelia's behaviour on this occasion is apparently copied from *Philoctetes*. The same book, in another place, says,—"that her tears followed one another like a precious rope of pearl."—The quartos read—a better way,—which may be an accidental inversion of the *M*.

A better day, however, is the best day, and the best day is a day most favourable to the productions of the earth. Such are the days in which there is a due mixture of rain and sunshine.

It must be observed that the comparative is used by Milton and others, instead of the positive and superlative, as well as by Shakespeare himself, in the play before us:

"The safer sense will ne'er accommodate

"Its matter thus."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"—— it hath cow'd my better part of man."

Again:

"—— Go not my horse the better."

Mr. Pope makes no scruple to say of Achilles, that,

"The Pelian javelin in his better hand

"Shot trembling rays, &c."

i. e. his best hand, his right. STEEVENS.

What guests were in her eyes ; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd^s.—In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question^o?

Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice', she heav'd the name of
father

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart ;
Cry'd, *Sisters ! sisters !—Shame of ladies ! sisters !*
Kent ! father ! sisters ! What ? i' the storm ? i' the night ?
Let pity not be believ'd^s !—There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,

Doth not Dr. Warburton's alteration [*a wetter May*] infer that Cordelia's sorrow was superior to her patience ? But it seem'd that she was a queen over her passion ; and the smiles on her lip appeared not to know that tears were in her eyes. " Her smiles and tears were like a better day," or " like a better May," may signify that they were like such a season where sunshine prevailed over rain. So, in *All's well that ends well*, Act V. sc. iii. we see in the king "*sunshine and hail at once*, but to the brightest beams distracted clouds give way: the time is fair again, and he is like a day of season," i. e. a better day. TOLLET.

⁷ —*smiles.*] The quartos read—*smilets*. This may be a diminutive of Shakespeare's coinage. STEEVENS.

⁸ *As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.*—] In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* we have the same image :

" A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears." MALONE.

A similar thought to this of Shakespeare, occurs in Middleton's *Game at Chesse*, 1625 :

" — the holy dew lies like a pearl

" Dropt from the opening eye-lids of the morn

" Upon the bathful rose."

Milton has transplanted this image into his *Lycidas* :

" Under the opening eye-lids of the morn." STEEVENS.

⁹ *Made she no verbal question ?*] Means only, Did she enter into no conversation with you ? In this sense our poet frequently uses the word *question*, and not simply as the act of interrogation. Did she give you to understand her meaning by words as well as by the foregoing external testimonies of sorrow ? So, in *All's well that ends well* :

" — she told me

" In a sweet verbal brief, &c." STEEVENS.

¹ 'Faith, once or twice,] Thus the quartos. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*Yes, once, &c.* Regan in a subsequent scene, in like manner, uses the rejected word, however inelegant it may now appear :

" *Faith*, he is posted hence on serious matter." MALONE.

² *Let pity not be believ'd !*] i. e. Let not such a thing as pity be supposed to exist ! Thus the old copies ; but the modern editors have hitherto read,

Let pity not believe it !— STEEVENS.

And

And clamour moisten'd³ : then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions^{*} ;
Else one self mate and mate⁴ could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since ?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd ?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir ; The poor distressed Lear is i' the town :
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir ?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him : his own un-
kindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame⁵
Detains him from Cordelia.

³ *And clamour moisten'd ;*] It is not impossible but Shakspeare might have formed this fine picture of Cordelia's agony from holy writ, in the conduct of Joseph ; who, being no longer able to restrain the vehemence of his affection, commanded all his retinue from his presence ; and then *went alone*, and discovered himself to his brethren.

THEOBALD.

—*clamour moisten'd*—] That is, *her out-cries were accompanied with tears.* JOHNSON.

The old copies read—*And clamour moisten'd her.* I have no doubt that the word *her* was inserted by the compositor's eye glancing on the middle of the preceding line, where that word occurs ; and therefore have omitted it. It may be observed that the metre is complete without this word. A similar error has happened in *The Winter's Tale*. She *moisten'd clamour*, or the exclamations she had uttered, with tears. This is perfectly intelligible ; but *clamour moisten'd her*, is certainly nonsense.

MALONE.

^{*} — *govern our conditions ;*] i. e. regulate our *dispositions*.

MALONE.

⁴ — *one self mate and mate*—] The same husband and the same wife.

JOHNSON.

Self is used here, as in many other places in these plays, for *self-same*.

MALONE.

⁵ — *these things sting*

His mind so venomously, that burning shame—] The metaphor is here preserved with great knowledge of nature. The venom of poisonous animals being a high caustick salt, that has all the effects of *fire* upon the part. WARBURTON.

Gent

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot⁶.

Kent. Well, fir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause⁷
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me.]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Tent.

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea: fingering aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock⁸, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel⁹, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*—What can
man's wisdom do,
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam:
Our foster nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,

⁶ 'Tis so; they are a-foot.] Dr. Warburton thinks it necessary to read, 'tis said; but the sense is plain, So it is that they are on foot. JOHNSON.

'Tis so, means, I think, I have heard of them; they do not exist in report only; they are actually on foot. MALONE.

⁷ Some dear cause—] Some important business. MALONE.

⁸ With harlocks, hemlock, &c.] The quartos read—With hardocks; the folio—With bardokes. MALONE.

Hardocks should be harlocks. Thus Drayton in one of his *Eclogues*:

"The honey-suckle, the harlocke,

"The lilly, and the lady-smocke," &c. FARMER.

⁹ Darnel,] According to Gerard, is the most hurtful of weeds among corn. It is mentioned in *The Witches of Lancashire*, 1634:

"That coele, darnel, poppy wild,

"May choak his grain, &c." STEVENS.

Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All blest secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
Left his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it¹.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. News, madam;
The British powers are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important² tears, hath pitied.
No blown ambition³ doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear, and see him!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter REGAN, and Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Stew. Ay, madam.

¹ —*the means to lead it.*] The reason which should guide it.

² —*important*—] In other places of this authour for *importunate*. JOHNSON.

The folio reads—*importuned*. STEEVENS. JOHNSON.

³ *No blown ambition*—] No inflated, no swelling pride. Beza on the Spanish armada:

“Quam bene te ambitio merfit vanissima, ventus,

“Et tumidos tumidae vos superastis aquae.” JOHNSON.

In the *Mad Lover* of B. and Fletcher, the same epithet is given to ambition. Again, in the *Little French Lawyer*:

“I come with no *blown* spirit to abuse you.” STEEVENS.

Reg.

Reg. Himself in person there?

Stew. Madam, with much ado:

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord ⁴ at home?

Stew. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?

Stew. I know not, lady,

Reg. 'Faith, he is posited hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,

To let him live; where he arrives, he moves

All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,

In pity of his misery, to dispatch

His nighted life ⁵; moreover, to desecry

The strength o' the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter ⁶.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam;

My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter ⁷.

Stew. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,

⁴ — *with your lord*—] Thus the folio. The quartos read—with your lady. In the manuscripts from which they were printed an L only was probably set down, according to the mode of that time. It could be of no consequence to Regan, whether Edmund spoke with Goneril *at home*, as they had travelled together from the earl of Gloster's castle to the duke of Albany's palace, and had on the road sufficient opportunities for laying those plans of which Regan was apprehensive. On the other hand, Edmund's abrupt departure without even speaking to the duke, to whom he was sent on a commission, could not but appear mysterious, and excite her jealousy. Add to this, that Edmund (as an anonymous writer hath observed) had spoken with Goneril in the Steward's presence, and had been prevented from speaking to or even seeing her husband. On all these grounds *lord* appears to be the true reading. MALONE.

⁵ *His nighted life*;] i. e. His life made dark as night, by the extinction of his eyes. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *with my letter*.] So the folio. The quartos read—*letters*. The meaning is the same. MALONE.

⁷ *Let me unseal, &c.*] I know not well why Shakspeare gives the steward, who is a mere factor of wickedness, so much fidelity. He now refuses the letter; and afterwards, when he is dying, thinks only how it may be safely delivered. JOHNSON.

She

She gave strange œiliads⁸, and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know it⁹:
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note¹:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's:—You may gather more².
If you do find him, pray you, give him this³;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I would shew
What party⁴ I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI⁵.

The Country near Dover.

Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR, dress'd like a Peasant.

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep:

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

⁸ *She gave strange œiliads,—*] *Oeillade*, Fr. a cast, or significant glance of the eye. Greene, in his *Disputation between a He and She Coney-catcher*, 1592, speaks of "amorous glances, smirking œiliades, &c." STEEVENS.

⁹ *I speak in understanding; you are, I know it.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—in understanding, for I know't. MALONE.

¹ — *I do advise you, take this note:*] *Note* means in this place not a letter, but a remark. Therefore observe what I am saying. JOHNSON.

² — *You may gather more.*] You may infer more than I have directly told you. JOHNSON.

³ — *give him this;*] I suppose Regan here delivers a ring or some other favour to the Steward, to be conveyed to Edmund. MALONE.

⁴ *What party—*] Quarto, *What lady.* JOHNSON.

⁵ *Scene VI.*] This scene, and the stratagem by which Gloster is cured of his dèrèpation, are wholly borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*.

JOHNSON.

Edg.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed :

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd * ; and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd ; in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir ; here's the place :—stand still.—
How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low ⁶ !
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Shew scarce so gross as beetles : Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire ; dreadful trade ⁷ !

Methinks,

* — *thy voice is alter'd ; &c.*] Edgar alters his voice in order to pass afterwards for a malignant spirit. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *How fearful*

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low !] This description has been much admired since the time of Addison, who has remarked, with a poor attempt at pleasantry, that " he who can read it without being giddy, has a very good head, or a very bad one." The description is certainly not mean, but I am far from thinking it wrought to the utmost excellence of poetry. He that looks from a precipice finds himself assailed by one great and dreadful image of irresistible destruction. But this overwhelming idea is dissipated and enfeebled from the instant that the mind can restore itself to the observation of particulars, and diffuse its attention to distinct objects. The enumeration of the choughs and crows, the samphire-man, and the fishers, counteracts the great effect of the prospect, as it peoples the desert of intermediate vacuity, and stops the mind in the rapidity of its descent through emptiness and horror. JOHNSON.

It is to be considered that Edgar is describing an imaginary precipice, and is not therefore supposed to be so strongly impressed with the dreadful prospect of inevitable destruction, as a person would be who really found himself on the brink of one. MASON.

⁷ — *Half way down*

Hangs one that gathers samphire ; dreadful trade !] This personage is not a mere creature of Shakspere's imagination, for the gathering of samphire was literally a *trade* or common occupation in his time, it being carried and cried about the streets, and much used as a pickle. So, in a song in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, in which the cries of London are enumerated under the title of the cries of Rome :

" I ha' rock-samphier, rock-samphier ;

" Thus go the cries in Rome's faire towne ;

" First they go up street, and then they go downe :

" Buy a mat, a mil-mat," &c.

Again, in Venner's *Via recta*, &c. 4to. 1622 : " Samphire is in like manner preserved in pickle, and eaten with meates. It is a very pleasant and familiar sauce, and agreeing with man's body." MALONE.

" Samphire

Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head :
 The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
 Appear like mice ; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
 Diminish'd to her cock⁸ ; her cock, a buoy
 Almost too small for sight : The murmuring surge,
 That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
 Cannot be heard so high :—I'll look no more ;
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
 Topple down headlong⁹.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand : You are now within a foot
 Of the extreme verge : for all beneath the moon
 Would I not leap upright¹.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse ; in it, a jewel
 Well worth a poor man's taking : Fairies, and gods,
 Prosper it with thee ! Go thou further off ;
 Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.

[*Seems to go.*]

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg.

" *Sampfire* grows in a great plenty on most of the sea-cliffs in this country : it is terrible to see how people gather it, hanging by a rope several fathom from the top of the impending rocks as it were in the air." *Smith's Hist. of Waterford*, p. 315, edit. 1774. TOLLET.

⁸ — *her cock* ;—] Her cock-boat. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1637 : " — I caused my lord to leap into the cock, &c.—at last our cock and we were cast ashore." Hence the term *cockswain*, a petty officer in a ship. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Topple down headlong*.] To *topple* is to *tumble*. The word has been already used in *Macbeth*. So, in Nash's *Leuten-Stuff*, &c. 1599 : " — he had thought to have *toppled* his burning car, &c. into the sea."

STEEVENS.

¹ — *for all beneath the moon*

Would I not leap upright.] One of the senses of the word *upright* in Shakspeare's time, was that in which it is now used. So, in the *Tempest* :

" — time goes *upright* with his carriage."

Again, in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, 1603 :

" I have seene a man take his full carier, standing boult *upright* on both his feete in the saddle."

And with this signification, I have no doubt it was used here. Every man who leaps, in his first effort to raise himself from the ground, *springs upright*. Far from thinking of leaping *forward*, for which, being certain destruction, nothing could compensate, Edgar says, he would not for all beneath the moon run the risk of even leaping *upwards*.

Dr. Warburton idly objects, that he who leaps upwards, must needs fall again on his feet upon the same place from whence he rose. If the

commentator

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done ² to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:

If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,

My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should

Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, blefs him!—

Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He leaps, and falls along.*]

Edg. Gone, fir? farewell³.—

And yet I know not how conceit may rob

The treasury of life, when life itself

Yields to the theft⁴: Had he been where he thought,

By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?

Ho, you fir! friend!—Hear you, fir?—speak!

Thus might he pass indeed⁵:—Yet he revives:

What are you, fir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Had'st thou been aught but gossamer, feathers,
air⁶,

So many fathom down precipitating,

Thou had'st shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.

commentator had tried such a leap *within a foot* of the edge of a precipice, before he undertook the revision of these plays, the world would, I fear, have been deprived of his labours.

Upright in our authour's time meant also *supinus*. See Minshew's Dict. 1617: "*Upright*, or on the back, with the face upward. G. renversé, ventre en haut. L. *supinus*, *resupinus*:" but this sense is here inadmissible. MALONE.

² *Is done*.—] Thus the quarto A, and the folio. The other quarto reads—*'Tis done*. MALONE.

³ *Gone, fir? farewell*.] Thus the quartos and folio. The modern editors have been content to read—*Good fir*, &c. STEEVENS.

They followed the arbitrary alteration of the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁴ ——— *when life itself*

Yields to the theft:—] When life is willing to be destroyed.

JOHNSON.

⁵ *Thus might he pass, indeed*:—] Thus he might die in reality. We still use the word *passing-bell*. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Had'st thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air*.] *Gossamer* or *Gossamer* is a thin filmy substance, resembling a cobweb, which flies about in the air in summer. MALONE.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude⁷,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;
Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn⁸!
Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:
Up:—So;—How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns welk'd⁹, and wav'd like the enridged sea¹;

⁷ *Ten masts at each make not the altitude.*] i. e. each, at, or near, the other. Such I suppose the meaning, if the text be right; but it is probably corrupt. Mr. Pope for *at each* substituted *attach'd*, which Dr. Johnson thinks was introduced into our language at a later period than the time of Shakspeare. The word certainly existed in his time, but was not used in the sense required here. In Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, to *attach* is interpreted, "To take, lay hold on." It was *verbum juris*. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read—at *reach*, i. e. extent. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *chalky bourn*:] *Bourn* seems here to signify a *bill*. Its common signification is a *brook*. Milton in *Comus* uses *besty bourn*, in the same sense perhaps with Shakspeare. But in both authours it may mean only a *boundary*. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Horns welk'd*,—] Twisted, convolved. A *welk* or *whilk* is a small shell-fish. Drayton in his *Mortimeriados*, 4to. 1596, seems to use this participle in the sense of *rolling* or *curled*:

"The sunney palfreys have their traces broke,

"And setting fire upon the *welked* shrouds

"Now through the heavens flie gadding from the yoke."

MALONE.

¹ — *enridged sea*.] Thus the quarto. The folio *enrag'd*.

STEEVENS.

Enridged was certainly our authour's word; for he has the same allusion in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Till the wild *waves* will have him seen no more,

"Whose *ridges* with the meeting clouds contend." MALONE.

It was some fiend : Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods², who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities³, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now : henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and, die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man ; often 'twould say,
The fiend, the fiend : he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts⁴.—But who comes
here ?

Enter LEAR, fantastically dress'd up with flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus⁵.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining⁷ ; I am
the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight !

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's your
press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-

² — *the clearest gods,*] The purest ; the most free from evil.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Timon of Athens* :

"Roots ! you clear gods !" MALONE.

³ — *who make them honours*

Of men's impossibilities,—] Who are graciously pleased to pre-
serve men in situations in which they think it impossible to escape ;
Or, perhaps, who derive honour from being able to do what men can
not do. MALONE.

⁵ *Bear free and patient thoughts.*—] To be melancholy is to have the
mind chained down to one painful idea ; there is therefore great propriety
in exhorting Gloucester to *free thoughts*, to emancipation of his soul from
grief and despair. JOHNSON.

⁶ *The safer sense will ne'er accommodate*

His master thus.] I read :

The *safer* sense will ne'er accommodate

His master thus.

"Here is Lear, but he must be mad : his sound or *safe* senses would ne-
ver suffer him to be thus disguised." JOHNSON.

I have no doubt but that *safer* was the poet's word. So, in *Measure*
for Measure :

"Nor do I think the man of *safe* discretion

"That does affect it." STEEVENS.

⁷ — *for coining ;*] So the quartos. Folio—for *craving*. MALONE.

keeper :

keeper⁸: draw me a clothier's yard⁹.—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace; this piece of toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills¹.—O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout², i' the clout: hewgh!—Give the word³.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pafs.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard⁴!—They

⁸ *That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper.*] In several counties to this day, they call a stuffed figure, representing a man, and armed with a bow and arrow, set up to fright the crows from the fruit and corn, a *crow-keeper*, as well as a *scare-crow*. THEOBALD.

This *crow-keeper* was so common in the authour's time, that it is one of the few peculiarities mentioned by Ortelius in his account of our island. JOHNSON.

So, in *Bonduca*, by Fletcher:

“ — Can these fight? They look

“ Like empty scabbards all; no mettle in them;

“ Like men of slouts, set to keep crows from orchards.” MALONE.

⁹ *Draw me a clothier's yard.*] Perhaps the poet had in his mind a stanza of the old ballad of *Ubbey-Chace*:

“ An arrow of a cloth-yard long,

“ Up to the head drew he,” &c. STEEVENS.

¹ — *the brown bills.*] A *bill* was a kind of battle-axe:

“ Which is the constable's house?—

“ At the sign of the brown bill.” *Blurt Mr. Constable*, 1602.

Again, in Marlowe's *King Edward II.* 1622:

“ Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,

“ Brown bills, and targetiers,” &c. STEEVENS.

² *O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout, &c.*] Lear is here raving of archery, and shooting at *buts*, as is plain by the words *i' the clout*, that is, the *white* mark they set up and aim at: hence the phrase, to *hit the white*. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Two Maids of Moreclacke*, 1609: “ Change your mark, shoot at a white; come lick me in the *clout*, sir.”

The author of *The Revival* thinks there can be no impropriety in calling an arrow a *bird*, from the swiftness of its flight, especially when immediately preceded by the words *well-flown*: but it appears that *well-flown, bird*, was the falconer's expression when the hawk was successful in her flight; and is so used in *A Woman kill'd with Kindness*.

STEEVENS.

The quartos read—O, well flown bird in the *ayre*, hugh, give the word. MALONE.

³ — *Give the word.*] Lear supposes himself in a garrison, and before he lets Edgar pass, requires the watch-word. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—*] So reads the folio, properly; the quarto, whom the latter editors have followed, has, *Ha! Goneril, ha! Regan! they flattered me, &c.* which is not so forcible.

JOHNSON.

flatter'd

flatter'd me like a dog⁵; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there⁶. To say *ay*, and *no*, to every thing I said!—*Ay* and *no* too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once⁷, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice⁸ I do well remember: Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:

When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes⁹.

I pardon that man's life: What was thy cause?—

Adultery.—

Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery! No:

The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly

Does lecher in my sight. Let copulation thrive,

For Gloster's bastard son was kinder to his father,

Than my daughters got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To't, luxury¹, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—

Behold yon' simpering dame,

Whose face between her forks presageth snow²;

That

⁵ *They flattered me like a dog;—*] They played the spaniel to me.

JOHNSON.

⁶ *—and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there.*] They told me that I had the wisdom of age, before I had attained to manhood. MALONE.

⁷ *—When the rain came to wet me, &c.]* This seems to be an allusion to king Canute's behaviour when his courtiers flattered him as lord of the sea. STEEVENS.

⁸ *The trick of that voice—*] *Trick* is a word frequently used for the air, or that peculiarity in a face, voice, or gesture, which distinguishes it from others. HANMER.

⁹ *—Ay, every inch a king:*

When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,

“By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

“Whereat each tributary subject quakes.” MALONE.

¹ *To't luxury, &c.]* *Luxury* was the ancient appropriate term for incontinence. See Mr. Collins's note on *Troilus and Cressida*, Act V. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

² *Whose face between her forks, &c.]* The construction is not “whose face between her forks,” &c. but “whose face presages snow between her forks.” So, in *Timon*, Act IV. sc. iii.

“Whose

That minces virtue³, and does shake the head
 To hear of pleasure's name;
 The fitchew⁴, nor the soiled horse⁵, goes to't
 With a more riotous appetite.
 Down from the waist they are centaurs⁶,
 Though women all above:
 But to the girdle⁷ do the gods inherit,
 Beneath is all the fiends'⁸; there's hell, there's darkness,
 there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, con-
 sumption;—Fie, fie, fie! pah! pah! Give me an ounce
 of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination:
 there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
 Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?

“Whose blush does thaw the consecrated snow

“That lies on Dian's lap.” EDWARDS.

To preserve the modesty of Mr. Edwards's happy explanation, I can
 only hint a reference to the word *fourcheure* in Cotgrave's *Dictionary*.

STEEVENS.

³ *That minces virtue,*] Whose virtue consists in appearance only;
 in an affected delicacy and prudery; who is as nice and squeamish in
 talking of virtue and of the triller part of her sex, as a lady who walks
 mincingly along:

“—and turn two mincing steps

“Into a manly stride.” *Merchant of Venice.* MALONE.

⁴ *The fitchew,*—] A precat. POPE.

⁵ —nor the soiled horse,—] *Soiled horse* is a term used for a horse
 that has been fed with hay and corn in the stable during the winter,
 and is turned out in the spring to take the first flush of grass, or has
 it cut and carried in to him. This at once cleanses the animal, and
 fills him with blood. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Down from the waist they are centaurs,*] In the *Malecontent*, is a
 thought as singular as this:

“’Tis now about the immodest waist of night.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *But to the girdle, &c.*] *To inherit* in Shakspeare is, to possess. *But*
 is here used for *only*. MALONE.

⁸ *Beneath is all the fiends;*] According to Grecian superstition,
 every limb of us was consigned to the charge of some particular deity.
 Gower, *De Confectione Amantis*, enlarges much on it, and concludes
 by saying:

“And Venus through the lecherie

“For which thei hir deific,

“She kept all down the remenant

“To thilke office appertaint.” COLLINS.

In the old copies the preceding as well as the latter part of Lear's
 speech is printed as prose. I doubt much whether any part of it was
 intended for metre. MALONE.

Lear.

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me *? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: Yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and, handy-dandy *, which is the justice, which

* *Dost thou squiny at me?*] To *squiny* is to look askint. The word is used by our poet's fellow-comedian, Robert Armin, in *A Nott of Ninnies*, &c. 4to, 1609: "The world—*squinties* at this, and looks as one scornng." MALONE.

9 *What, with the case of eyes?*] Mr. Rowe changed *the* into *this*, but without necessity. I have restored the old reading. The *case of eyes* is the socket of either eye. Statius in his first *Thebaid*, has a similar expression. Speaking of Oedipus he says:

"Tunc vacuos orbis crudum ac miserabile vitæ

"Supplicium, ostentat cælo, manibusque cruentis

"Pulsat inane solum.

"Inane solum," i. e. *vacui oculorum loci*.

Shakspeare has the expression again in the *Winter's Tale*: "—they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes." STREVENs.

In *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, we have the same expression:

"—— her eyes as jewel like,

"And cas'd as richly."

Again, *ibidem*:

"Her eye-lids, cases to those heavenly jewels

"Which Pericles hath lost,

"Begin to part their fringes of bright gold."

This could not have been the authour's word; for "this case of eyes" in the language of his time signified—*this pair of eyes*, a sense directly opposite to that intended to be conveyed. MALONE.

* *Change places; and, handy-dandy,*—] The words *change places*, and, are not in the quartos. *Handy-dandy* is, I believe, a play among children, in which something is shaken between two hands, and then a guick is made in which hand it is retained. See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598: "*Bazzicchiare*. To shake between two hands; to play *bandy-dandy*."

which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:

Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind

For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear;

Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all¹. Plate sin with gold²,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em³:

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power

To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;

And, like a scurvy politician, seem

To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now:

Pull off my boots;—harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd:

Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester:

Thou must be patient: we came crying hither.

Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,

dandy." Coles in his Latin Dict. 1679, renders "to play handy dandy," by *digitis micare*; and he is followed by Ainsworth; but they appear to have been mistaken; as is Dr. Johnson in his definition in his Dictionary, which seems to have been formed on the passage before us, misunderstood. He says, Handy-dandy is "a play in which children change hands and places." MALONE.

¹ *Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all.*] So, in *the Rape of Lucrece*:

"Hiding base sin in pleats of majesty." MALONE.

From *hide all to accuser's lips*, the whole passage is wanting in the first edition, being added, I suppose, at his revival. JOHNSON.

² *Plate sin*—] The old copies read—*Place sin*. Mr. Pope made the correction. MALONE.

³ —*I'll able 'em*:] An old phrase signifying to qualify, or uphold them. So Scogan, contemporary with Chaucer, says:

"Set all my life after thyne ordinaunce,

"And able me to mercie or thou deme." WARBURTON.

So Chapman, in his comedy of *The Widows Tears*, 1612: "Admitted! ay, into her heart, and I'll able it." STEEVENS.

We wawl, and cry⁴—I will preach to thee; mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great stage of fools;—This a good block⁵?

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe

A troop of horse with felt⁶: I'll put it in proof;

⁴ *Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl and cry:—*

“Vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum est

“Cui tantum in vitâ restat transire malorum.” *Lucretius.*

STEEVENS.

⁵ —[*This a good block?*] Upon the king's saying, *I will preach to thee*, the poet seems to have meant him to pull off his *hat*, and keep turning it and feeling it, in the attitude of one of the preachers of those times, (whom I have seen so represented in ancient prints, (till the idea of *felt*, which the good *bat* or *block* was made of, raises the stratagem in his brain of shoeing a troop of horse with a substance soft as that which he held and moulded between his hands. This makes him start from his preachment.—*Block* anciently signified the *head part* of the hat, or the *thing on which a hat is formed*, and sometimes the hat itself.—See *Much Ado about Nothing*:

“He wears his faith but as the fashion of his *hat*; it changes with the next *block*.”

Again, in Green's *Tu Queque*, 1599:

“—Where did you buy your *felt*?

“Nay, never laugh, for you're in the same *block*.”

Again, in *Run and a great Cast*, an ancient collection of Epigrams, 4to. without date. Epigram 46. In *Sextinus*:

“A pretty *blocke* Sextinus names his *bat*;

“So much the fitter for his head by that.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe*

A troop of horse with felt:] i. e. with *flocks kneaded to a mass*, a practice I believe sometimes used in former ages, for it is mentioned in *Aristo*:

“—fere nel cadar strepito quanto

“Aveffe avuto sotto i piedi il *feltro*.” JOHNSON.

This “delicate stratagem” had actually been put in practice about fifty years before Shakspeare was born, as we learn from Lord Herbert's *Life of Henry the Eighth*, p. 41. “And now,” says that historian, “having feasted the ladies royally for divers dayes, he [Henry] departed from Tournay to Lisle, [O. S. 13, 1513,] whither he was invited by the lady Margaret, who caused there a joute to be held in an extraordinary manner; the place being a fore-room raised high from the ground by many steps, and paved with black square stones like marble; while the *horses*, to prevent sliding, were *shed with felt* or *flocks* (the Latin words are *feltro* *seve* *tormento*) after which the ladies danced all night.” MALONE.

Shakspeare might have adopted the stratagem of shoeing a troop of horse with felt from the following passage in Felton's *Tragical Discourses*, 4to. bl. l. 1567: “—he attyreth him selfe for the purpose in a night-gowne girt to hym, with a paire of *shoes of felt*, leaste the noyse of his feete shoulde discover his goinge.” p. 58. STEEVENS.

And

And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.⁷

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune⁸.—Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt⁹,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's dust¹.

Gent. Good fir²,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom: What?
I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then, there's life in it³. Nay, an you get it,
you shall get it by running. Sa, fa, fa, fa.

[*Exit, running; Attendants follow.*]

⁷ *Then, kill, kill, &c.*] This was formerly the word given in the English army, when an onset was made on the enemy. So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,

“ And in a peaceful hour doth cry, *kill, kill.*”

Again, in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, 1610, p. 315:

“ For while the Frenchmen fresh assaulted still,

“ Our Englishmen came boldly forth at night,

“ Crying, Saint George, Salisbury, *kill, kill,*

“ And offer'd freshly with their toes to fight.” MALONE.

⁸ *The natural fool of fortune.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ O, I am fortune's fool!” STEEVENS.

⁹ — *a man of salt,*] *A man of salt is a man of tears.* In *All's Well that ends Well*, we meet with—“ your salt tears' head;” and in *Titus and Creffida*, “ the salt of broken tears.” Again, in *Coriolanus*:

“ He has betray'd your business, and given up,

“ For certain drops of salt, your city Rome.” MALONE.

¹ *Ay, and laying autumn's dust.*] These words are not in the folio.

MALONE.

² *Gent. Good fir,—*] These words I have restored from one of the quartos. In the other, they are omitted. The folio reads:

— *a smug bridegroom—* STEEVENS.

³ *Then there's life in it.*] The case is not yet desperate. JOHNSON.

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch;
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: What's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought³.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [Exit Gent.]

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made lame by fortune's blows⁴;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows⁵,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Heartly thanks:
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh

³ — the main descry

Stands on the hourly thought.] The main body is expelled to be descry'd every hour. The expression is harsh. JOHNSON.

⁴ — made lame by fortune's blows.] Thus the quartos. The folio has—made lame to fortune's blows. I believe the original is here, as in many other places, the true reading. So, in our poet's 37th Sonnet:

"So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,—" MALONE.

⁵ Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows, &c.] i. e. Sorrows past and present. WARBURTON.

Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco. Virg.

I doubt whether *feeling* is not used, with our poet's usual licence, for *felt*. Sorrows known, not by relation, but by experience. MALONE.

To

To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember⁶ :—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it.

[*Edgar opposes.*]

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou dy'st.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait⁷, and let poor
volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my
life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight.
Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che vor'ye⁸,
or ise try whether your costard⁹ or my bat¹ be the harder:
Ch'll be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'll pick your teeth, zir: Come; no matter
vor your foins². [*They fight; and Edgar knocks him down.*]

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me:—Villain, take my
purse;

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,

⁶ *Briefly thyself remember:*] i. e. Quickly recollect the past offences
of thy life, and recommend thyself to heaven. WARBURTON.

So Othello says to Desdemona:

"If you bethink yourself of any crime,

"Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,

"Solicit for it straight." MALONE.

⁷ — *go your gait,*] *Gang your gate* is a common expression in the
North. In the last rebellion, when the Scotch soldiers had finished
their exercise, instead of our term of dismissal, their phrase was, *gang
your gait*. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *che vor'ye,*] *I warn you.* Edgar counterfeits the western dialect.

JOHNSON.

⁹ — *your costard*—] *Costard*, i. e. head. So, in *King Richard III*:

"Take him over the *costard* with the hilt of thy sword."

STEEVENS.

¹ — *my bat*—] i. e. club. So, in *Spenser*:

"— a handsome *bat* he held,

"On which he leaned, as one far in eld." STEEVENS.

² — *no matter vor your foins.*] *To foins*, is to make what we call a
truss in fencing. Shakspeare often uses the word. STEEVENS.

To Edmund earl of Gloster³; seek him out
Upon the British party :—O, untimely death, death !—
[Dies.]

Edg. I know thee well : A serviceable villain ;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire. *

Glo. What, is he dead ?

Edg. Sit you down, father ; rest you.—
Let's see his pockets : these letters, that he speaks of,
May be my friends.—He's dead ; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see :—
Leave, gentle wax ; and, manners, blame us not :
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts ;
Their papers, is more lawful⁴.

[reads.] *Let our reciprocal vows be remember'd. You
have many opportunities to cut him off : if your will want
not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is no-
thing done, if he return the conqueror : Then am I the pri-*

³ To Edmund earl of Gloster ;] Mr. Smith has endeavoured, without any success, to prove in a long note, that we ought to read—*letter* both here and below, because the Steward had only one letter in his pocket, namely that written by Goneril. But there is no need of change, for *letters* formerly was used like *epistolæ* in Latin, when one only was intended. So, in Act I. sc. v. Lear says to Kent, "Go, you, before to Gloster, with *these letters*;" and Kent replies, "I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your *letter*." Again, in Act IV. sc. v. the Steward says to Regan, "I must needs after him, madam, with my *letters*," meaning only Goneril's letter, which Edgar presently reads. Such, as I observed on that passage, is the reading of the original quarto copies, which in the folio is changed to *letter*. Whether the Steward had also a letter from Regan, it is not here necessary to inquire. The words which he uses, do not, for the reason I have assigned, necessarily imply two letters : and as Edgar finds no letter from Regan, we may infer that when she said to the Steward in a former scene, *take thou this*, she gave him a ring or some other token of regard for Edmund, and not a letter.

MALONE.

⁴ To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts ;

Their papers, is more lawful.] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—*we rip*. The editor of the second folio, imagining that *papers* was the nominative case, for *is* substituted *are* : Their papers *are* more lawful. But the construction is,—*to rip* their papers, is more lawful. His alteration, however, has been adopted by the modern editors.

MALONE.

This is darkly expressed : the meaning is, Our enemies are put upon the rack, and torn in pieces to extort confession of their secrets ; to tear open their letters is more lawful. WARBURTON.

soner,

soner, and his bed my goal; from the loath'd warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

Your wife, (so I would say,) and your affectionate servant⁵,

Goneril.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will⁶ !
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life ;
And the exchange, my brother !—Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up⁷, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers : and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke⁸ : For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

[Exit EDGAR, dragging out the body.]

Glo. The king is mad : How stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling⁹
Of my huge sorrows ! Better I were distract :
So should my thoughts be sever'd¹ from my griefs ;
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Give me your hand :
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁵ —and your affectionate servant,] After servant, one of the quartos has this strange continuation: “—and for you her owne for wenter, Gonerill.” STEEVENS.

In this place I have followed the quarto of which the first signature is A. The other reads—“Your (wife, so I would say) your affectionate servant;” and adds the words mentioned by Mr. Steevens. The folio, reads—“Your (wife so I would say) affectionate servant, Goneril.”

MALONE.

⁶ O undistinguish'd space of woman's will !—] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*of woman's wit!* The meaning (says Dr. Warburton in Sir Thomas Hanmer's edition,) is, “The variations in a woman's will are so sudden, and their liking and loathing follow so quick upon each other, that there is no distinguishable space between them.”

MALONE.

⁷ Thee I'll rake up,] I'll cover thee. In Staffordshire, to rake the fire, is to cover it with fuel for the night. JOHNSON.

⁸ —the death-practis'd duke:] The duke of Albany, whose death is machinated by practice or treason. JOHNSON.

⁹ —and have ingenious feeling—] Ingenious feeling signifies a feeling from an understanding not disturbed or disordered, but which, representing things as they are, makes the sense of pain the more exquisite.

WARBURTON.

¹ —sever'd—] The quartos read *fenced*. STEEVENS.

SCENE VII.

A Tent in the French camp. LEAR on a bed, asleep; Physician, Gentleman², and Others, attending: Enter CORDELIA, and KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me³.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-pay'd.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

Cor. Be better suited⁴:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours⁵;
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent⁶:
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

² — *Physician, Gentleman, &c.*] In the quartos the direction is, "Enter CORDELIA, KENT, and *Doctor*," omitting by negligence the *Gentleman*, who yet in those copies is a speaker in the course of the scene, and remains with KENT, when the rest go out. In the folio, the direction is, "Enter CORDELIA, KENT, and *Gentleman*;" to the latter of whom all the speeches are given, which in the original copies are divided between the *physician* and the *gentleman*. I suppose, from a perjury of actors, it was found convenient to unite the two characters, which, we see, were originally distinct. Cordelia's words, however, might have taught the editor of the folio to have given the *gentleman* whom he retained the appellation of *Doctor*:

"Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed

"I' the sway of your own will." MALONE.

³ — *every measure fail me.*] All good which I shall allot thee, or measure out to thee, will be scanty. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Be better suited:*] i. e. Be better drest, put on a better suit of cloaths. STEEVENS.

⁵ *These weeds are memories of those worser hours;*] *Memories*, i. e. memorials, remembrancers. Shakspeare uses the word in the same sense, *As you like it*, Act II. sc. iii:

"O, my sweet master! O you memory

"Of old Sir Rowland!"— STEEVENS.

So, in Stowe's *Survey of London*, 1618: "A printed *memorie* hanging up in a table at the entrance into the church door." MALONE.

⁶ — *my made intent:*] An intent *made*, is an intent *formed*. So we say in common language, to *make a design*, and to *make a resolution*.

JOHNSON.

Cor.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.—

How does the king?

[to the Physician.

Phy. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,

Cure this great breach in his abused nature!

The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up

Of this child-changed father!

Phy. So please your majesty,

That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed

I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam⁸; in the heaviness of his sleep,

We put fresh garments on him.

Phy. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;

I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well⁹.

Phy. Please you, draw near.—Louder the musick there¹.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang

Thy medicine on my lips²; and let this kiss

⁷ *Of this child-changed father!*] That is, *changed by his children*; a father, whose jarring senses have been untuned by the monstrous ingratitude of his daughters. So, *care-craz'd*, crazed by care; *wave-worn*, worn by the waves; *woe-wearied*, harassed by woe; &c.

MALONE.

⁸ *Ay, madam, &c.*] The folio gives these four lines to a *Gentleman*. One of the quartos (they were both printed in the same year, and for the same printer) gives the two first to the *Doctor*, and the two next to *Kent*. The other quarto appropriates the two first to the *Doctor*, and the two following ones to a *Gentleman*. I have given the two first, which best belong to an attendant, to the *Gentleman* in waiting, and the other two to the *Physician*, on account of the caution contained in them, which is more suitable to his profession. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Very well.*] This and the following line I have restored from the quartos. STEEVENS.

¹ — *Louder the musick there.*] I have already observed in a note on *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* that Shakspeare considered *soft musick* as favourable to sleep. Lear, we may suppose, had been thus composed to rest; and now the Physician desires *louder musick* to be played, for the purpose of waking him. So again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, Cerimon, to cover Thaisa, who had been thrown into the sea, says,

"The rough and woful musick that we have,

"Causes it to sound, 'beseech you."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"Musick, awake her; strike!" MALONE.

² — *Restoration, hang*

Thy medicine on my lips;] *Restoration* is no more than *recovery* personified. STEEVENS.

Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
[To stand³ against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm⁴?] Mine enemy's dog⁵,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all⁶.—He wakes; speak to him.

Pby. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave:—
Thou art a foul in blifs; but I am bound

³ *To stand, &c.*] The lines within crotchets are omitted in the folio.
JOHNSON.

⁴ — *to watch (poor perdu!)*

With this thin helm?] The allusion is to the forlorn-hope in an army, which are put upon desperate adventures, and called in French *enfants perdus*; she therefore calls her father, *poor perdu*. WARBUR.

The same allusion occurs in Sir W. Davenant's *Love and Honour*, 1649:

“ — I have endur'd.

“ Another night would tire a *perdu*,”

“ More than a wet furrow and a great frost.” STEEVENS.

Amongst other desperate services in which the forlorn hope, or *enfants perdus*, were engaged, the night-watches seem to have been a common one. So Beaumont and Fletcher, *Little-French Lawyer*, Act II. sc. ii:

“ — I am set here like a *perdu*,

“ To watch a fellow that has wrong'd my mistress.”

WHALLEY.

With this thin helm?] With this thin covering of hair.

MALONE.

⁵ — *Mine enemy's dog.*] Thus the folio. Both the quartos read, *Mine injurious dog*. Possibly the poet wrote, — *Mine injurer's dog*.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Had not concluded all.*—] *It is wonder that thy wits and life had not all ended.* JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, c. viii:

“ Ne spared they to strip her naked all.”

Again, in *Timon*:

“ And dispossess her all.” STEEVENS.

Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; When did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Pby. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair day-
light?—

I am mightily abus'd⁸.—I should even die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
No, sir, you must not kneel⁹.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me¹:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward²; and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind³.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant,
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;

⁸ *I am mightily abus'd*.—] I am strangely imposed on by appearances; I am in a strange mist of uncertainty. JOHNSON.

⁹ *No, sir, you must not kneel*.] This circumstance I find in the old play on the same subject, apparently written by another hand, and published before any edition of Shakspeare's tragedy had made its appearance. As it is always difficult to say whether these accidental resemblances proceed from imitation, or a similarity of thinking on the same occasion, I can only point out this to the reader, to whose determination I leave the question. STEEVENS.

The words, *No, sir*, are not in the folio. MALONE.

¹ *Pray, do not mock me*:] So, in the *Winter's Tale*, Act V:

—Let no man mock me,

“For I will kiss her.” STEEVENS.

² *Fourscore and upward*.—] Thus the quartos. The folio absurdly adds—*Not an hour more or less*: i. e. not an hour more or less than an indeterminate number, for such is—*fourscore and upward*.

MALONE.

³ *I fear, I am not in my perfect mind*.] The quarto reads:

I fear, I am not perfect in my mind. JOHNSON:

So one of the quartos. The other reads according to the present text.

STEEVENS.

For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep
not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phy. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is cur'd⁴ in him: [and yet it is danger⁵
To make him even o'er the time he has lost⁶.]

Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
'Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:

Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old, and foolish.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, CORDELIA, Physician, and Attendants.

[*Gent.* Holds it true, sir⁷,

That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

⁴ — is cur'd—] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—is kill'd.

STEEVENS.

⁵ — and yet, &c.] This is not in the folio. JOHNSON.

⁶ To make him even o'er the time he has lost.] This uncommon verb occurs again in *Cymbeline*, Act III. sc. iv.

"There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even

"All that good time will give us."

The meaning there seems to be, we will fully employ all the time we have. So here the Physician says, that it is dangerous to draw from Lear a full relation of all that he felt or suffered while his reason was disturbed; to make him employ as much time in the recital of what has befallen him as passed during his state of insanity. MALONE.

⁷ Holds it true, &c.] What is printed in crotchets is not in the folio. It is at least proper, if not necessary; and was omitted by the authour, I suppose, for no other reason than to shorten the representation. JOHNSON.

It is much more probable, that it was omitted by the players, after the authour's departure from the stage, without consulting him. His plays have been long exhibited with similar omissions, which render them often perfectly unintelligible. The loss however is little felt by the greater part of the audience, who are intent upon other matters. MALONE.

Kent.

Kent. As it is said, the bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar,
His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent
In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.
'Tis time to look about; the powers o' the kingdom
Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.
Fare you well, sir. [Exit.]

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [Exit.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Camp of the British Forces. near Dover.

*Enter, with drums and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers,
Soldiers, and Others.*

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or, whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course: He's full of alteration⁸,
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure⁹.
[to an Officer, who goes out.]

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarry'd.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the fore-fended place¹?

⁸ — of alteration,] One of the quartos reads—of abdication.

STEEVENS.

⁹ — his constant pleasure.] His settled resolution. JOHNSON.

¹ — fore-fended place?] Fore-fended means prohibited, forbidden.

STEEVENS.

Edm.

Edm. That thought abuses you².

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her³, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her: Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not:—

She, and the duke her husband,—

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me. [*Aside.*]

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.—
Sir, this I hear⁴,—The king is come to his daughter,
With

² *That thought abuses you.*] That thought imposes on you; you are deceived. This speech and the next are found in both the quartos, but omitted in the folio. MALONE.

A material injury is done to the character of the Bastard by the omission, for he is made to deny that flatly at first, which the poet only meant to make him evade or return slight answers to, till he is urged so far as to be obliged to shelter himself under an immediate falsehood. Query, however, whether Shakspeare meant us to believe that Edmund had actually found his way to the fore-fenced place. STEEVENS.

³ —bosom'd with her,—] *Bosom'd* is used in this sense by Heywood, in *The Fair Maid of the West*, 1631:

“We'll crown our hopes and wishes with more pomp

“And sumptuous cost, than Priam did his son

“That night he *bosom'd* Helen.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *Sir, this I hear, &c.*] The meaning is, The king, and others whom we have opposed are come to Cordelia. I could never be valiant but in a just quarrel. We must distinguish; it is just in one sense and unjust in another. As France invades our land I am concerned to repel him; but as he *bolds*, entertains, and supports the king, and *others whom I fear many just and heavy causes make*, or compel, as it were, to *oppose* us, I esteem it unjust to engage against them. This speech, thus interpreted according to the common reading, is likewise very necessary: for otherwise Albany, who is characterised as a man of honour and observer of justice, gives no reason for going to war with those, whom he owns had been much injured under the countenance of his power. WARBURTON.

The quartos read—*For this I hear, &c.* Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—*Fore* this, I hear, the king, &c. *Sir* is the reading of the folio. Dr. Warburton has explained this passage, as if the copies read—*Not holds* the king. i. e. not *as he* holds the king; but both the quartos, in which alone the latter part of this speech is found, read—*bolds*. However, I have preserved Dr. Warburton's interpretation, as *bolds* may certainly have been a misprint for *holds*, in copies in which we find *now't*, for *noble*, (Act V. sc. iii.) *O father*, for *O fault*, (ibid.) the *mistress* of Hecate,

With others, whom the rigour of our state
 Forc'd to cry out. [Where I could not be honest⁵,
 I never yet was valiant⁶: for this business,
 It toucheth us as France invades our land,
 Not bolds the king⁷; with others, whom, I fear,
 Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly⁸.]

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:
 For these domestick and particular broils⁹
 Are not to question here¹.

Alb. Let us then determine
 With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

*Edm.*². I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle: [*Aside.*] I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
 Hear me one word.

Hecate, for the miseries of Hecate, (Act I. sc. i.) blossoms for bosoms,
 Act V. sc. iii. a mistress coward, for a mistress command, Act IV.
 sc. ii. &c. &c. MALONE.

⁵ *Where I could not, &c.*] What is within the crotchets is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *Where I could not be honest,*
I never yet was valiant:] This sentiment has already appeared in *Cymbeline*:

"*Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;*

"*But now thou seem'st a coward.*" STEEVENS.

⁷ *Not bolds the king;*—] The quartos read *bolds*, and this may be the true reading. *This business* (says Albany) *touches us as France invades our land*, not as it *bolds the king*, &c. i. e. emboldens him to assert his former title. Thus in the antient interlude of *Hycke Scorne*:

"*Alas, that I had not one to bold me!*" STEEVENS.

⁸ *Sir, you speak nobly.*] This reply must be understood ironically.

MALONE.

⁹ *For these domestick and particular broils*—] This is the reading of the folio. The quartos have it,

For these domestick doore particulars. STEEVENS.

Doore, or *dore*, as quarto B has it, was probably a misprint for *dear*; i. e. important. MALONE.

¹ *Are not to question here.*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads,
 Are not the question here. STEEVENS.

² *Edm.*] This speech is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

Alb.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt EDM. REG. CON. Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there: If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases³. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again.

[*Exit.*]

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces⁴
By diligent discovery;—but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time⁵.

[*Exit.*]

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;

³ *And machination ceases.*] These words are not in the quartos. In the latter part of this line, for *love*, the reading of the original copies, the folio has *loves*. MALONE.

⁴ *Here is the guess, &c.*] The modern editors read, *Hard* is the guess. So the quartos. But had the discovery been diligent, the guess could not have proved so difficult. I have given the true reading from the folio. STEEVENS.

The original reading is, I think, sufficiently clear. The most diligent inquiry does not enable me to form a conjecture concerning the true strength of the enemy. Whether we read *hard* or *here*, the adversative particle *but* in the subsequent line seems employed with little propriety. According to the present reading, it may mean, *but* you are now so pressed in point of time, that you have little leisure for such speculations. The quartos read—their *great* strength. MALONE.

⁵ *We will greet the time.*] We will be ready to meet the occasion.

JOHNSON.

And

And hardly shall I carry out my side⁶,
 Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
 His countenance for the battle; which being done,
 Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
 His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
 Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
 The battle done, and they within our power,
 Shall never see his pardon: for my state
 Stands on me to defend, not to debate⁷.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

A Field between the two Camps.

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, and their forces, and exeunt.

Enter EDGAR, and GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
 For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:

⁶ — *carry out my side,*] Bring my purpose to a successful issue, to completion. *Side* seems here to have the sense of the French word *partie*, *in prendre partie*, to take his resolution. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Honest Man's Fortune*, by B. and Fletcher:

“ — and carry out

“ A world of evils with thy title.” STEEVENS.

Edmund, I think, means, hardly shall I be able to make my party good; to maintain my cause. We should now say—to bear out, which Coles in his Dict. 1679, interprets, to make good, to save harmless.

MALONE.

Side for party was the common language of the time. So, in a letter from William earl of Pembroke to Robert earl of Leicester, Michaelmas day, 1625, *Sydney Papers*, “The queen’s side, and so herself labour much to ly at Salisbury.” MALONE.

He means, I shall scarcely be able to make out my game. The allusion is to a party at cards, and he is afraid that he shall not be able to make his side successful. So, in Massinger’s *Great Duke of Florence*, where Cozimo says to Petronella, who had challenged him to drink a second bowl of wine,

“ — Pray you, pause a little;

“ If I hold your cards, I shall pull down the side;

“ I am not good at the game.” MASON.

⁷ — *for my state*

Stands on me, &c.] I do not think that *for* stands in this place as a word of inference or causality. The meaning is rather: *Such is my determination concerning Lear; as for my state it requires now, not deliberation, but defence and support.* JOHNSON.

If

If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir!

[*Exit* EDGAR.]

Alarums; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all³: Come on.

Glo. And that's true too⁹.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The British Camp near Dover.

*Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND;
LEAR, and CORDELIA, as prisoners; Officers, Sol-
diers, &c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard;
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them¹.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst².
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues

³ *Ripeness is all:*] i. e. To be ready, prepared, is all. The same sentiment occurs in *Hamlet*, scene the last: "—if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all." STEEVENS.

⁹ *And that's true too.*] Omitted in the quarto. STEEVENS.

¹ —to censure them.] To pass judgment on them. MALONE.

² *Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.*] i. e. the worst that fortune can inflict. MALONE.

Talk of court news ; and we'll talk with them too,—
 Who loses, and who wins ; who's in, who's out ;—
 And take upon us the mystery of things,
 As if we were God's spies³ : And we'll wear out,
 In a wall'd prison, packs and sects⁴ of great ones,
 That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
 The gods themselves throw incense⁵. Have I caught
 thee⁶ ?

He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
 And fire us hence, like foxes⁷. Wipe thine eyes ;

³ *And take upon us the mystery of things,*

As if we were God's spies :] As if we were angels commissioned to survey and report the lives of men, and were consequently endowed with the power of prying into the original motives of action and the mysteries of conduct. JOHNSON.

⁴ —packs and sects—] *Packs* is used for combinations or collection, as is a pack of cards. For *sects*, I think *sets* might be more commodiously read. So we say, *affairs are now managed by a new set*. *Set*, however, may well stand. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,*

The gods themselves throw incense.] The thought is extremely noble, and expressed in a sublime of imagery that Seneca fell short of on the like occasion. "Ecce spectaculum dignum ad quod respiciat intentus operi suo deus : ecce par deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compassus." WARBURTON.

⁶ *Have I caught thee ?*] *Have I caught my heavenly jewel*, is a line of one of Sir Philip Sidney's songs, which Shakspeare has put into Falstaff's mouth in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. MALONE.

⁷ *And fire us hence, like foxes.*] I have been informed that it is usual to smoke foxes out of their holes. So, in Harrington's translation of *Aristo*, book xxvii, stan. 17 :

"Ev'n as a foxe whom smoke and fire doth fright,

"So as he dare not in the ground remaine,

"Bolts out, and through the smoke and fire he flieth

"Into the tarrier's mouth, and there he dieth." STEEVENS.

So, in Marlowe's *K. Edward II.* 1538 :

"Advance your standard, Edward, in the field,

"And march to fire them from their starting boles."

Mr. Upton, however, is of opinion that "the allusion is to the scriptural account of Sampson's tying foxes, two and two together by the tail, and fastening a fire-brand to the cord ; then letting them loose among the standing corn of the Philistines. Judges, xv. 4."

The words—shall bring a brand from heaven, seem to favour Mr. Upton's conjecture. If it be right, the construction must be, they shall bring a brand from heaven, and, like foxes, fire us hence : referring foxes, not to Lear and Cordelia, but to those who should separate them. MALONE.

'The

The goujeers ² shall devour them, flesh and fell ³,
 Ere they shall make us weep : we'll see them starve first.
 Come. [*Exeunt LEAR, and CORDELIA, guarded.*]

Edm. Come hither, captain ; hark.

Take thou this note ⁴ ; [*giving a paper.*] go, follow them
 to prison :

One step I have advanc'd thee ; if thou dost
 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
 To noble fortunes : Know thou this,—that men
 Are as the time is : to be tender-minded
 Does not become a sword :—Thy great employment
 Will not bear question ¹ ; either say, thou'lt do't,
 Or thrive by other means.

Off. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it ; and write happy, when thou hast
 done.

Mark,—I say, instantly ; and carry it so,
 As I have set it down.

² *The goujeers shall devour them,—*] The *goujeres*, i. e. *Morbus Gallicus*. *Gouge*, Fr. signifies one of the common women attending a camp ; and as that disease was first dispersed over Europe by the French army, and the women who followed it, the first name it obtained among us was the *gougeries*, i. e. the disease of the *gouges*.

HANMER.

The resolute John Florio has sadly mistaken these *goujeers*. He writes “ With a good yeare to thee ! ” and gives it in Italian, “ Il mal anno che dio ti dia. ” FARMER.

The old copies have *good yeares*, the common corruption in Shakespeare's time of the other word. Sir T. Hanmer made the correction.

MALONE.

³ — *flesh and fell*,] *Flesh and skin.* JOHNSON.

In the *Dyar's Play*, among the *Chester Collection of Mysteries*, in the Museum, *Antickrist* says :

“ I made thee man of *flesh and fell*. ” STEVENS.

⁴ *Take thou this note ;*] This was a warrant, signed by the Bastard and Goneril, for the execution of Lear and Cordelia. In a subsequent scene Edmund says—

“ ——— quickly send,—

“ Be brief in't,—to the castle : for my writ

“ Is on the life of Lear, and of Cordelia :—

“ He hath commission from thy wife and me

“ To hang Cordelia in the prison. ” MALONE.

¹ — *Thy great employment*

Will not bear question ;] The important business which is now entrusted to your management, does not admit of *debate* : you must instantly resolve to do it, or not. *Question*, here, as in many other places in these plays, signifies *discourse*, *conversatio*n. MALONE.

Off.

Off. I cannot draw a cart², nor eat dry oats;
If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit Off.*]

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Officers,
and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shewn to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you³; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard⁴;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes⁵
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at a further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. [At this time⁶,
We sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness:—
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place⁷.]

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

² *I cannot draw, &c.*] These two lines I have restored from the old quarto. STEEVENS.

³ *We do require them of you;*] So the folio. The quartos read:

We do require then of you so to use them, &c. MALONE.

⁴ —and appointed guard;] These words are omitted in the quarto of which the first signature is B, and in the folio. MALONE.

⁵ *And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes—*] i. e. Turn the lance-men which are press'd into our service, against us. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. vii:

“ ——— people

“ Ingross by swift impress.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *At this time, &c.*] This passage, well worthy of restoration, is omitted in the folio. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Requires a fitter place.*] i. e. The determination of the question what shall be done with Cordelia and her father, should be reserved for greater privacy. STEEVENS.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
 Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
 Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers ;
 Bore the commission ⁸ of my place and person ;
 The which immediacy ⁹ may well stand up,
 And call itself your brother.

Gen. Not so hot :
 In his own grace ¹ he doth exalt himself,
 More than in your advancement ².

Reg. In my rights,
 By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gen. That were the most, if he should husband you ³.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gen. Holla, holla !
 That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint ⁴.

Reg. Lady, I am not well ; else I should answer
 From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
 Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony ;
 Dispose of them, of me ; the walls are thine ⁵ :
 Witness the world, that I create thee here
 My lord and master.

Gen. Mean you to enjoy him ?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will ⁶.

⁸ *Bore the commission*—] *Commission*, for authority. WARBURTON.

⁹ *The which immediacy*—] *Immediacy* is *supremacy*, in opposition to subordination, which has *quiddam medium* between itself and power.

JOHNSON.

Immediacy is, I think, close and immediate connexion with me, and direct authority from me, without, to use Dr. Johnson's words, *quiddam medium*. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ — let the world take note,

“ You are the most immediate to our throne.” MALONE.

¹ *In his own grace*—] *Grace* here means *accomplishments*, or *honours*.

STEEVENS.

² — *in your advancement*.] So the quartos. Folio—your addition.

MALONE.

³ *Gen.* *That were the most, if he should husband you*.] If he were married to you, you could not say more than this, nor could he enjoy greater power.—Thus the quartos. In the folio this line is given to Albany. MALONE.

⁴ *The eye that told you so, look'd but a-squint*.] Alluding to the proverb : “ Love being jealous makes a good eye look *asquint*.” See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *the walls are thine*.] A metaphorical phrase taken from the camp, and signifying, *to surrender at discretion*. WARBURTON.

⁶ *The let alone lies not in your good will*.] Whether he shall not or shall, depends not on your choice. JOHNSON.

To *disrupt* their union lies not in your good pleasure : your *veto* will avail nothing. MALONE.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine⁷.

[to EDMUND.]

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason:—Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest⁸,
This gilded serpent: [*pointing to Gon.*—for your claim,
fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoken.

Gon. An interlude⁹!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloucester:—Let the trumpet
sound¹:—

If none appear to prove upon thy person²
'Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
'There is my pledge; [*throwing down a glove.*] I'll prove
it on thy heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison³. [*Aside.*]

Edm. There's my exchange: [*throwing down a glove.*]
what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

⁷ *Reg.* Let the drum strike, &c.] So the folio. This line is given to the *Bastard* in the quartos, and they read,

"Let the drum strike, and prove my title good."

Regan, it appears from this speech, did not know that Albany had discharged her forces. MALONE.

⁸ —thy arrest.] The quartos read—*thine attaint*. STEEVENS.

⁹ An interlude!] This short exclamation of *Goneril* is added in the folio edition, I suppose, only to break the speech of Albany, that the exhibition on the stage might be more distinct and intelligible.

JOHNSON.

¹ Let the trumpet sound:] These words are not in the quartos.

MALONE.

² —thy person.—] The quartos read—thy beard. STEEVENS.

³ —poison] The folio reads *medicine*. STEEVENS.

Edm.

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald⁴!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit REGAN, led.*

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet⁵.

[*A trumpet sounds.*

Herald reads.

If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the army⁶, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet: He is bold in his defence.

Edm. Sound⁷.

Her. Again.

Her. Again.

[*1. trumpet.*

[*2. trumpet.*

[*3. trumpet.*

[*Trumpet answers within.*

Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a Trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;

By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:

⁴ *A herald, &c.]* This speech I have restored from the quartos.

STEEVENS.

⁵ *Sound, trumpet.]* I have added this from the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *within the lists of the army,]* The quartos read—*within the best of the army.* STEEVENS.

⁷ *Edm. Sound.]* Omitted in the folio. MALONE.

Yet am I noble⁶, as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of
Gloster?

Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword;

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine⁹.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession¹: I protest,—
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despight thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;

⁶ *Yet am I noble, &c.*] One of the quartos reads:

—yet are I *mou't*,

Where is the adversary I come to cope withal?

—are I *mou't*, is, I suppose, a corruption of—*ere I move it*.

STEEVENS.

The other quarto also reads—*Where* is the adversary, &c. omitting the words—*Yet am I noble*, which are only found in the folio. The word *withal* is wanting in that copy. MALONE.

⁹ *Here is mine, &c.*] Here I draw my sword. Behold, it is the privilege or right of my profession to draw it against a traitor. I protest therefore, &c.

It is not the charge itself (as Dr. Warburton has erroneously stated,) but the right of bringing the charge, and maintaining it with his sword, which Edgar calls the privilege of his profession. MALONE.

¹ *Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,*

My oath, and my profession:—] The charge he is here going to bring against the Bastard, he calls the privilege, &c. To understand which phraseology, we must consider that the old rites of knighthood are here alluded to: whose oath and profession required him to discover all treasons, and whose privilege it was to have his challenge accepted, or otherwise to have his charge taken *pro confesso*. For if one who was no knight accused another who was, that other was under no obligation to accept the challenge. On this account it was necessary, as Edgar came disguised, to tell the Bastard he was a knight. WARBURTON.

The privilege of this oath means the privilege gained by taking the oath administered in the regular initiation of a knight professed.

JOHNSON.

The folio reads:

Behold, it is my privilege,

The privilege of mine honours,

My oath and my profession.

The quartos exhibit the passage as it stands in the text, except that for *mine honours*, they read *my tongue*. MALONE.

Conspirant 'gainst² this high illustrious prince;
 And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
 To the descent and dust beneath thy feet³,
 A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, No,
 This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
 To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
 Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name⁴;
 But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
 And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes⁵,
 What safe and nicely I might well delay⁶
 By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
 Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
 With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
 Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,)
 This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
 Where they shall rest for ever?—Trumpets speak.

[*Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.*]

Alb. Save him, save him⁸!

Gen.

² *Conspirant 'gainst*—] The quartos read—Conspicuous 'gainst—.

STEEVENS.

³ —beneath thy feet,] So the quartos. Folio: below thy feet.

MALONE.

⁴ *In wisdom, I should ask thy name*;] Because, if his adversary was not of equal rank, Edmund might have declined the combat. Hence the herald proclaimed—"If any man of quality, or degree," &c. So Goneril afterwards says,

"By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer.

"An unknown opposite." MALONE.

⁵ *And that thy tongue some say of breathing breathes,*] Say is simple, a taste. So, in *Sidney*:

"So good a say invites the eye

"A little downward to espy—."

Agur, in *Holinshed*, p. 847: "He (C. Wolsey) made dukes and earls to love him of wine, with a say taken," &c. To take the *assise* was the technical term. STEEVENS.

⁶ *What safe and nicely, &c.*] The phraseology is here very licentious. I suppose meaning is, that delay which by the laws of knighthood I might make, I scorn to make. *Nicely* is, punctiliously; if I stood on minute forms. This line is not in the quartos; and furnishes one more proof of what readers are so slow to admit, that a whole line is sometimes omitted at the press. The subsequent line without this is nonsense.

MALONE.

⁷ *Where they shall rest for ever.*—] To that place, where they shall rest for ever, i. e. thy heart. MALONE.

⁸ *Save him, save him!*] Theobald transferred these words to Goneril, thinking it improbable that Albany, who knew of Edmund's treason,

and

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloucester:
By the law of arms⁹, thou wast not bound to answer¹
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir:—
'Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—
No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.

[gives the letter to Edmund.]

Gon. Say, if I do: the laws are mine, not thine:
Who shall arraign me for't?

Alb. Most monstrous²!
Know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know. [Exit GONERIL.]

Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.

[to an Officer, who goes out.]

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done;
And more, much more: the time will bring it out;
'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let us exchange charity³.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices

and his wife's attachment to him, should be solicitous to save his life.
The words, *Hold, sir*, in Albany's next speech, shew that the old copies
are right. MALONE.

Albany desires that Edmund's life may be spared at present, only to
obtain his confession, and to convict him openly by his own letter.

⁹ *By the law of arms,*] So the quartos. Folio—of war, MALONE.

¹ — *thou wast not bound to answer*—] One of the quartos reads:
— *thou art not bound to offer*, &c. STEEVENS.

² *Most monstrous!*] So the quarto of which the first signature is B. and
the folio. The other quarto reads—*Monster*, know'st thou this paper?
The folio—*Most monstrous, O, know'st*, &c. MALONE.

"Knowest thou these letters?" says Lear to Regan, in the old anonymous
plays, when he shews her both her own and her sister's letters,
which were written to procure his death. Upon which she snatches the
letters and tears them. STEEVENS.

³ *Let us exchange charity.*] Our author by negligence gives his hear-
tens the sentiments and practices of christianity. In *Hamlet* there is the
same solemn act of final reconciliation, but with exact propriety, for the
personages are Christians:

"Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet," &c. JOHNSON.

Make instruments to scourge us⁴ :
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true ;
'The wheel is come full circle'⁵ ; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness :—I must embrace thee ;
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father !

Edg. Worthy prince, I know it.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself ?
How have you known the miseries of your father ?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale ;—
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst !—
The bloody proclamation to escape⁶,
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness !
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die⁷,
Rather than die at once !) taught me to shift
Into a mad-man's rags ; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd ; and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost⁸ ; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair ;
Never (O fault !) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage : But his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support !)
Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

⁴ — to scourge us :] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—to plague us. STEEVENS.

⁵ — full circle ;—] Quarto, full circled. JOHNSON.

⁶ The bloody proclamation to escape,

— taught me to shift—] A wish to escape the bloody proclamation, taught me, &c. MALONE.

⁷ That with the pain of death, &c.] Thus both the quartos. The folio reads unintelligibly, That we the pain, &c. The original copies have would ; but this was, I apprehend, a misprint in those copies for would ; i. e. we would, or, as we should now write it, we'd. In the Tempest we have sh'ould for she would. MALONE.

⁸ — his bleeding rings,

Their precious stones new lost ;] So, in Pericles, Prince of Tyre, 1609 :

" Her eye-lids, cases to those heavenly jewels

" Which Pericles hath lost—." MALONE.

Edm.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

[Edg.⁹. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
'To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity¹.
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms

⁹ Edg.] The lines between crotchets are not in the folio. JOHNSON.

¹ *This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity.* So, in *Venus and Adonis*:
"Devise extremes beyond extremity."

Too-much is here used as a substantive. A *period* is an end or conclusion. So, in *King Richard III*:

"O, let me make this *period* to my curse."

This reflection perhaps refers, as Dr. Warburton has observed, to the bastard's desiring to hear more, and to Albany's thinking that enough had been said. This, says Edgar, would have seem'd the utmost completion of woe, to such as do not delight in sorrow; but *another*, of a different disposition, to amplify misery, would "*give more strength to that which hath too much*."

Edgar's words, however, may have no reference to what Edmund has said; and he may only allude to the relation he is about to give of Kent's adding a new sorrow to what Edgar already suffered, by recounting the miseries which the old king and his faithful follower had endured.

Mr. Steevens points thus:

—— but another;—

To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity:—

and by the words, *but another*, understands, But I must add another period, another kind of conclusion, to my story, such as will increase the horrors of what has been already told. But if such a punctuation be adopted, what shall we do with the word *would*, which is thus left without a nominative case? A preceding editor, who introduced the above punctuation, to obtain some sense, reads and points:

—— but another:—

(To amplify too-much, to make much more,
And top extremity,)

Whilst I was big, &c.

and indeed without that alteration, the words thus pointed afford, in my apprehension, no sense. MALONE.

He fallen'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
 As he'd burst heaven; threw me on my father* :
 Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
 That ever ear receiv'd : which in recounting,
 His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
 Began to crack : Twice then the trumpet sounded †,
 And there I left him tranç'd.

Alb. But who was this ?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
 Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
 Improper for a slave.]

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help ! help ! O help !

Edg. What kind of help ?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife ?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes ;

It came even from the heart of ‡—

Alb. Who, man ? speak §.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady : and her sister
 By her is poison'd ; she hath confess'd it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both ; all three
 Now marry in an instant ¶.

* — *threw me on my father ;*] Thus both the quartos, where alone this speech is found. Mr. Theobald, and the subsequent editors, read—*threw him* on my father. This is a new and distinct idea ; but I do not think myself warranted to adopt it ; the text being intelligible, and it being very improbable that the word *me* should have been printed instead of *him*.—Kent in his transport of joy, at meeting Edgar, embraced him with such violence, as to throw him on the dead body of Gloster.

MALONE.

† — *the trumpet sounded,*] The quartos, where alone this speech is found, read *trumpets* ; but it was certainly a misprint, for one trumpet only had sounded. Dr. Johnson made the correction. MALONE.

‡ — *from the heart of—*] Thus the quartos. The folio after these words, adds, *O she's dead !* MALONE.

§ *Who, man ?* [speak.] The folio reads—*Who dead ?* [speak, man.

STEEVENS.

¶ *Now marry in an instant.*] In the folio, after these words, we have—

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Enter Kent.

and the words—*O, is this he,* are spoken by Albany, immediately after touches us not with pity. I have followed the quartos. MALONE.

Alb.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead!—
 'This judgment' ⁶ of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
 'Touches us not with pity.' [Exit Gent.]

Enter KENT.

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.

Alb. O! 'tis he.
 The time will not allow the compliment,
 Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
 To bid my king and master aye good night;
 Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
 Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cor-
 delia?—

See'st thou this object, Kent?

[The bodies of Goncril and Regan are brought in.]

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
 The one the other poison'd for my sake,
 And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,
 Despight of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
 Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
 Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—
 Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run—

Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the office? send
 Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
 Give it the captain.

⁶ *This judgment, &c.*] If Shakspeare had studied Aristotle all his life, he would not perhaps have been able to mark with more precision the distinct operations of *terror* and *pity*. TYRWHITT.

This is the reading of the folio. The quartos have—*This justice, &c.* MALONE.

⁷ *Here comes Kent, sir.*] The manner in which Edgar here mentions Kent, seems to require the lines which are inserted from the first edition in the foregoing scene. JOHNSON.

⁸ *O! 'tis he.*] Thus the quartos. Folio: O, is this he? MALONE.

⁹ *Give it the captain.*] The quartos read:

— Take my sword, the captain,

Give it the captain.— STEEVENS.

Alb. Haste thee for thy life⁹. [*Exit* EDGAR.]

Eam. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair¹.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.
[*Edmund is borne off.*]

Enter LEAR, *with* CORDELIA *dead in his arms*²; EDGAR,
Officer, and Others.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of
stones;

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack:—O, she is gone for
ever!—

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promised end?

Edg. Or image of that horror³?

Alb.

⁹ *Alb. Haste thee for thy life.*] Thus the quarto. In the folio this speech is improperly assigned to Edgar, who had the moment before received the token of reprieve, which Edmund enjoined him to give the officer, in whose custody Lear was. MALONE.

¹ — *upon her own despair.*] Here the folio and quarto B unnecessarily add—*That she fordid herself*, i. e. destroyed herself. I have followed the quarto A. MALONE.

² — *Cordelia dead in his arms.*] This princess, according to the old historians, retired with victory from the battle which she conducted in her father's cause, and thereby replaced him on the throne; but, in a subsequent one fought against her (after the death of the old king) by the sons of Goneril and Regan, she was taken, and died miserably in prison. The poet found this in history, and was therefore willing to precipitate her death, which he knew had happened but a few years after. The dramatic writers of this age suffered as small a number of their heroes and heroines to escape as possible; nor could the filial piety of this lady, any more than the innocence of Ophelia, prevail on Shakspeare to extend her life beyond her misfortunes. STEVENS.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, the original reporter of this story, says, that Cordelia was thrown by her nephews into prison. "where, for grief at the loss of her kingdom, she killed herself." MALONE.

³ *Kent. Is this the promis'd end?*

Edg. Or image of that horror?] It appears to me that by the *promis'd end* Kent does not mean that conclusion which the state of their affairs seemed to promise, but the end of the world. In St. Mark's Gospel, when Christ foretels to his disciples the end of the world, and is describing to them the signs that were to precede, and mark the approach of, our final dissolution, he says, "For in those days shall be affliction such as
was

Alb. Fall, and cease*!

Lear.

was not from the beginning of the creation which God created, unto this time, neither shall be:" and afterwards he says, "Now the brother shall betray the brother to death, and the father the son; and children shall rise up against their parents, and shall cause them to be put to death." Kent in contemplating the unexampled scene of exquisite affliction which was then before him, and the unnatural attempt of Goneril and Regan against their father's life, recollects these passages, and asks, whether that was the end of the world that had been foretold to us. To which Edgar adds, or only a representation and resemblance of that horror?

So Macbeth, when he calls upon Banquo, Malcolm, &c. to view Duncan murdered, says,

—— up, up, and see

The great doom's image!

There is evidently an allusion to the same passages in scripture, in a speech of Gloucester's, which he makes in the second scene of the first act:

"These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us;— love cools; friendship falls off; brothers divide; in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces treason; and the bond crack'd 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father; the king falls off from the bias of nature; there's father against child: We have seen the best of our time."

If any critics should urge it as an objection to this explanation, that the persons of the drama are pagans, and of consequence unacquainted with the scriptures, they give Shakspeare credit for more accuracy than I fear he possessed. MASON.

I entirely agree with Mr. Mason in this happy explanation of this passage. In a speech which our poet has put into the mouth of young Clifford in *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* a similar imagery is found. On seeing the dead body of his father, who was slain in battle by the duke of York, he exclaims,

"—O, let the vile world end,

"And the premised flames of the last day

"Knit earth and heaven together!

"Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,

"Particularities and petty sounds

"To cease!"

There is no trace of these lines in the old play on which *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* was formed.

Image is again used for delineation or representation, in *K. Henry IV. P. I.* "No counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed."

Again, in *Hamlet*: "The play is the image of a murder done in Vienna."

Mr. Mason has not done justice to his ingenious explanation of these words, by not quoting the whole of the passage in *Macbeth*:

"—— up, up, and see

"*The great doom's image!* Malcolm! Banquo!

"As from your graves rise up, and walk like spirits,

"To countenance this horror."

Here we find *disjecti membra poetæ*; the second and fourth line, taken together, furnishing us with the very expression of the text. MALONE.

* *Fall, and cease!*] Albany is looking with attention on the pains employed by Lear to recover his child, and knows to what miseries he must

survive.

Lear. This feather stirs⁵; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master?

[*kneeling.*

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all⁶!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip⁷: I am old now,

survive, when he finds them to be ineffectual. Having these images present to his eyes and imagination, he cries out, *Rather fall, and cease to be, at once, than continue in existence only to be wretched.* So, in *All's Well*, &c. to *cease* is used for to *die*: and in *Hamlet*, the death of majesty is called "the *cease* of majesty."

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

"Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, *cease*!

"Both suffer under this complaint you bring,

"And both shall *cease*, without your remedy." STEEVENS.

The word is used nearly in the same sense in a former scene of this play:

"Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,

"Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,

"That things might change or *cease*."

I doubt, however, whether Albany's speech is addressed to *Lear*.

MALONE.

⁵ *This feather stirs*;—] So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612: "Fetch a looking-glass, see if his breath will not stain it; or pull some *feathers* from my pillow, and lay them to his lips." STEEVENS.

There is the same thought in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act IV. sc. iv.

"—by his gates of breath

"There lies a *downy feather*, which stirs not." WHALLEY.

⁶ —murderers, traitors all!] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*murderous traitors all.* MALONE.

⁷ *I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion*

I would have made them skip:] It is difficult for an author who never peruses his first works, to avoid repeating some of the same thoughts in his later productions. What *Lear* has just said, had been anticipated by Justice Shallow in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: "I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats." It is again repeated in *Othello*:

"——I have seen the day

"That with this little arm and this good sword

"I have made my way," &c. STEEVENS.

And

And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o' the best:—I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold⁸.

Lear. This is a dull fight⁹: Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same; your servant Kent:
Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too:—He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man;—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay¹,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else²; all's cheerless, dark, and
deadly.—

Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd themselves³,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says⁴; and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

⁸ *If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.*] I suppose by the two whom fortune once
loved, and then hated, Kent means, Lear and himself; and that each of
them, looking on the other, saw a rare instance of her caprice. He may,
however, be only thinking of Lear, the object of her hate.

This is the reading of the folio. The quartos read—lov'd or hated;
and they might be right, if the interpretation last given be the true one.

MALONE.

⁹ *This is a dull fight:*] This passage is wanting in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

¹ — *of difference and decay,*] Decay for misfortunes. WARBURTON.
The quartos read:

That from your life of difference and decay. STEEVENS.

² *Nor no man else;*] Kent means, *I welcome!* No, nor no man else.

MALONE.

³ — *fore-doom'd themselves.*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—
fore-doom'd.

Have fore-doom'd themselves is—have anticipated their own doom. To
fore-doom is to destroy. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *he says;*] The quartos read—*he sees*, which may be right.

STEEVENS.

Alb.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.

What comfort to this great decay may come⁵,

Shall be apply'd : For us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power :—You, to your rights ;

[to Edgar and Kent.

With boot⁶, and such addition as your honours

Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes

'The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see !

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd⁷ ! No, no, no life :

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,

And

⁵ *What comfort to this great decay may come,*] This great decay is Lear, whom Shakspeare poetically calls so, and means the same as if he had said, *this piece of decay'd royalty, this ruin'd majesty.*

STEEVENS.

A preceding passage in which Gloster laments Lear's frenzy, fully supports Mr. Steevens's interpretation :

" O ruin'd piece of nature ! This great world

" Shall so wear out to nought."

Again, in *Julius Cæsar* :

" Thou art the ruins of the noblest man," &c. MALONE.

⁶ *With boot,*—] With advantage, with increase. JOHNSON.

⁷ *And my poor fool is hang'd !*] This is an expression of tenderness for his dead Cordelia, (not his fool, as some have thought,) on whose lips he is still intent, and dies away while he is searching for life there.

Poor fool, in the age of Shakspeare, was an expression of endearment. So, in his *Antony and Cleopatra* :

" ——— poor venomous fool,

" Be angry and dispatch.—"

Again, in *King Henry VI. P. III.* :

" So many weeks ere the *poor fool's* will yearn."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

" And, *pretty fool*, it stinted and said—ay."

I may add, that *the Fool* of Lear was long ago forgotten. Having filled the space allotted him in the arrangement of the play, he appears to have been silently withdrawn in the sixth scene of the third act.—That the thoughts of a father, in the bitterest of all moments, while his favourite child lay dead in his arms, should recur to the antic who had formerly diverted him, has somewhat in it that I cannot reconcile to the idea of genuine sorrow and despair.

Besides this, Cordelia was recently hanged ; but we know not that the *Fool* had suffered in the same manner, nor can imagine why he should. The party adverse to Lear was little interested in the fate of his jester. The only use of him was to contrast and alleviate the sorrows of his master ; and, that purpose being fully answered, the poet's solicitude about him was at an end.

The

And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no more,

Never,

The term—*poor fool* might indeed have misbecome the mouth of a waffal commiserating the untimely end of a princess, but has no impropriety when used by a weak, old, distracted king; in whose mind the distinctions of nature only survive, while he is uttering his last frantick exclamations over a murdered daughter.

Should the foregoing remark, however, be thought erroneous, the reader will forgive it, as it serves to introduce some contradictory observations from a critick, in whose taste and judgment too much confidence cannot easily be placed. STEEVENS.

I confess, I am one of those who *have thought* that Lear means his *Fool*, and not *Cordelia*. If he means *Cordelia*, then what I have always considered as a beauty, is of the same kind as the accidental stroke of the pencil that produced the foam.—Lear's affectionate remembrance of the *Fool* in this place, I used to think, was one of those strokes of genius, or of nature, which are so often found in Shakspeare, and in him only.

Lear appears to have a particular affection for this *Fool*, whose fidelity in attending him, and endeavouring to divert him in his distress, seems to deserve all his kindness.

Poor fool and knave, says he, in the midst of the thunder-storm, *I have one part in my heart that's sorry yet for thee*.

It does not therefore appear to me, to be allowing too much consequence to the *Fool*, in making Lear bestow a thought on him, even when in still greater distress. Lear is represented as a good-natured, passionate, and rather weak old man; it is the old age of a cocker'd spoilt boy. There is no impropriety in giving to such a character those tender domestick affections, which would ill become a more heroick character, such as Othello, Macbeth, or Richard III.

The words—*No, no, no life*; I suppose to be spoken, not tenderly, but with passion: Let nothing now live;—let there be universal destruction;—*Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life, and thou no breath at all?*

It may be observed, that as there was a necessity, the necessity of propriety at least, that this *Fool*, the favourite of the author, of Lear, and consequently of the audience, should not be lost or forgot, it ought to be known what became of him.—However, it must be acknowledged, that we cannot infer much from thence; Shakspeare is not always attentive to finish the figures of his groups.

I have only to add, that if an actor, by adopting the interpretation mentioned above, should apply the words *poor fool* to Cordelia, the audience would, I should imagine, think it a strange mode of expressing the grief and affection of a father for his dead daughter, and that daughter a queen.—The words, *poor fool*, are undoubtedly expressive of endearment; and Shakspeare himself, in another place, speaking of a dying animal, calls it *poor dappled fool*: but it never is, nor never can be, used with any degree of propriety, but to commiserate some very inferior object, which may be loved, without much esteem or respect.

Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

It is not without some reluctance that I express my dissent from the friend whose name is subscribed to the preceding note; whose observations

on

Never, never, never, never, never!—

Pray

on all subjects of criticism and taste are so ingenious and just, that posterity may be at a loss to determine, whether his consummate skill and execution in his own art, or his judgment on that and other kindred arts, were superior. But *magis amica veritas* should be the motto of every editor of Shakspeare; in conformity to which I must add, that I have not the smallest doubt that Mr. Steevens's interpretation of these words is the true one. The passage indeed before us appears to me so clear, and so inapplicable to any person but Cordelia, that I fear the reader may think any further comment on it altogether superfluous.

It is observable that Lear from the time of his entrance in this scene to his uttering these words, and from thence to his death, is wholly occupied by the loss of his daughter. He is diverted indeed from it for a moment by the intrusion of Kent, who forces himself on his notice; but he instantly returns to his beloved Cordelia, over whose dead body he continues to hang. He is now himself in the agony of death; and surely at such a time, when his heart is just breaking, it would be highly unnatural that he should think of his fool. But the great and *decisive* objection to such a supposition is that which Mr. Steevens has mentioned; that Lear has just seen his daughter *hanged*, having unfortunately been admitted too late to preserve her life, though time enough to punish the perpetrator of the act: but we have no authority whatsoever for supposing his Fool hanged also.

Whether the expression—*poor fool*—can be applied with propriety only to *inferior objects, for whom we have not much respect or esteem*, is not, I conceive, the question. Shakspeare does not always use his terms with strict propriety, but he is always the best commentator on himself, and he certainly has applied this term in another place to the *young, the beautiful, and innocent*, Adonis, the object of somewhat more than the esteem of a goddess:

“For pity now she can no more detain him;

“The *poor fool* prays her that he may depart.”

Again, though less appositely, in *Twelfth Night*:

“Alas, *poor fool*, how have they baffled thee!”

Again, in *Much Ado About Nothing*:

“Lady, you have a merry heart.

“*Beat.* Yes, my lord, I thank it, *poor fool*, it keeps on the windy side of care.”

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“—Do not weep, *good fools*,

“There is no cause.”

In *Romeo and Juliet* a similar term of endearment is employed. Mercutio, speaking of Romeo, whom certainly he both esteemed and loved, says

“The *ape* is dead, and I must conjure him.”

Nor was the phraseology which has occasioned this long note, peculiar to Shakspeare. It was long before his time incorporated in our language; as appears from the following passage in the old poem entitled *The History of Remus and Juliet*, 1562:

“Yes,

Pray you, undo this button⁸ : Thank you, sir.—
Do you see this ? Look on her,—look,—her lips⁹,—
Look there, look there !—

[*He dies.*]

Edg. He faints !—My lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart¹ ; I pr'ythee, break !

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost : O, let him pass² ! he hates
him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world³
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long :
He but usurp'd his life.

“ Yea, he forgets himselfe, ne is the wretch so bolde

“ To ask her name that without force doth him in bondage
hold ;

“ Ne how to unloose his bondes doth the *poore foole* devise,

“ But only seeketh by her sight to feed his houngrny eyes.”

In old English a *fool* and an *innocent* were synonymous terms. Hence probably the peculiar use of the expression—*poor fool*. In the passage before us, Lear, I conceive, means by it, *dear, tender, helpless innocence!*

MALONE.

⁸ *Pray you, undo this button :*] The Rev. Dr. J. Warton judiciously observes, that the swelling and heaving of the heart is described by *this* most expressive circumstance. So, in the *Honest Lawyer*, 1616 :

“ ——— oh my heart !—

“ It beats so it has broke my buttons.”

Again, in *King Richard III :*

“ — Ah, cut my lace asunder,

“ That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,

“ Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news !”

Again, in *The Winter's Tale :*

“ O, cut my lace ; left my heart, cracking it,

“ Break too !”—

and, as Mr. Malone adds, from N. Field's *A Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612 :

“ ——— swell heart ! buttons fly open !

“ Thanks gentle doublet,—else my heart had broken.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Do you see this ? &c.*] This line, and the following hemistich, are not in the quartos. After *thank you, sir*, they have only the interjection *O*, five times repeated. MALONE.

¹ *Break, heart ; &c.*] This line is in the quartos given to the dying Lear. MALONE.

² *O, let him pass !*] See p. 306, n. 5. MALONE.

³ — *this tough world*—] Thus all the old copies. Mr. Pope changed it to *rough*, but, perhaps, without necessity. This *tough* world is this *abdurate rigid* world. STEEVENS.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business
Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain
[*to Kent, and Edgar.*]
Rule in this realm, and the gorg'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls, and I must not say, no⁴.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey⁵;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long⁶.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*]

⁴ — *I must not say, no.*] The modern editors have supposed that Kent expires after he has repeated these two last lines; but the speech rather appears to be meant for a despairing than a dying man; and as the old editions give no marginal direction for his death, I have forborn to insert any.

I take this opportunity of retracting a declaration which I had formerly made on the faith of another person, viz. that the quartos, 1608, were exactly alike. I have since discovered that they vary one from another in many instances. STEEVENS.

Kent on his entrance in this scene says,

I am come

To bid my king and master aye good night;—

but this, like the speech before us, only marks the despondency of the speaker. The word *shortly* [i. e. some time hence, at no very distant period,] decisively proves, that the poet did not mean to make him die on the scene. He merely says, that he shall not *live long*, and therefore cannot undertake the office assigned to him.

The marginal direction, *he dies*, was first introduced by the ignorant editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁵ *The weight of this sad time, &c.*] This speech from the authority of the old quarto is rightly placed to Albany: in the edition by the players, it is given to Edgar, by whom, I doubt not, it was of custom spoken. And the case was this: he who played Edgar, being a more favourite actor than he who performed Albany, in spite of decorum it was thought proper he should have the last word. THEOBALD.

⁶ The tragedy of Lear is deservedly celebrated among the dramas of Shakspeare. There is perhaps no play which keeps the attention so strongly fixed; which so much agitates our passions, and interests our curiosity. The artful involutions of distinct interests, the striking opposition of contrary characters, the sudden changes of fortune, and the quick succession of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no scene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the distress or conduct of the action, and scarce a line which does not conduce to the progress of the scene. So powerful is the current of the poet's imagination, that the mind, which once ventures within it, is hurried irresistibly along.

On the seeming improbability of Lear's conduct, it may be observed, that he is represented according to histories at that time vulgarly received as true. And, perhaps, if we turn our thoughts upon the barbarity and
ignorance

Ignorance of the age to which this story is referred, it will appear not so unlikely as while we estimate Lear's manners by our own. Such preference of one daughter to another, or resignation of dominion on such conditions, would be yet credible, if told of a petty prince of Guinea or Malagascar. Shakspeare, indeed, by the mention of his earls and dukes, has given us the idea of times more civilized, and of life regulated by softer manners; and the truth is, that though he so nicely discriminates, and so minutely describes the characters of men, he commonly neglects and confounds the characters of ages, by mingling customs ancient and modern, English and foreign.

My learned friend Mr. Warton, who has in the *Adventurer* very minutely criticised this play, remarks, that the instances of cruelty are too savage and shocking, and that the intervention of Edmund destroys the simplicity of the story. These objections may, I think, be answered, by repeating, that the cruelty of the daughters is an historical fact, to which the poet has added little, having only drawn it into a series by dialogue and action. But I am not able to apologize with equal plausibility for the extrusion of Gloucester's eyes, which seems an act too horrid to be endured in dramatick exhibition, and such as must always compel the mind to relieve its distress by incredulity. Yet let it be remembered that our authour well knew what would please the audience for which he wrote.

The injury done by Edmund to the simplicity of the action is abundantly recompensed by the addition of variety, by the art with which he is made to co-operate with the chief design, and the opportunity which he gives the poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and connecting the wicked son with the wicked daughters, to impress this important moral, that villainy is never at a stop, that crimes lead to crimes, and at last terminate in ruin.

But though this moral be incidentally enforced, Shakspeare has suffered the virtue of Cordelia to perish in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the reader, and, what is yet more strange, to the faith of chronicles. Yet this conduct is justified by *The Spectator*, who blames Tate for giving Cordelia success and happiness in his alteration, and declares, that, in his opinion, *the tragedy has lost half its beauty*. Dennis has remarked, whether justly or not, that, to secure the favourable reception of *Cato*, *the trait was poisoned with much false and abominable criticism*, and that endeavours had been used to discredit and decry poetical justice. A play in which the wicked prosper, and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless be good, because it is a just representation of the common events of human life: but since all reasonable beings naturally love justice, I cannot easily be persuaded, that the observation of justice makes a play worse; or, that if other excellencies are equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue.

In the present case the publick has decided*. Cordelia, from the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my sensations could add any thing to the general suffrage, I might relate, I was

* Dr. Johnson should rather have said that the managers of the theatres-royal have decided, and the publick has been obliged to acquiesce in their decision. The altered play has the upper gallery on its side; the original drama was patronized by Addison:

Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni. STEEVENS.

many

many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an editor.

There is another controversy among the critics concerning this play. It is disputed whether the predominant image in Lear's disordered mind be the loss of his kingdom or the cruelty of his daughters. Mr. Murphy, a very judicious critic, has evinced by induction of particular passages, that the cruelty of his daughters is the primary source of his distress, and that the loss of royalty affects him only as a secondary and subordinate evil. He observes with great justness, that Lear would move our compassion but little, did we not rather consider the injured father than the degraded king.

The story of this play, except the episode of Edmund, which is derived, I think, from Sidney, is taken originally from Geoffry of Monmouth, whom Holinshed generally copied; but perhaps immediately from an old historical ballad. My reason for believing that the play was posterior to the ballad, rather than the ballad to the play, is, that the ballad has nothing of Shakspeare's nocturnal tempest, which is too striking to have been omitted, and that it follows the chronicle; it has the rudiments of the play, but none of its amplifications: it first hinted Lear's madness, but did not array it in circumstances. The writer of the ballad added something to the history, which is a proof that he would have added more, if more had occurred to his mind; and more must have occurred if he had seen Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

The episode of Gloster and his sons is borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, in which we find the following chapter, which is said to be entitled, in the first edition of 1590, "The pitiful state and storie of the Paphlagonian unkinde king, and his kind sonne; first related by the sonne, then by the blind father.

In the second edition printed in folio in 1593, there is no division of chapters. There the story of the king of Paphlagonia commences in p. 69, b. and is related in the following words:

"It was in the kingdom of *Galacia*, the season being (as in the depth of winter) very cold, and as then sodainely growne to so extreame and foule a storme, that neuer any winter (I thinke) brought forth a fowler child; so that the princes were euen compelled by the haile, that the pride of the winde blew into their faces, to seeke some throwding place, which a certaine hollow rocke offering vnto them, they made it their shield against the tempests furie. And so staying there, till the violence thereof was passed, they heard the speach of a couple, who, not perceiuing them, (being hidde within that rude canopy) helde a straunge and pitifull disputation, which made them steppe out; yet in such sort, as they might see vnseene. There they perceaued an aged man, and a young, scarcely come to the age of a man, both poorly arrayed, extreame weather-beaten; the olde man blinde, the young man leading him: and yet through all those miseries, in both there seemed to appeare a kinde of noblenesse, not sutable to that affliction. But the first words they heard, were these of the old man. Well, *Leonatus*, (said he) since I cannot perfwade thee to leade mee to that which should end my griefe; and thy trouble, let me now entreat thee to leaue me: feare not, my miserie cannot be greater than it is, and nothing doth become me but miserie; feare not the danger of my blind steps; I cannot fall worse than I am. And doo not, I pray thee, doo not obstinately continue to infect thee with my wretchednes. But flie, flie from this region, onely worthy
of

of me. Deare father, (answered he,) doo'nt take away from me the onely remnant of my happinesse: while I haue power to doo you seruice, I am not wholly miserable. Ah, my sonne, (said he, and with that he groned, as if sorrow straued to breake his heart,) how euill sits it in me to haue such a sonne, and how much doth thy kindnesse vpbraide my wickednesse! These dolefull speeches, and some others to like purpose, (well shewing they had not bene borne to the fortune they were in,) moued the princes to goe out vnto them, and aske the younger, what they were. Sirs, (answered he, with a good grace, and made the more agreeable by a certain noble kinde of pitiousnes) I see well you are straungers, that know not our miserie, so well here knowne, that no man dare know, but that we must be miserable. In deede our state is such, as though nothing is so needfull vnto vs as pittie, yet nothing is more daungerous vnto vs, than to make our selues so knowne as may stirre pittie. But your presence promifeth, that cruelty shall not ouer-runne hate. And if it did, in truth our state is soncke below the degree of feare.

" This old man whom I leade, was lately rightfull prince of this countrie of *Papblagonia*, by the hard-hearted vngratefulnes of a sonne of his, depriued, not onely of his kingdome (wherof no forraigne forces were euer able to spoyle him) but of his sight; the riches which nature graunts to the poorest creatures. Whereby, and by other his vnnaturall dealings, he hath bin driuen to such grieffe, as euen now he would haue had me to haue led him to the toppe of this rocke, thence to cast himselfe headlong to death: and so would haue made me, who receiued my life of him, to be the worker of his destruction. But noble gentlemen, (said he) if either of you haue a father, and feelee what duetifull affection is engrafted in a sonnes hart, let me entreate you to conuay this afflicted prince to some place of rest and securitie. Amongst your worthie actes it shall be none of the least, that a king, of such might and fame, and so vniustlie oppressed, is in any sort by you relieued.

" But before they could make him aunswere, his father began to speake. Ah, my sonne, (said he) how euill an historian are you, that leaue out the chief knot of all the discourse? my wickednes, my wickednes. And if thou dost it to spare my ears, (the onely sense now left mee proper for knowledge,) assure thy selfe thou dost mistake mee. And I take witnesse of that sunne which you see, (with that he cast vp his blinde eies, as if he would hunt for light,) and wish my selfe in worse case than I doe wish my selfe, which is as euill as may bee, if I speake vntuely, that nothing is so welcome to my thoughts, as the publishing of my shame. Therefore know you, gentlemen, (to whome from my heart I wish that it may not proue some ominous foretoken of misfortune to haue met with such a miser as I am,) that whatsoever my sonne (ô God, that truth bindes me to reproch him with the name of my sonne!) hath saide, is true. But besides those trutthes, this also is true; that hauing had in lawfull mariage, of a mother fitte to beare roiall children, this sonne, (such a one as partly you see, and better shall knowe by my short declaration,) and so enjoyed the expectations in the world of him, till he was growen to iustifie their expectations, (so as I needed enuie no father for the chiefe comfort of mortalitie, to leaue an other ones selfe after me,) I was carried by a bastard sonne of mine (if at least I bee bounde to beleue the words of that base woman my concubine, his mother,) first to mislike, then to hate, lastly to destroy, or to doo my best to destroy, this sonne (I thinke you thinke) vnderferuing destruction. What waies he vsed to bring me to it, if I shoulde tell you, I shoulde tediouslie trouble

trouble you with as much poisonous hypocrisie, desperate fraude, smooth malice, hidden ambition, and stelling enuie, as any liuing person could be harbored. But I list it not; no remembrance of naughtinesse delightes me, but mine owne; and me thiakes, the accusing his trappes might in some manner excuse my fault, which certaintlie I loth to doo. But the conclusion is, that I gaue order to some seruantes of mine, whome I thought as apte for such charities as my selfe, to lead him out into a forrest and there to kill him.

“ But those theeues (better natured to my sonne than my selfe) spared his life, letting him goe, to learne to liue poorely: which he did, giuing himselfe to be a priuate souldier, in a country here by. But as hee was ready to be greatlie advanced for some noble peeces of service which he did, he heard newes of me: who, dronke in my affection to that vnlawfull and vnaturall sonne of mine, suffered my selfe so to be gouerned by him, that all fauours and punishments passed by him; all offices, and places of importance, distributed to his fauourites; so that ere I was aware, I had left my selfe nothing but the name of a king: which he shortly wearie of too, with manie indignities, if any thing may be called an indignitie, which was laide vpon me, threw me out of my seate, and put out my eyes; and then, proud in his tirannie, let me goe, neither imprisoning nor killing me: but rather delighting to make me feele my miserie; miserie in deede, if euer there were any; full of wretchednesse, fuller of disgrace, and sulkier of guiltines. And as he came to the crowne by so vnjust meanes, as vnjustlie he kept it, by force of stranger souldiers in citadels, the nestes of tirannie, and murderers of libertie; disarming all his own countrimen, that no man durst shew himselfe a well-willer of mine; to say the truth, (I thinke) few of them being so, considering my cruell folly to my good sonne, and foolish kindnesse to my vnkind bastard: but if there were any who felt a pittie of so great a fall, and had yet any sparkes of vnslaine duty left in them towards me, yet durst they not shewe it, scarcely with going mee almes at their doores; which yet was the onely sustenance of my distressed life, no body daring to shewe so much charitie, as to lende mee a hande to guide my darke steppes: till this sonne of mine, (God knowes, woorthy of a more virtuous, and more fortunate father,) forgetting my abominable wrouges, not recking danger, and neglecting the present good way hee was in of doing himselfe good, came hether to doo this kind office you see him performe towards me, to my vspeakeable grieve; not only because his kindnes is a glasse euen to my blind eyes, of my naughtines, but that, aboue all grieues, it greoues me he should desperatlie aduenture the losse of his well deseruing life for mine, that yet owe more to fortune for my deserts; as if hee would cary mudd in a chest of christall. For well I know, he that now reigneth, howe much so euer (and with good reason) he despiseth me, of all men despised, yet hee will not let slippe any aduantage to make away him, whose iust title, enobled by courage and goodnes, may one day shake the seate of a neuer-secure tyrannie. And for this cause I craued of him to leade mee to the toppe of this rocke, indeede I must confesse, with meaning to free him from so serpentine a companion as I am. But he finding what I purposed, onely therein since hee was borne, shewed himselfe disobedient vnto mee. And now, gentlemen, you haue the true storie, which I pray you publish to the world, that my mischieuous proceedings may bee the glorie of his filiall pietie, the onely reward now left for so greate a merite. And if it may be, let me obtaine that of you, which my sonne denies me: for neuer was there more pity in sauing any, than

than in ending me; both because therein my agonies shall end, and so shall you preserve this excellent young man, who els wilfully follows his owne ruine.

“The matter in it selfe lamentable, lamentably expressed by the old prince, which needed not to take to him selfe the gestures of pitié; since his face coulde not put of the marks thereof; greatly moud the two princes to compassion, which coulde not stay in such harms as theirs without seeking remedie. But by and by the occasion was presented: for *Plexirtus* (so was the bastard called) came thither with fortie horse, onely of purpose to murder his brother; of whose coming he had soon advertisement, and thought no eyes of sufficient credite in such a matter, but his owne; and therefore came him selfe to be actor, and spectator. And as soone as hee came, not regarding the weak (as hee thought) garde of but two men, commaunded some of his followers to set their handes to his, in the killing of *Lionatus*. But the young prince, though not other-wise armed but with a sworde, howe failely sooner he was dealt with by others, would not betray him selfe; but brauely drawing it out, made the death of the first that assailed him wanie his felloyes to come more warily after him. But then *Pyrocles* and *Mysidorus* were quickly become parties, (so just a defence deserving as much as old friendship,) and so did behave them among that companie, more intirous than valiant, that many of them lost their lives for their wicked maister.

“Yet perhaps had the number of them at last prevailed, if the king of Pontus (lately by them made so) had not come unlooked for to their succour. Who, having had a dreame which had fixt his imagination vehemently upon some great daunger presently to follow those two princes whom hee most dearly loved, was come in al hast, following as well as he could their track with a hundred horse, in that countie which he thought, considering who then reigned, a fite place inough to make the stage of any tragedie.

“But then the match had been so ill made for *Plexirtus*, that his ill-ded life, and worse gotten honour, should have tumbled together to destruction, had there not come in *Tydeus* and *Telvor*, with forty or fifty in their suits, to the defence of *Plexirtus*. These two were brothers, of the noblest house of that country, brought uppe from their infancy with *Plexirtus*; men of such prowesse, as not to knowe feare in themselves, and yet to teach it others that shoulde deale with them; for they had often made their lives triumph over most terrible dangers; never disnaled, and ever fortunato; and truly no more settled in valour, than disposed to goodnes and iustice, if either they had lighted on a better friend, or could have learned to make friendship a childe, and not the father of vertue. But bringing up; rather than choise, having first knit their mindes unto him, (indeede crafty inough, either to hide his faultes, or never to shewe them, but when they might pay home,) they willingly helde out the courie, rather to satisfie him than all the worlde; and rather to be good friends; then good men: so as though they did not like the euill hee did, yet they liked him that did the euill; and though not counsellors of the offence, yet protectors of the offender. Now they having heard of this sodaine going out, with so small a company, in a countrey full of euil-wishing mindes towards him, though they knew not the cause, followed him; till they founde him in such case as they were to venture their lives, or else he to loose his: which they did with such force of minde and bodie, that truly I may justly say, *Pyrocles* and *Mysidorus* had neuer till then found any, that could make them so well repeate their hardest lesson

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in the feates of armes. And briefly so they did, that if they ouercame not, yet were they not overcome, but caried away that vngratefull maister of theirs to a place of security; howsoever the princes laboured, to the contrary. But this matter being thus farre begun, it became not the constancy of the princes so to leaue it; but in all hast making forces both in *Pontus* and *Pérgia*, they had in fewe daies leste him but onely that one strong place where he was. For feare hauing beene the onely knot that had fastned his people vnto him, that once yntied by a greater force, they all scattered from him; like so many birdes, whose cage had beene broken.

"In which season the blinde king, hauing in the chiefe cittie of his realme set the crowne yppon his son *Leonatus* head, with many teares (both of joy and sorrow) setting forth to the whole people his owne fault and his sonnes vertue, after he had kist him, and forst his sonne to accept honour of him, as of his new-becoming subject, euen in a moment died: as it shoulde seeme, his heart broken with vnkindenes and affliction, stretched so farre beyond his limits with this excesse of comforte, as it was able no longer to keepe safe his vitall spirites. But the new king, hauing no lesse louingly performed all duties to him dead, then allue, pursued on the siege of his vnnaturall brother, asmuch for the reuenge of his father, as for the establishing of his owne quiet. In which siege truly I cannot but acknowledge the prowesse of those two brothers, then whome the princes neuer founde in all their trauaile two of greater hability to performe, nor of habler skil for conduct.

"But *Plexirtus* finding, that if nothing else, famine would at last bring him to destruction, thought better by humblenes to creepe, where by pride he coulde not marche. For certainly so had nature formed him, and the exercise of craft conformed him, to all turninges of sleights, that though no man had lesse goodnes in his soule than he, no man could better find the places whence arguments might grow of goodnesse to another: though no man felt lesse pitie, no man could tel better how to stir pitie: no man more impudent to deny, where proofes were not manifest; no man more ready to confesse with a repenting manner of aggrauating his owne euill, where denial would but make the fault fowler. Now he tooke this way, that hauing gotten a passport for one (that pretended he would put *Plexirtus* alieue into his hands) to speake with the king his brother, he himselfe (though much against the minds of the valiant brothers, who rather wished to die in braue defence,) with a rope about his necke, barefooted, came to offer himselfe to the discretion of *Leonatus*. Where, what submission hee vsed, how cunningly in making greater the faulte he made the faultines the lesse, how artificially he could set out the torments of his owne conscience, with the burdenfome comber he had found of his ambitious desires, how finely seeming to desire nothing but death, as shamed to liue, he begd life in the refusing it, I am not cunning enough to be able to expresse; but so fell out of it, that though at first sight *Leonatus* saw him with no other eie than as the murderer of his father, and anger already began to paint reuenge in many colours, ere long he had not onely gotten pitie, but pardon; and if not an excuse of the faulte past, yet an opinion of a future amendment; while the poore villaines chiefe ministers of his wickednes, now betrayed by the author thereof, were deliuered to many cruell sorts of death; he so handling it, that it rather seemed, hee had more come into the defence of an voremediable mischief, already committed, then that they had done it at first by his consent." MALONE.

A LAMENTABLE

A LAMENTABLE SONG

Of the Death of KING LEIR, and his Three Daughters.

King Leir ¹ once ruled in this land,
 With princely power and peace;
 And had all things with heart's content,
 That might his joys increase.
 Amongst those things that nature gave,
 Three daughters fair had he,
 So princely seeming beautiful,
 As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king
 A question thus to move,
 Which of his daughters to his grace
 Could shew the dearest love:
 For to my age you bring content,
 Quoth he, then let me hear
 Which of you three in plighted troth
 The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began;
 Dear father, mind, quoth she,
 Before your face, to do you good,
 My blood shall render'd be:
 And for your sake my bleeding heart
 Shall here be cut in twain,
 Ere that I see your reverend age
 The smallest grief sustain.

And so will I, the second said;
 Dear father, for your sake,
 The worst of all extremities
 I'll gently undertake:
 And serve your highness night and day
 With diligence and love;
 That sweet content and quietness
 Discomforts may remove.

¹ *King Leir, &c.*] This ballad is given from an ancient copy in the *Golden Garland*, black letter. To the tune of, *When flying Fame*. It is here reprinted from Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. Vol. I. Third Edit. STEEVENS.

In doing so, you glad my soul,
 'The aged king reply'd;
 But what say'st thou, my youngest girl,
 How is thy love ally'd?
 My love (quoth young Cordelia then)
 Which to your grace I owe,
 Shall be the duty of a child,
 And that is all I'll show.

And wilt thou shew no more, quoth he,
 Than doth thy duty bind?
 I well perceive thy love is small,
 When as no more I find:
 Henceforth I banish thee my court,
 Thou art no child of mine;
 Nor any part of this my realm
 By favour shall be thine.

Thy elder sisters' loves are more
 Than well I can demand,
 To whom I equally bestow
 My Kingdome and my land,
 My pompal state and all my goods,
 That lovingly I may
 With those thy sisters be maintain'd
 Until my dying day.

Thus flatter'ring speeches won renown
 By these two sisters here:
 The third had causeless banishment,
 Yet was her love more dear:
 For poor Cordelia patiently
 Went wand'ring up and down,
 Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,
 Through many an English town.

Until at last in famous France
 She gentler fortunes found;
 Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd
 The fairest on the ground:
 Where when the king her virtues heard,
 And this fair lady seen,
 With full consent of all his court
 He made his wife and queen.

Her

Her father, old king Leir, this while
 With his two daughters staid ;
 Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
 Full soon the same decay'd ;
 And living in queen Ragan's court,
 The eldest of the twain,
 She took from him his chiefest means,
 And most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
 To wait with bended knee :
 She gave allowance but to ten,
 And after scarce to three :
 Nay, one she thought too much for him :
 So took she all away,
 In hope that in her court, good king,
 He would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
 In giving all I have
 Unto my children, and to beg
 For what I lately gave ?
 I'll go unto my Gonorell ;
 My second child, I know,
 Will be more kind and pitiful,
 And will relieve my woe.

Full fast he hies then to her court ;
 Where when she hears his moan
 Return'd him answer, That she griev'd
 That all his means were gone,
 But no way could relieve his wants ;
 Yet if that he would stay
 Within her kitchen, he should have
 What scullions gave away.

When he had heard with bitter tears,
 He made his answer then ;
 In what I did let me be made
 Example to all men.
 I will return again, quoth he,
 Unto my Ragan's court ;
 She will not use me thus, I hope,
 But in a kinder sort.

Where when he came, she gave command
 To drive him thence away :
 When he was well within her court,
 (She said) he would not stay.
 Then back again to Gonorell
 The woeful king did hie,
 That in her kitchen he might have
 What scullion boys set by.

But there of that he was deny'd
 Which she had promis'd late :
 For once-refusing, he should not
 Come after to her gate.
 Thus 'twixt his daughters, for relief
 He wander'd up and down ;
 Being glad to feed on beggar's food,
 That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then
 His youngest daughter's words,
 That said, the duty of a child
 Was all that love affords ;
 But doubting to repair to her,
 Whom he had banish'd so,
 Grew frantick mad ; for in his mind
 He bore the wounds of woe.

Which made him rend his milk-white locks
 And tresses from his head,
 And all with blood beslain his cheeks,
 With age and honour spread :
 To hills and woods and wat'ry founts,
 He made his hourly moan,
 Till hills and woods and senseless things,
 Did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possess'd with discontents,
 He pass'd o'er to France,
 In hope from fair Cordelia there
 To find some gentler chance :
 Most virtuous dame ! which when she heard
 Of this her father's grief,
 As duty bound, she quickly sent
 Him comfort and relief :

And

And by a train of noble peers,
 In brave and gallant fort,
 She gave in charge he should be brought
 To Aganippus' court ;
 Whose royal king, with noble mind,
 So freely gave consent,
 To muster up his knights at arms,
 To fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed,
 To repossess king Leir,
 And drive his daughters from their thrones
 By his Cordelia dear :
 Where she, true-hearted noble queen,
 Was in the battle slain :
 Yet he, good king, in his old days,
 Possess'd his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
 Who dy'd indeed for love
 Of her dear father, in whose cause
 She did this battle move ;
 He swooning fell upon her breast,
 From whence he never parted :
 But on her bosom left his life,
 That was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they saw
 The ends of these events,
 The other sisters unto death
 They doomed by consents ;
 And being dead their crowns they left
 Unto the next of kin :
 Thus have you seen the fall of pride,
 And disobedient sin.

JOHNSON.

THE END OF THE THIRTEENTH VOLUME.



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